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BROADWAY · MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII OCTOBER, 1904 No. 7

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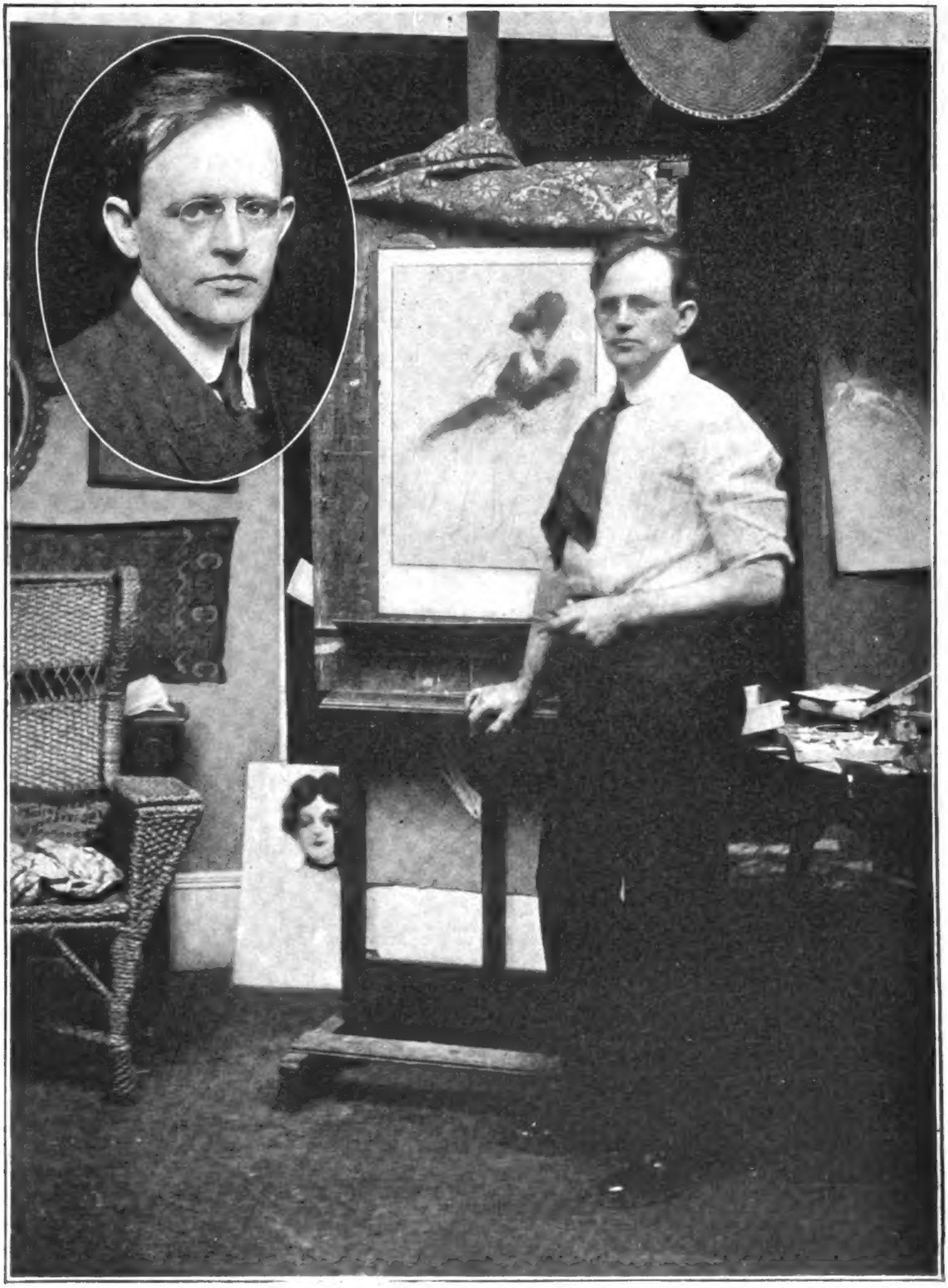

Mr. Hamilton King in His New York Studio.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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THE POSTER IN YANKEEDOM

By Hamilton King

YANKEEDOM is occasionally inconsistent. It loves the humorous, it advocates the exaggerated, it does not evade the grotesque, but until very recently it has treated the poster, which is a composite of all these qualities carried to the point of the highly decorative, as a sort of underdog. Artists fought shy of it, as though it were beneath serious consideration. Publishers and managers declared against the high art of it as a commercial appeal to the public. Book dealers preferred the portrait pure and simple. Managers chose the doubtful alternative of making spare spaces hideous with the crude and horrible realism of the colored lithograph.

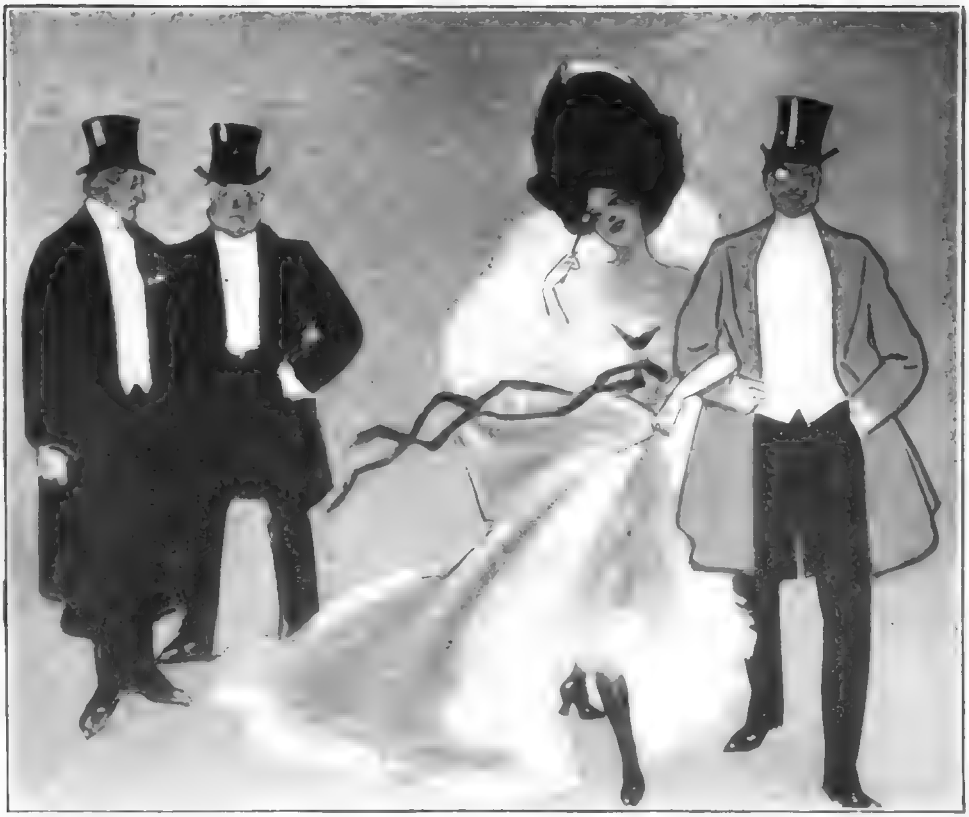
I was a student in the Julien Academy, Paris, when I first awakened to the beauty of the poster. The greatest of French artists do not hesitate to use this salient medium of expressing a thought, of seizing a moment, of exploiting a situation with a daring sweep of the pencil or brush. Mursha became famous in a day through his wonderful poster portrait of Sara Bernhardt. Yvette Guilbert was comparatively unknown until a poster launched her idiosyncrasies and her *chausons* into world-wide notoriety and fabulous winnings.

The poster cannot be treated as a portrait study, neither is it a story. It is such an impression as one might receive if shot from the mouth of a cannon. It is a flash of line, a sweep of color. It is all that can be told of a tale in the passing of an instant. It is dramatic and imaginative, yet it is saliently sincere.

It must be admitted, however, that a poster is necessarily tinged with a certain exaggeration—a quality of the grotesque, perhaps. It is not sufficiently subtle for humor, and one might add that it is not sufficiently grotesque for caricature, yet an artist lacking in humor and subtlety could not create a successful poster.

It is impossible to live in Paris for any length of time without realizing that the Parisian has an intuition for the beautiful and the artistic. It is a national characteristic and beats with the very pulse of the people. The French artist *per se* knows this, and the first demand that an author or an actor makes upon the public favor is through the appeal of a poster signed by a Mursha, a Cheret, a Guillaume, or a Grasset. It typifies to them the essence of the poem; it reveals the keynote of the play.

I took note of these facts as I worked at the Academy. I made a special study of the poster, and I determined with the enthusiasm of youth that upon my return to my own country I should work out my career, and win fame and wealth, in this hitherto undeveloped field of native art. It seemed to me that America had reached a point in her artistic growth when the taste for lurid realism as displayed in the three-sheet lithograph announcement of a melodrama had been outdistanced, and that the time had come



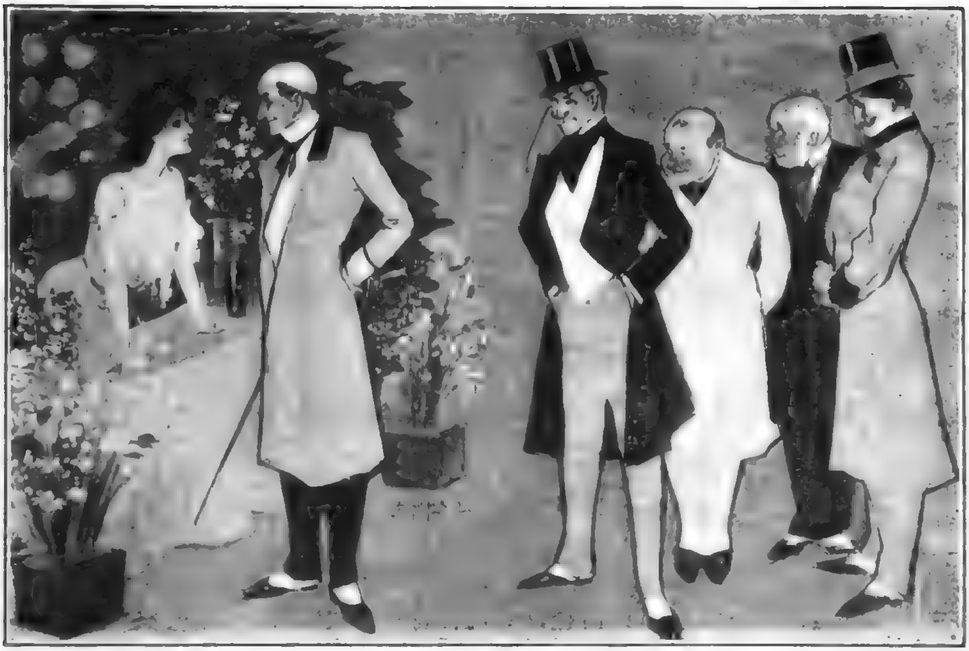
A Sweep of Line, A Flash of Color.

to replace it by an art that would appeal to the imagination as well as to the eye and the senses.

But, alas, I had reckoned without the commercialism of the theatrical manager. He was willing to pay a good price for decorative art to hang on the walls of his drawing-room, in a costly gold frame, but he was far from willing to speculate in the same kind of art when it concerned the advance press work of a new play, in which thousands of dollars were at stake.

Sometimes the theatrical manager was goodnatured; more often he dismissed me with a curt refusal. I recall an occasion when a certain manager of the good-natured class, in order to prove his point to me, related that he had purposely stood with his "paster" one day as he spread out one of the good, old-fashioned, gory lithographs of an Oliver Byron melodrama. Immediately next to it was an artistic and *chic* poster of Nancy Cahill, "done to a turn"—so the manager expressed himself, by a "*parlez vous français* artist." Which do you prefer, Pat?" asked the manager, seeking for knowledge. "Shure, sir," answered the artistic Hibernian, "since you ax me, I'll make free to admit that when I'm pasting up me play I like me money's worth of blood every time."

Pat's opinion in the matter was conclusive for the nonce, but the idea of the theatrical poster was continually on my mind. I spoke of it in season and out of season, too, I fear, and each trip I made abroad I returned determined to win in the cause of what had now become my fad. But Yankeedom would have none of me or my poster art, and



The Poster is Not a Story But an Impression.

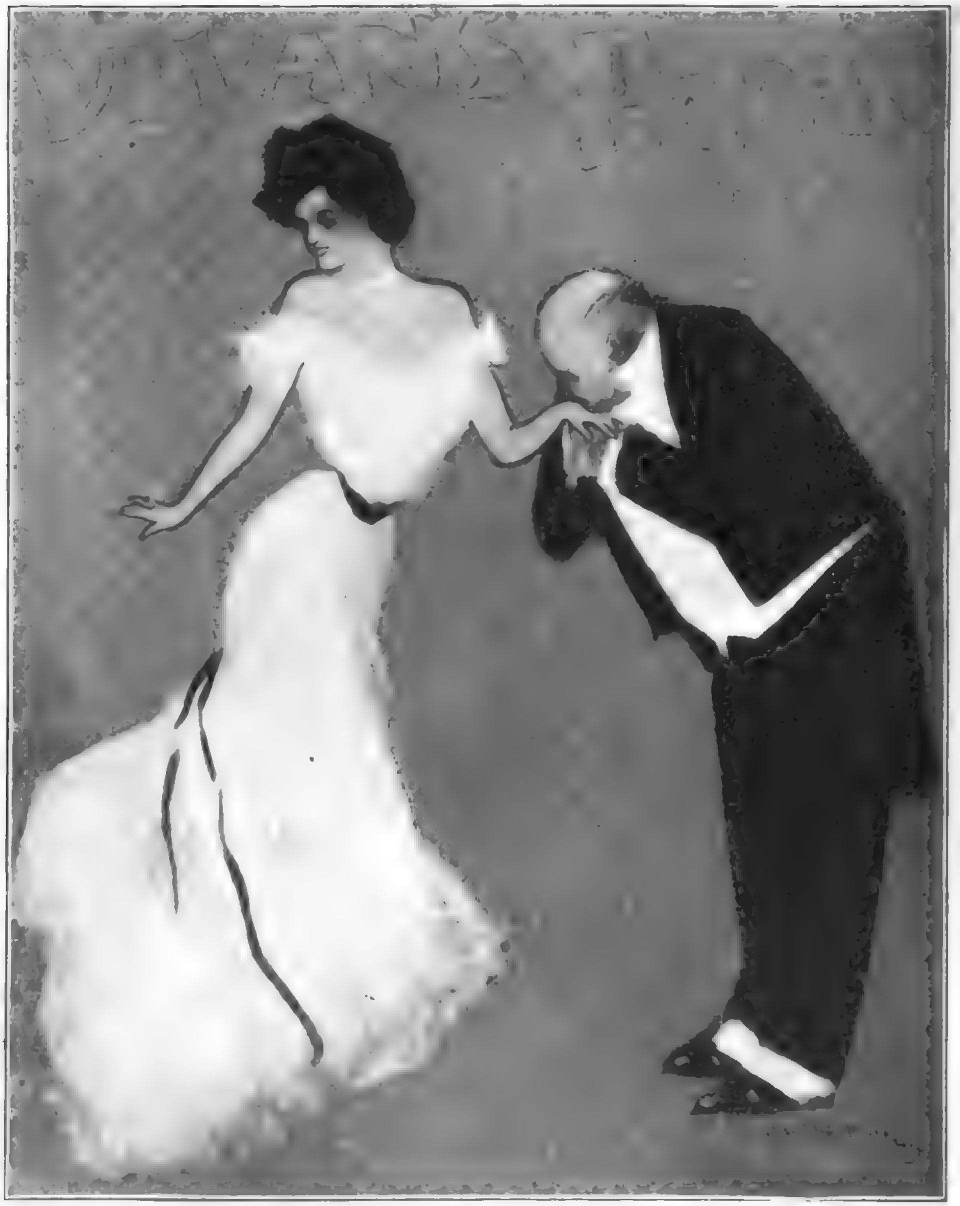
with some bitterness of spirit I devoted myself to portraiture and pastels.

The artist soul has big streaks of cussedness. I achieved something of success and something of a competence, but I was dissatisfied. Woman is curious. She insists upon being pretty, even if she be homely, and if she happens to be pretty the poor artist is forced to represent her on the canvas as beautiful. Yes, I know the old masters had the courage to immortalize the homely and rugged type, but they took good care to select their good old mothers or amiable consorts for their models. Their queens and duchesses are always fair to look upon.

Three years ago, while in London, a theatrical manager gave me my first poster order. "Make me something that will sell seats in the pit," he said. I realized then and there that whatever my ideals, I should have to combine them with the manager's commercialism if I were to gain an opening in the poster field. The play under consideration was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave me an opportunity to depict the hero in the climax of the melodrama one side of his face in deep shadow, the other standing out vividly in a flash of crimson light. The manager concluded that it would "sell seats in the pit," and I triumphantly pocketed my first cheque for my first theatrical poster.

The English manager had given me the keynote of the situation. I saw that the poster to succeed must be not only decorative, but appealing from the point of view of the dramatic tale to be told. In my next assault upon Yankeedom I presented this view of the matter and received a somewhat grudging permission to "try on approval."

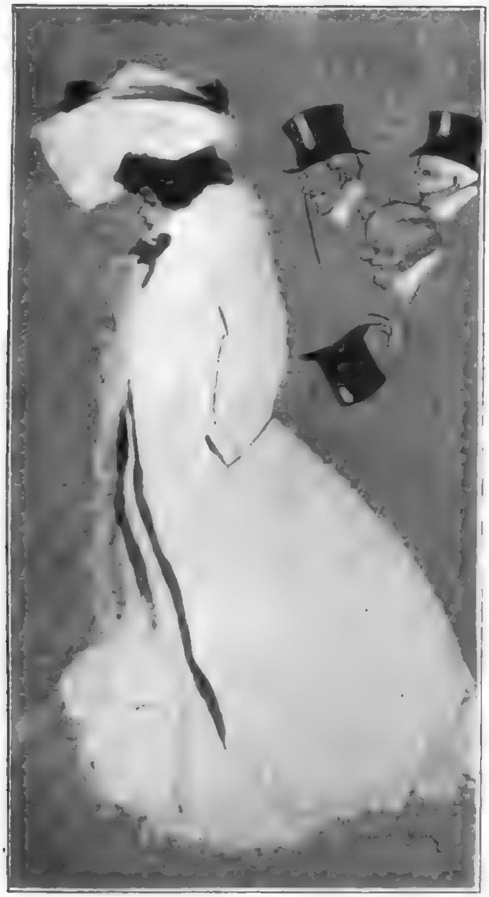
In this case I had a star to feature, a charming and *chic* young woman, who was supposed to revel in a coquettish slaughter of "Johnnies." The manager rejected my work of art with a glance of supercilious *hauteur*. Fortunately at this crucial moment the angel of the play came forward and suggested that it might pass muster on the road. So on the road it went and achieved so happy



The Keynote of the Play.

a success that it was brought into New York covered with glory, and was the means of bringing me in so many orders that I found myself launched upon my career as a poster artist with a momentum that well nigh took away my sense of the fittness of things and my opinion of Fate as a staid and serious damsel.

All things come to him who waits—long enough; but even as yet, in these bright days of justification, my troubles are not quite ended. The hankering for the lithograph crudities still assails the manager, as the longing for the flesh-

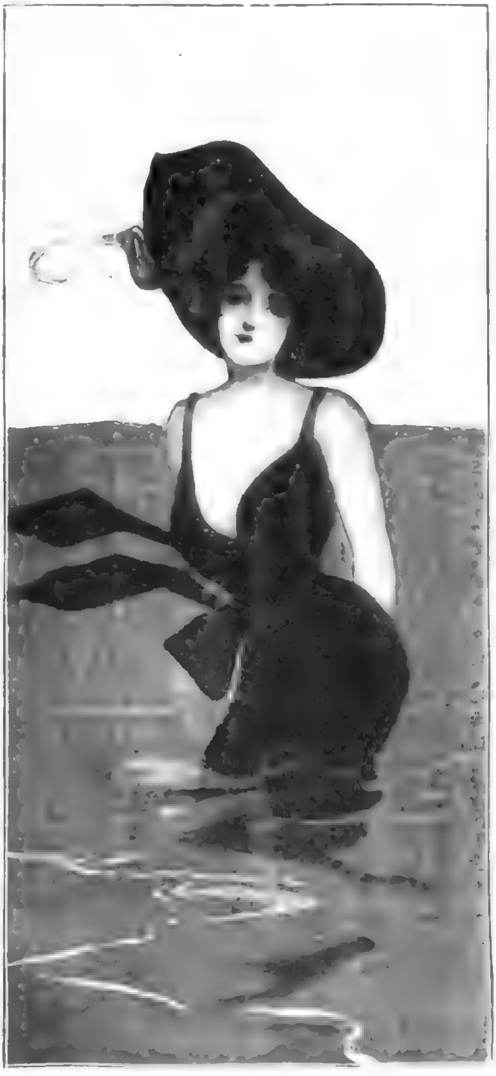


Under the Electric Light.

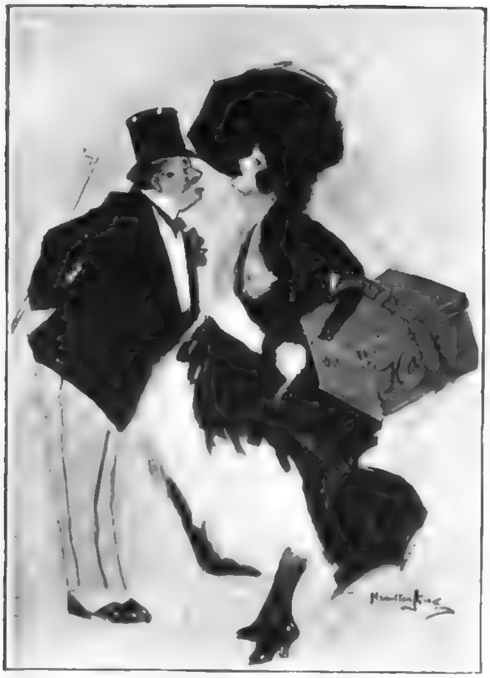
pots of Egypt caused dissension in the camps of the Israelites.

For instance, not long ago, in filling an order for a musical extravaganza, I typified the keynote of the production in the figure of a spiritual young girl in delicately tinted raiment, standing out against a background of clouds, through which peered the sinister, scowling faces of masked brigands. I was pleased with my work and presented myself with an air of foreordained triumph. "Is it finished?" asked the worthy manager. This was not promising, but I replied with some spirit that it was a complete work of art. Then he flushed crimson with righteous indignation as he pointed with outstretched finger to the scowling brigands. "I'm no artist, but I know what's what. You can't tell me that men without bodies and legs are finished!" The argument was unanswerable and I retired from the encounter, leaving the legless men, however, behind me to their fate. Its ultimate popularity proved the artistic fallacy of the artist manager.

Another instance of perspicacity suffices to show that I am still sailing in troubled waters in spite of the fact that



A Bathing Girl as Seen by the Poster Artist.



A Poster With Dramatic Interest.

I am receiving more orders than I can fill. On a certain Friday morning I received an early 'phone call requesting me to call at once upon the manager of a forthcoming production. Upon my arrival I was informed that the case was an urgent one, as the production was to start on the road the following Monday. Financial arrangements having been satisfactorily entered into, I agreed to finish the poster on time.

I worked like a Trojan on that order. Incidentally, I remained up all night—but that is neither here nor there. Suffice to say that the following evening found me in the managerial den, "up to time" and very proud of the feat as I spread out the great three-sheet design upon the floor.

This is always a trying moment for the artist—the pause that follows the unveiling of his creation. The manager gazed long and silently at the poster, then transferred his long and silent gaze to my troubled countenance.

"Satisfactory?" I asked.

"Ye-es," he drawled.

"Well, what's the trouble?"

The manager took a deep breath, squared himself, and spoke under the stress of strong feeling.

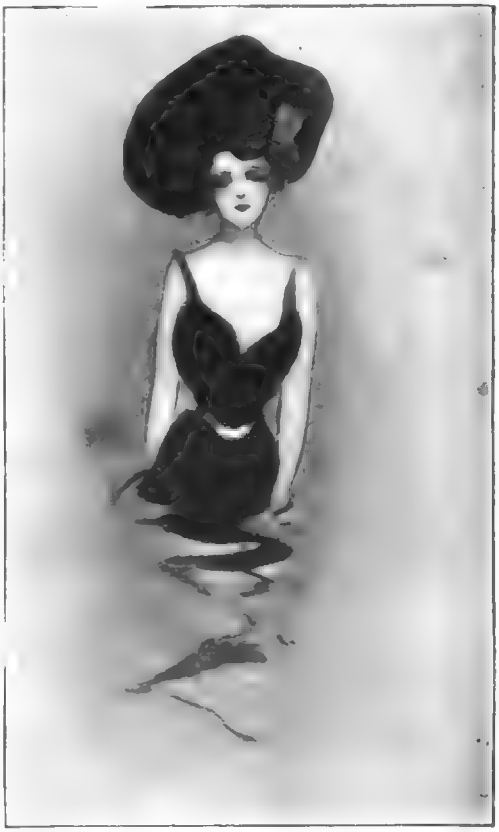
"It took you just about two days to finish this job?" he asked.

"About that," I acquiesced.

"Then, sir, I am to understand that you work at the rate of two hundred dollars a day!" This with scathing irony.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I'm a member of the union, too, and quit work after eight hours' labor."

Then I turned on my heel and walked out. His check for the full amount reached me by the first mail Monday morning.



A Poster Portrait.

The caged mother is a creature at bay.

CAGED MOTHERS OF THE JUNGLE

By Director Smith of the Central Park Zoo

TRAINED, but not tamed—that is the truth in a nutshell about the caged beast of the jungle. The savage is always there, waiting only for a chance to run amuck and drink blood. You can't starve it out, you can't beat it out, you can't kill it out, for it is transmitted just as strong in the captive cub of the menagerie as in the free-born whelp of the wilderness.

The mother brute in her native lair is watchful, suspicious, ever on the defense. She springs at a passing shadow; she snarls viciously at the screech of a wild bird disturbing the slumbers of her young. The caged mother is a creature at bay ferocious and terror stricken. The gaping, curious multitude is her enemy. The iron bars of her prison alone prevent her from tearing this hateful human into mangled atoms. It is simply a question of man's brain in the contrivance of a bit of riveted steel pitted against the brute force of the jungle.

The steel rods of the menagerie prisons are dented with the marks of powerful fangs, and oftentimes in the morning our keepers on their rounds discover the bars that restrain these caged mothers are twisted and bent by a furious assault of their iron jaws in a mad, midnight break for the jungle.

I have been dealing with the untamed

The mother hippopotamus is a good enough creature if she is left alone.

brute for forty years. I was herding two thousand head of wild horses on the Western plains when I was called to take charge of the Central Park menagerie. That was about fifteen years ago. Now, I maintain that there is no use in having what our keepers call a "talent for animals" if you haven't the brains to manage them. It's all right to muss over a litter of lion or leopard cubs—they are as cute and harmless as kittens playing in a barn—but some day, when you least expect, they'll turn on you and rip your hand open.

I learned early in life that the more I like an animal who is pining himself sick to stretch out his limbs at large in some big forest or sandy desert, the more I take to watching him. We Western men, accustomed to big spaces, get terrible spells of homesickness. When it becomes too strong we are off for the woods or the plains and become savages for awhile; but the beast in an iron cage, what can he do? Sometimes he gets ugly and kills his keeper; sometimes he dies.

When I first came to the menagerie here at the park, there was a lioness with a fine litter of cubs. One morning I heard an awful tale about that mother having eaten one of her young. I went down to the cage that same day and took to studying the situation to find out the trouble. The keeper told me that the year previous a leopardess had played the same trick—"it is the nature of the beast," he said. I knew better than that. It's my private opinion, from much careful observation, that the jungle mother can give lessons in motherhood to human beings. I have seen a tigress shove a piece of meat over to her young before touching a mouthful herself. She stands over them for hours while they sleep, feeds them herself as nature ordains without shirking it, and at the proper time she pushes them out

The camel hasn't a bad disposition on the whole.

MOTHER AND BABY WOLF.
A jungle mother can give lessons in motherhood to human beings.

Baby monkey and its mother.

and forces them to shift for themselves How many human beings make as fine a record as that with their children?

To return to my story, I had my doubts about that lioness eating up her litter from viciousness pure and simple. I watched her for hours at a time. I saw that the poor creature was in a highly nervous condition. There was a big crowd of people pressing on all sides of the cage. She looked at these hundreds of human eyes (the wild beast hates the human eye), and then at her cubs. She lashed her tail and snarled. She was ugly and suspicious. She went over to the corner of the cage, took one of the cubs in her mouth and walked around the four sides to find a hiding place for it. It was of no use—on all sides, staring eyes and danger. She dropped it with a thud and went back for another and another. By this time she was vicious and ready for mischief. She held the third one in her mouth and ran in quick circles around the cage, growling angrily. Her teeth sank in the cub's young flesh; there was a spurt of blood. That ended it. The taste of blood is enough to frenzy any native of the jungle. In a flash the floor of the cage was strewn with her mangled offspring.

I saw the trouble. It was a costly lesson, but since that time I have seen that every mother has a shelter built in the farther end of her cage, where she can hide her precious litter from prying eyes.

These jungle "kids" give us no trouble; the mother looks out for them. All we have to do is to see that they are removed to separate compartments when the time for weaning has arrived and the mother starts teaching them to hustle for their own living. The wild animal is not gentle in her rebuffs; an admonitory tap from the tiger's paw is apt to crush the life out of a too playful or hungry cub.

An experienced keeper never lets a caged animal know he is being watched; he observes it stealthily. The jungle brute resents being spied at and takes her revenge sooner or later. They have wonderfully long memories, and if it takes years they will get back on a keeper who has beaten them or ill treated them. They don't seem to possess much affection or gratitude even for those who feed them, but they have an enormous capacity for resentment and curious ways of taking their revenge.

The hippopotamus mother, for instance, is a good enough creature if she is left alone, the camel hasn't a bad disposition on the whole, but the buffalo is not to be trusted at any time. She is something of a sneak. The hyena is an arrant coward, and the black leopard is

The buffalo is not to be trusted at any time.

Baby brown bears as cute and harmless as kittens.

Lion cubs one day old.

vicious and cruel, even toward her own young. They all have their bad and good days—their tantrums—like human beings.

What is the cause of these sulky fits? Toothache, headache, mumps and all the other aches that flesh is heir to. A beast of the jungle is a savage when his dinner doesn't happen to agree with him, and he will tear his own offspring limb from limb if he is annoyed. I have seen the camel, who has a big reputation for gentleness and is a semi-domestic animal, turn on her keeper in a paroxysm of anger and snap his wrist in two. I guess she had a headache that day and didn't want to be teased, even by her favorite attendant.

I recall an old keeper here who had made something of a pet of a great African lion. As far as one could judge the creature returned his affection, and would let him scratch his nose and rub his big head. One day the keeper was taking a party of ladies around the zoo when he came to his pet lion. He thought it would be a fine occasion to show off before his friends. He forgot to be careful. A man must never take his eyes off of a jungle animal, even while he is petting. At any rate, he began scratching the lion's head in an easy, off-hand way, as though he were a mastiff. In a moment there were shrieks from the ladies; the keeper's arm was clawed from shoulder to wrist.

The mother monkey resembles the human mother in lots of ways, but the more I study the monkey family the more I'm convinced that no monkey can become a man, or no man degenerate into a monkey. That's my opinion, based on practical observation.

Our men learn to handle our caged animals from practical dealing with them. Some of our keepers have been

Wild sheep and kid. Jungle kids give no trouble.

with us forty years—none less than twenty. Of course, they must have a genuine liking for the brute creation—there aren't many keepers who are hunters for the sport of it—but, beyond all else, they must have brains, and must use them every moment of the time.

My three rules in dealing with the jungle animal are: Patience, continual observation and common sense.

The meek looking woman and the experienced dock official.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE

By Julius Standish Brandt

TRULY, it is as difficult for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of his own country by way of custom house red tape-ism. The Government, through its official sleuths, watches him with malignant eyes and outstretched claws, ready to pounce upon the contraband and to exact to the last farthing the tithes that are due the coffers of public revenue.

That the Government is paternal in its attitude, notwithstanding its caustic measures, is obvious even to the most rebellious, but the general welfare of the great Republic is lost sight of by the individual in view of his own personal comfort. What are laws and by-laws when the ego is brought into evidence? To stand for hours—after being delayed on the sand bars for hours—beside one's trunk or trunks in the dim, musty, ill-smelling sheds of the harbor docks in order to be accounted honest is a species of affront against which American human nature raises its voice in violent protest.

The honest man, whose word is his

The society woman while unreasonable is not unmanageable.

bond in his native town, considers it in the light of a direct accusation. The millionaire, whose nod is law in his own counting house, frets and fumes against conditions that his wealth and position are unable to palliate; the woman of fashion and nerves pleads in vain that her dainty belongings be exempt from the vulgar regulations that hamper the ordinary multitude—her maid and the children's governess, for instance. Another class, the professional smuggler or the local *modiste,* the latter, perhaps, guilty of her first offense, stands guiltily aside, sulky or scared, awaiting developments and freedom.

There is no exception to the rule. Each trunk must be represented by an individual, and each individual is called upon as he enters the harbor to declare his innocence or guilt in the matter of the contraband. As a matter of fact, every man is a smuggler in the eyes of the law until he has been proven innocent by an examination of his luggage.

Custom house officials, therefore, through no fault of their own, are not favorites with the public. At least that portion of the feminine public that goes abroad in the summer and returns home early in the fall with a countenance fixed in lines of innocence and ingenuousness, and a winter outfit bought regardless of expense in Paris or Vienna, which outfit is tucked away safely out of sight in meek-looking leather trunks.

The meek-looking trunk, by the way, like the meek-looking woman, more often than not proves to be a delusion and a snare. Both put the experienced dock official on his mettle. Madame Lasar, the famous French smuggler, who succeeded in crossing the boundaries of Canada with 300,000 francs' worth of uncut stones concealed in her wearing apparel, wore a modest black bonnet and a mourning veil. A word of warning was cabled from the other side; the mild little widow was waylaid and the Government was richer by $60,000. The gems were never reclaimed, for the reason that confiscated

Every man is a smuggler in the eyes of the law until proven innocent.

goods can only be redeemed by the payment of treble their value.

An incident fresh in the minds of the reading public is the recent seizure of a superb diamond necklace brought over from France by a Boston society woman. The necklace was valued at $25,000 and was amenable to a duty of at least $12,000. Not being declared, it was confiscated by the custom house officers. The matter was brought to court by the irate lady, with the plea that the necklace had been duly declared as "wearing apparel." The suit was won on this technicality and is now "hanging fire" in the Court of Appeals.

Most extraordinary are the means taken by certain women of the fashionable world to circumvent the clause that limits their purchases abroad to the restricted sum of one hundred dollars. A few yards of priceless lace are tucked away in a pompadour. They do not hesitate to wear a jeweled watch in the toe of a boot, and they fearlessly reduce the value of a half dozen imported gowns to a sum that would cause the Parisian *modiste* from whom they were purchased to open her eyes in indignant wonder that her creations should be so maligned.

The society woman, while unreasonable, is not unmanageable, and, while accorded no indulgence, she is treated with a diplomacy born of long experience.

It must not be supposed that the custom house official is an ordinary man. In order to obtain his position he is called upon to pass a civil service examination that has phazed many a college graduate. He must have some of the qualities of the detective, united to the knowledge of a *dilettante.* Years of work in his chosen calling have given him a deep insight into human nature, and the ways and means of human nature to attain an end.

He must learn the distinction between a woman of fashion and a woman who is dressed in the fashion for the purpose

The woman of embonpoint must not pass unnoticed.

of concealment. He must know when a man who limps is a *bona fide* cripple or a mere trickster, somewhat hampered by an uncomfortable quantity of jewels and laces hidden in his boots. His practiced eye must discover at a glance whether a supposed hunchback is afflicted with a real hump or is carrying a small trunk of valuables on his back. The woman of exaggerated *embonpoint* must not pass unnoticed, as neither should the slender individual in a voluminous cape.

The custom house official who has grown old in the service, and whose judgment has been sharpened by contact with all sorts and conditions of would-be smugglers, is of incalculable value to his Government. He adds to its wealth by thousands of dollars. Only recently an official, who was cognizant that a certain fashionable *trousseau* had been ordered from Paris for a wedding of the smart set, determined to prevent an illicit entry into the country by keeping a careful watch on incoming French passengers. He suspected that the goods would arrive through the employees of a well-known dressmaking establishment. Through long experience he was familiar with the appearance of every prominent importer of gowns and their agents. It was as he suspected. By a clever bit of detective work he was instrumental in seizing a *trousseau* valued at $20,000, which *trousseau,* if it be reclaimed, will cost its fair owner a cool $60,000.

Dressmakers who make a business of supplying the fashionable world with its Parisian gowns and *trousseaux* are among those who make the career of the custom house official a troubled sea of big storms and little tempests in a teapot. Some of them make a point of a monthly trip to Paris, returning each time with a gown or a couple of gowns that can be sold to their customers at a

The true artist in the profession never argues.

fancy price. This little way of circumventing the law represents at least twenty-four imported gowns a year at any possible price, for how can mere man judge of the value of a costume that looks to even his experienced judgment like a mass of frivolous rubbish?

When the custom house officer fixes his attention upon a suspect, he uses scant courtesy in bringing him or her to judgment—that is, the private search room with which each dock is supplied. It is only *le premier pas qui conte.* After a few adroit questions he is pretty well able to judge whether he is on the right scent or not. He rarely makes a mistake.

A culprit's first instinct of defense upon being accused is either an indignant denial or, in the case of a woman, an old-fashioned attack of hysteria. The experienced smuggler, the true artist of the profession, never argues. He is a fatalist and always a philosopher. He shrugs his shoulders and goes upon his way. If he has no legal loophole, he either pays the duty or leaves his goods, however valuable, to the mercy of the public auction, at which all confiscated property is eventually sold. It may be that he or his agent is present at the sale, and in this manner he once more regains possession of his forfeited goods.

An interesting and generous by-law, proving the kindly attitude of the Government, is the clause that permits the entry of the most valuable works of art provided they are to be placed on exhibition, or are to be presented as gifts to a museum or institution of learning. In this way priceless masterpieces have come into the country for the incalculable benefit of its artistic growth. If conditions were otherwise it would be impossible to cover the custom house duties of a Rembrandt or Valasquez.

As an instance of this, one has but to cite the existing controversy regarding the "Saturnalia" of Biondi, the Italian sculptor. This incontestably beautiful

A jeweled watch in the toe of her boot.

piece of sculpture was passed through the custom house under a bond of $24,000, which declared that it was to be exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As a matter of fact, it was received in due time at the Museum, but has not yet been placed on exhibition, owing to the puritanism of some scrupulous directors of the Museum, who objected to the artist's realism in the treatment of the subject. The justly indignant Biondi has appealed for redress to the law, insisting upon the exhibition of his *chef d'oeuvre,* while the custom house officials, without any pretension to puritanism or *dilettante*-ism, demand the forfeiture of the bond since the foreign work of art has neither been presented or exhibited.

It is said that the home of the late William C. Whitney, for which the palaces of Europe were ransacked, brought a million or so into the coffers of the Treasury. It must be recalled that Mr. Whitney was the purchaser of two Rembrandts, a Murillo and a Raphael, not to mention a couple of Gobelin tapestries. He was a *connoisseur* who spent his enormous wealth in gaining possession of some of the world's greatest art treasures regardless of such a trifle as custom house duties.

The Government gives this branch of the service more than ordinary consideration. It is the keynote of home trade and home prosperity. It forces the purchaser to buy in his own country and from his own people. The manner of bringing about this result is necessarily disagreeable, and unfortunately one that the traveler returning from a pleasure trip abroad looks upon as necessary to resent.

But there is no doubt that when the rich man reaches heaven he considers it well worth the tribulation of passing through the needle's eye.

Searching the ruins after a big fire.

HO, FOR THE FIREMAN'S LIFE

By Captain F. J. Hennessy

(INSTRUCTOR AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL, FIRE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS.)

THE fireman becomes a fireman because he is made that way; he can't help himself. The born soldier somehow or other gets into the army, and isn't satisfied until he knows the smell of powder; the born sailor, no matter how far inland he starts his life, works his way seaward, inch by inch. It's the nature of us to be what we are intended to be, and if we miss it and are forced into some other job we just turn out failures. A man is only good at one thing, and the sooner he finds out what that thing is the better it is for himself and everybody else that lives in the same street.

Why, we boys here see the beginning of ourselves in the kids who hang around the engine house. You can't keep these youngsters away. Before school and after school they are on the spot, watching us like so many little ferrets. Lots of these kids know as much about the workings of the engine house as the men. They ask no questions; they are never in the way or troublesome. They just hang around to learn what they can. They can't keep away—that is the beginning and end of it. And when the engines start off for a fire these youngsters trail behind and stick close until the engine returns. That's how the born

How the fireman sleeps. His cot is arranged with boots and trousers ready to slip on at a moment's notice.

fireman begins the life—a kid around the engine house; it's bred in the bone. That's how I started. It's a sort of fever in the blood, and there's no cure for it except the life. Strange to say, our own kids take to it. We have any number of firemen's children and grandchildren in the very companies in which their own fathers and grandfathers have lost their lives.

Of course, there is plenty of danger in the life, but I am pretty sure outsiders, those who watch us and hear about us, give more thought to the risks of it than we do at the engine house. I don't think a fireman ever considers that his life is in constant danger. If that were on his mind he would throw up his job after the first fire. When he hears the "telegraph" his first idea is to save time; he wants to reach the fire as quickly as possible; he wants to maintain the record of his company. Once he reaches the fire his next thought is to save life and put out the fire. There is no chance to think much anyway; he must work. The trouble is that even the most experienced man finds it hard to guess how far a conflagration has eaten up the inside of a building. When he receives the signal from his chief to enter and he rushes in he never can tell for the first few moments whether the fiery mass is going to crash down on him or not.

Another strange thing about a fire is that no two are exactly alike. I have been running to fires for the past twenty-three years, and no one rule has ever worked for more than just one fire. Everything makes a difference—the wind, the weather, the inside furnishings of the house. Yes, a fireman has to obey orders, but beyond all else he has to use his intelligence. When there is a life to be saved he waits for no orders, but goes

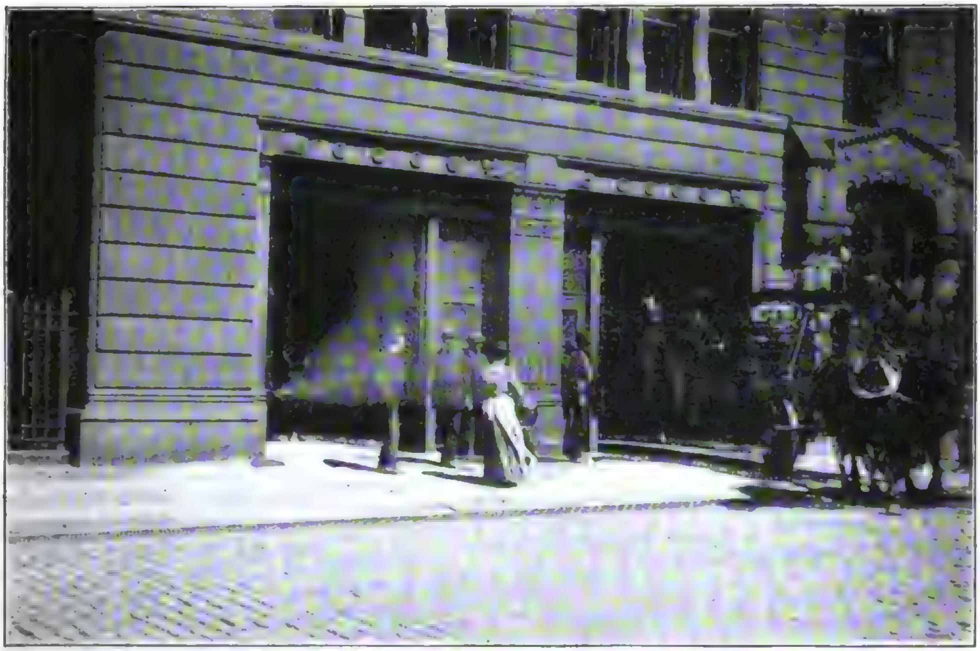
The big extension water tower in action.

straight ahead and does the best he can in his own way. He must risk his own life, but what of that? He can't give his own danger a thought, and after all, we men learn to know that life is something that is taken away or left in ways that are wonderful and strange. A man can't count upon the accident of his life. Why, the greater number of us men in the fire companies have been taking big risks every day for twenty and even thirty years, and are as hale and hearty as the day we started—not a scratch to show for it all—while only a few days ago we heard of the death of a young fellow who had been a probationary member for only ten days!

How these young fellows love the call to a fire! I remember how I used to sit and wait for the telegraph to ring out. It seemed terribly long between waits. After some years, while I was always ready for the call, I wasn't so eager for it. One isn't impatient to be deluged in a Niagara of scalding water and then to go out in a blinding snow storm and get frozen stiff into one's wet clothes. When we get back to the engine house the boys get us out of our icy clothes by pouring hot water over them. Then, no matter what our condition, we get everything in condition for another call—that is the first requisite; the big, steaming cup of coffee and something to eat come afterward.

No, we haven't college men or millionaires in our company, but there are any number of both who never miss a fire. They are born firemen, but they have missed their chance at it by having too much college education or too many millions. It's a pity, too, for they are a

How the fireman slides down the brass rod from his sleeping quarters when an alarm sounds—instead of walking down stairs.



The "hook and ladder" turning out.

fine lot of fellows. Why, at the first sound of the alarm they follow in carriage or automobile, and as we work we see them within the ropes, their badges shining on the silk lapels of their overcoats. These badges have been obtained by a special application at headquarters and let the wearer inside the police line. On cold winter nights these good friends of ours supply us with unlimited hot coffee and sandwiches, and indeed they stand by us in such a way that it seems a pity they can't be one of us.

But too much education isn't in our line, although one of our members, "Jolly Captain Needham," of Hook and Ladder No. 19, is a poet and writes for the best newspapers. I am glad, for my part, that the mental examinations are going to be less severe. You see, when a man has been cooped up in school with his books until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age he isn't half so fit for the work as the chap who has been roughing it and earning his living since he has been twelve years of age. Yet the school chap can pass his mental examination when the other can't. Oftentimes the other is the better fitted of the two for our life.

But a few days in the instruction classes show the real stuff in the young fellow who thinks he wants to be a fireman. It's funny to see them drop out one by one after a scaling ladder drill. It's no fun to scale the top of our ten-story building in one of our morning lessons, with a lot of fellows down in the yard laughing at you. Well, if they are not of the right material they simply stay away; they don't send in any fine apologies or written excuses. When they don't turn up for morning drill we ask no impolite questions; we know what it means—that's all there is about it.

The fireman's life has another great hold upon the men outside of the fact that they can't help themselves anyway. It's a good living, with a good pension after twenty years of service, and the widow and children are looked after, too. It's a fair, decent, certain living. A mere probationer gets $800 the first year, and after that his salary increases until he gets $1,400. The rest depends

Fire boat in action at the Battery.

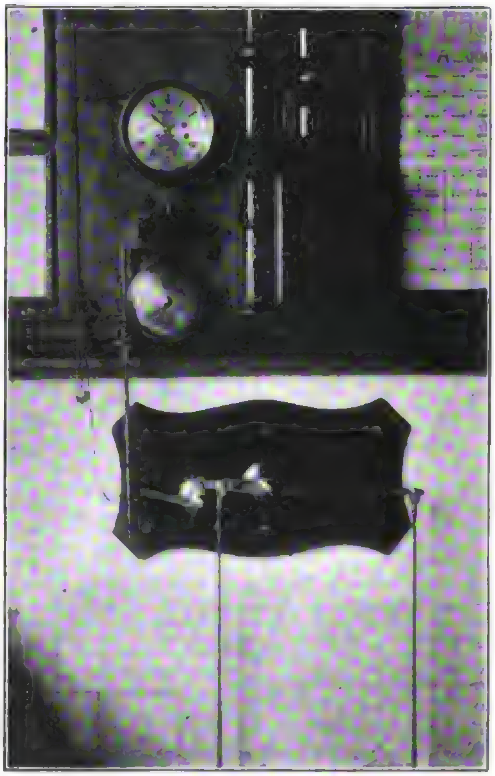
upon himself. There is no bluff or politics in our life. We have to do things, and when we get promoted it's because we deserve it and not because we have a "pull." There is no such thing as "pull" or "bluff" with a fiery hell raging around you and a lot of women and children calling at you through the flames to save them from death. A man has to go at it straight, or let the thing alone. We fellows don't sit around on winter nights spinning yarns. It's our record that speaks for us and that's about all.

If I say it myself, who have grown old in the work and have seen thousands of young men in our companies, I think the life turns out a lot of fine, decent, manly fellows. I still think it one of the greatest sights to see our engines dashing through the streets, sending out smoke and fire and clanging bells.

I was at that fire exhibition given to Li Hung Chang and his *suite* some five or six years ago. I remember that I watched his face to see how it would light up at the sight of our engines and our brave boys. We had everything arranged to show the whole apparatus, from scaling ladder to water tower, and I was dead sure the old man, although he was almost as great as the Emperor himself, had never seen a sight to equal it in all China.

Well, he pressed the button that sent in the alarm, and engine and hook and ladder came rushing past the grandstand with a fine clatter, but not a muscle of his face moved. It didn't seem to mean anything more to him or his *suite* than if they had been accustomed to it all their lives in Pekin. I was pretty mad over it, for it seemed to me our boys had made a big record. I am glad to say he did show some feeling as he stepped into his carriage. The door jammed his thumb, and he screwed

Edward F. Croker, Chief of the New York Fire Department.



The wonderful mechanism that releases the horses when an alarm comes in and at the same time records the hour the alarm is received.

up his face and looked at the coachman who did it in a pretty mad fashion, muttering under his breath in the good old-fashioned Yankee way. It isn't much to remember, but it did me good.

I don't know if we are what is called a religious lot. I guess we worry more about the home, the wife and the little ones than anything else. When we say good-bye to them of a morning it doesn't do to be thinking that anything may happen between the next time we meet. That is something hard to get away from, but outside of that we manage to keep pretty cheerful, and there's not a man on the engine and the hook and ladder who doesn't know that somewhere along his route he'll see the face of the wife and kids looking out the window for him and waving hands. We boys wouldn't miss that sight for the world.

Robert Drouet, one of the foremost leading men on the American stage.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A LEADING MAN

By Robert Drouet

SHALL I be accused of lacking in gallantry if I venture to suggest that the leading man is occasionally a victim of the fair sex—behind the footlights? It must be borne in mind that in theatrical parlance the term or title, "leading man," presupposes that he is carried in tow by a power that precedes him. He is led, so to speak. That power is the leading woman. The eternal feminine is bound to dominate any situation in which mere man is a factor. The leading man has his trials and tribulations—he has also his artistic triumphs, his moments of inspiration. In every case *"cherchez la femme."*

Although as yet I have no gray hairs, I have been on the stage more years than I care to count. During a large part of that time I have had the interesting privilege of supporting the greater number of those fair and twinkling stars who have risen and set within recent years on the dramatic firmament. I may say, without too great an assumption of uncanny wisdom, that I am tolerably well versed in the ways of womankind. I have learned to sound the depths of temperament, to size up the divine inflatus, and to diagnose the vagaries of high-strung nerves with the coolness and precision of a surgeon at the dissecting table. I have made a profound study of the feminine, just as I have made a study of my art—just as I study my lines from every possible point of view—and I have reached the conclusion that the only way for a leading man to succeed in the art of the "opposite," is to work it out in solid, business basis.

I am willing to admit that it is somewhat difficult for a leading man to approach the star of a company and propose to work out their great third act, in which love seems to be the engrossing theme, on a purely business basis. Yet it is a reasonable proposition, and women are amenable to reason—at times.

Now, the business end of a play is the box office, and the ultimate purpose of any stage production is a financial return for the outlay. This financial return is of vital importance to the staress, whatever her temperament. It is of equal significance to the leading man, who depends upon his salary for his support. It is a question that involves the most insignificant member of the company. Each and every one, from the greatest to the smallest, wants the play to succeed.

It follows, as a matter of course, that the leading woman and the leading man, who are destined to occupy the center of the stage as opposites, must be in perfect sympathy on this point. A *Camille* who insists upon sobbing so audibly that *Armand's* best lines are drowned in tears not only destroys the situation, but puts her devoted *Armand* in such a rage that his interpretation of the *rôle* suffers in consequence, and the entire play loses tone and caliber. A heroine whose rippling laughter interrupts the passionate pleading of her lover at an untimely moment may win applause for herself, but she has detracted from the general balance of the whole.

A play, after all, is but a painting thrown upon a canvas. The symmetry of the picture as a whole must be preserved. Background, perspective, shadows and high lights are all calculated to a nicety. Each actor and actress in the cast must be thoroughly cognizant of his share in the picture and determine not to transgress upon it. This is the true party spirit, and the only one that leads to an artistic success and financial reimbursement.

When I am called upon to meet a star opposite to whom I am cast as leading man, I appreciate to the utmost the difficulties of my position. Whatever her fame as an artist may be, I am beset by one overwhelming question, Is she a business woman, or is she merely a bundle of nerves keyed up to the emotional pitch of a big act? I make a habit of approaching her in the attitude of a level-headed man of business, who has entered into a partnership with her in a certain financial venture. I take it for granted that we both are equally anxious for the venture to succeed.

This attitude is a sort of compact to mutually assist each other in our several situations—to adapt our business so as to accentuate the points that each depend upon to tell with the audience.

It is amazing to the uninitiated how much an actor relies upon his fellow actors for a sympathetic handling of his business in order to insure success. Now, as a matter of fact, in my work I seek to win the approbation of an audience, not through applause, but through silence. If at a certain moment I can grip my listeners into an instant of suspended breath, I would not exchange this triumph for a great thunder roll of vociferous hand-clapping. I recall a play in which I had worked up a situation to a point where I could hear the ticking of my watch, and invariably the fair lady star at this juncture chose to cleave the silence by a big, sounding sigh. It was an anti-climax and completely spoiled my cherished bit of business.

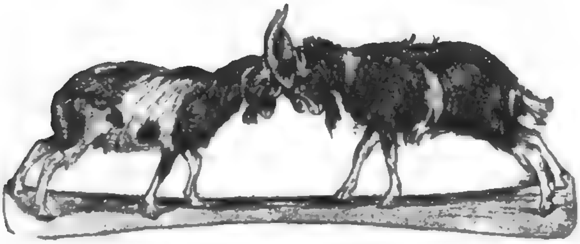
I have been occasionally asked if a personal like or dislike of a woman in any way affected the play of her leading man. I reply, *absolutely none.* The play is one thing, the woman another. A woman whom I thoroughly dislike might prove most congenial and sympathetic as an artist with whom I was destined to play opposites. I have found it a delight to be the stage lover of a certain star with whom I was not on speaking terms once the curtain had fallen on the play. I have also found it a source of unspeakable irritation to play the amorous swain with certain actresses for whom I had only feelings of the deepest friendship and liking.

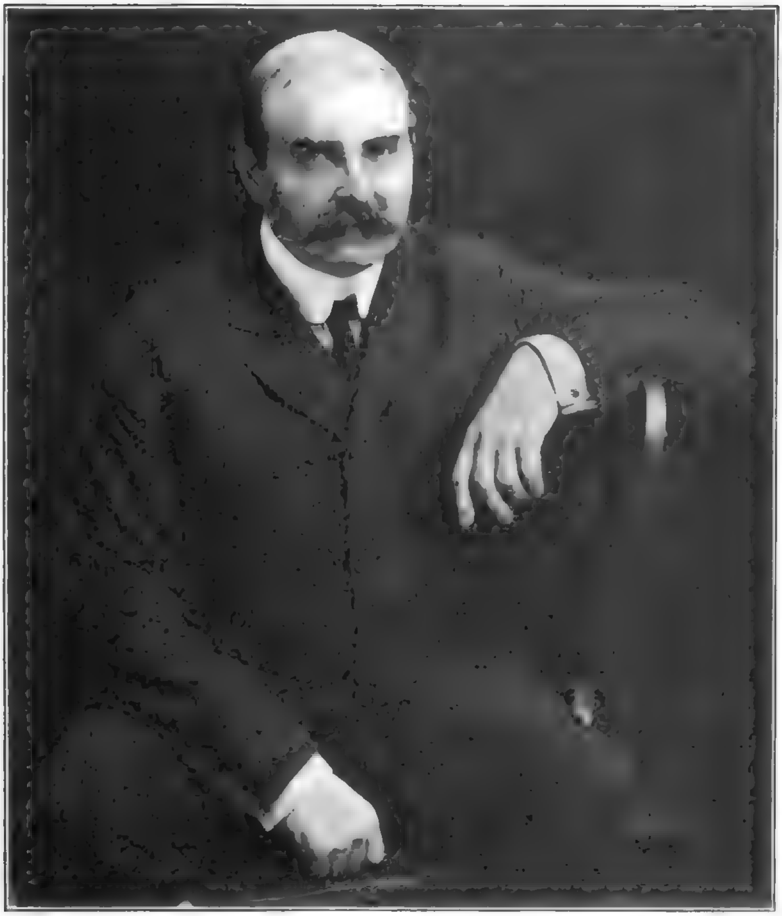
The actor, I imagine, has a strongly developed dual personality. He cannot explain even to himself how sharply he draws the line between his world and its people before the curtain and that other world behind it. Both are real, yet both are distinct. A man could not and would not be an actor if he were not able to live a complete life apart in both of his worlds.

Unfortunately there are occasions when a leading man is forced to spoil the picture, not because he is lacking in artistic insight, but because, if he is under contract he is bound to obey orders. There are certain managers who are willing to sacrifice any dramatic situation to exploit a star.

As a stage manager of his own plays Clyde Fitch is incomparable. He has a wonderful intuition in fitting a temperament to a *rôle.* This done, he gives the personality as much freedom as possible in developing the character. He may engage and announce a star, but on the stage he makes no such distinction. Every man and woman in the cast works toward the climax. No *rôle* is insignificant—no *rôle* is all significant. I have taken part in hundreds of Clyde Fitch rehearsals and at every one I am lost in admiration over his methods and over his marvelous understanding of woman nature. As a leading man, Clyde Fitch would prove himself a genius.

As for my humble self, I repeat that I am simply a business man, who brings business methods to bear upon his dealings with his art, and that part of his art which consists of the lady star in the production. Certain goods (my *rôle*) are delivered to me. My part of the bargain is to make good for value received.





Latest photograph of Burr McIntosh. Posed specially for Broadway Magazine.

VERSATILE BURR McINTOSH

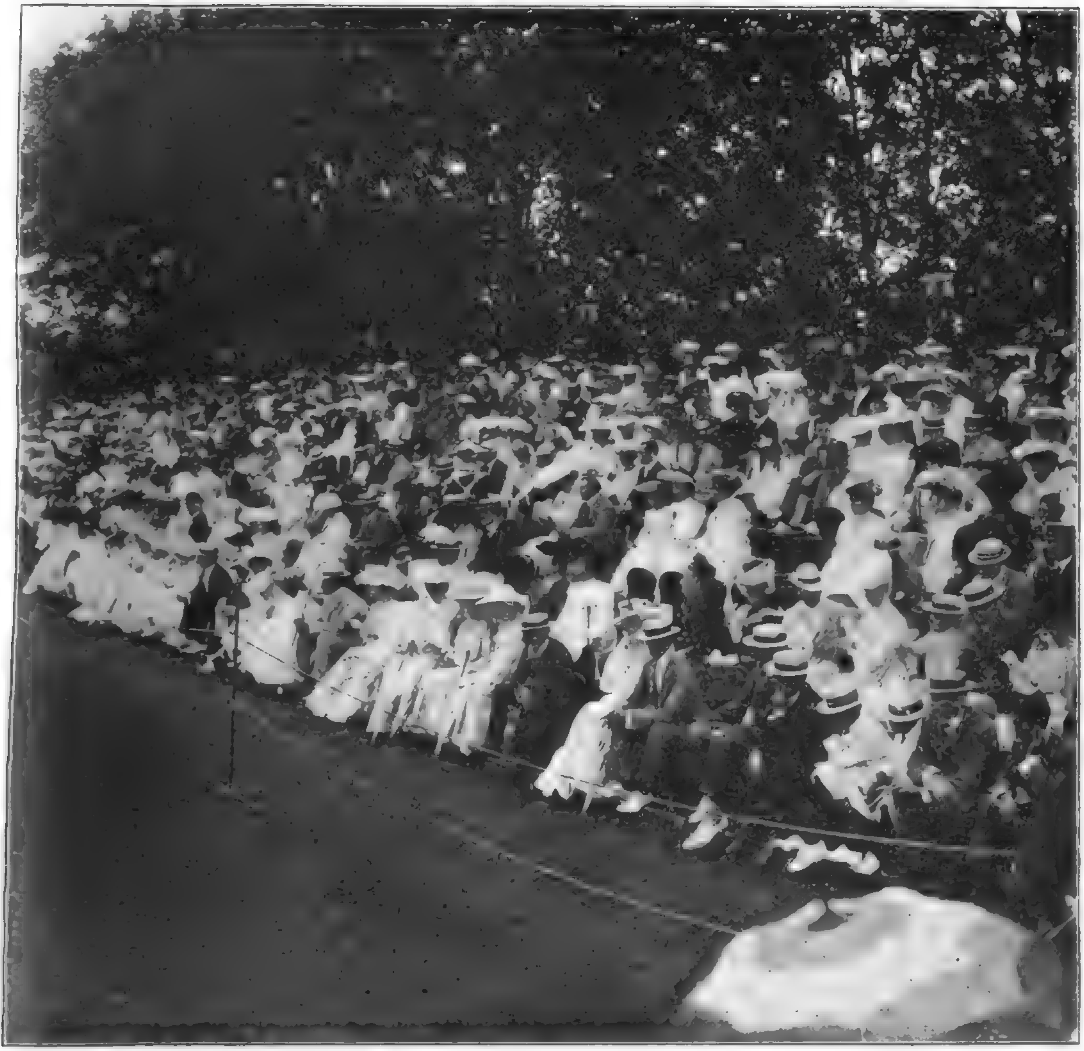
By George C. Jenks

PROBABLY there is no professional man better known along Broadway than Burr McIntosh. The tall, broad-shouldered, handsome thoroughbred, who has made his mark as actor, author, war correspondent, athlete and drawing-room entertainer, and is now recognized as one of the greatest art photographers in the world, counts his friends by the thousands, and among the patrons of his studio many of the most distinguished personages in the United States and Europe. Modest, as are most men who have done things, Burr McIntosh seldom talks about himself. What he has done he has done, and what he will yet achieve he leaves to the unfolding of the scroll of time.

National lawn tennis championship at

You will not find out from him, except by leading questions, what an adventurous life he has led, and yet it is deeply interesting, especially when you know the man personally. As fine photography is his hobby, let it be told how he studied it until he could take rank with professional artists. It was in 1896 that he went to England with the Yale crew, taking many pictures at Henley, as well as on shipboard and elsewhere in the course of the trip. The result of this trip was an illustrated lecture at Wallack's Theatre, with productions of his own camera shown by stereopticon, entitled "Yale's Trip to Henley." The lecture was merely a friendly talk, and it was one of the most delightful incidents of that late summer.

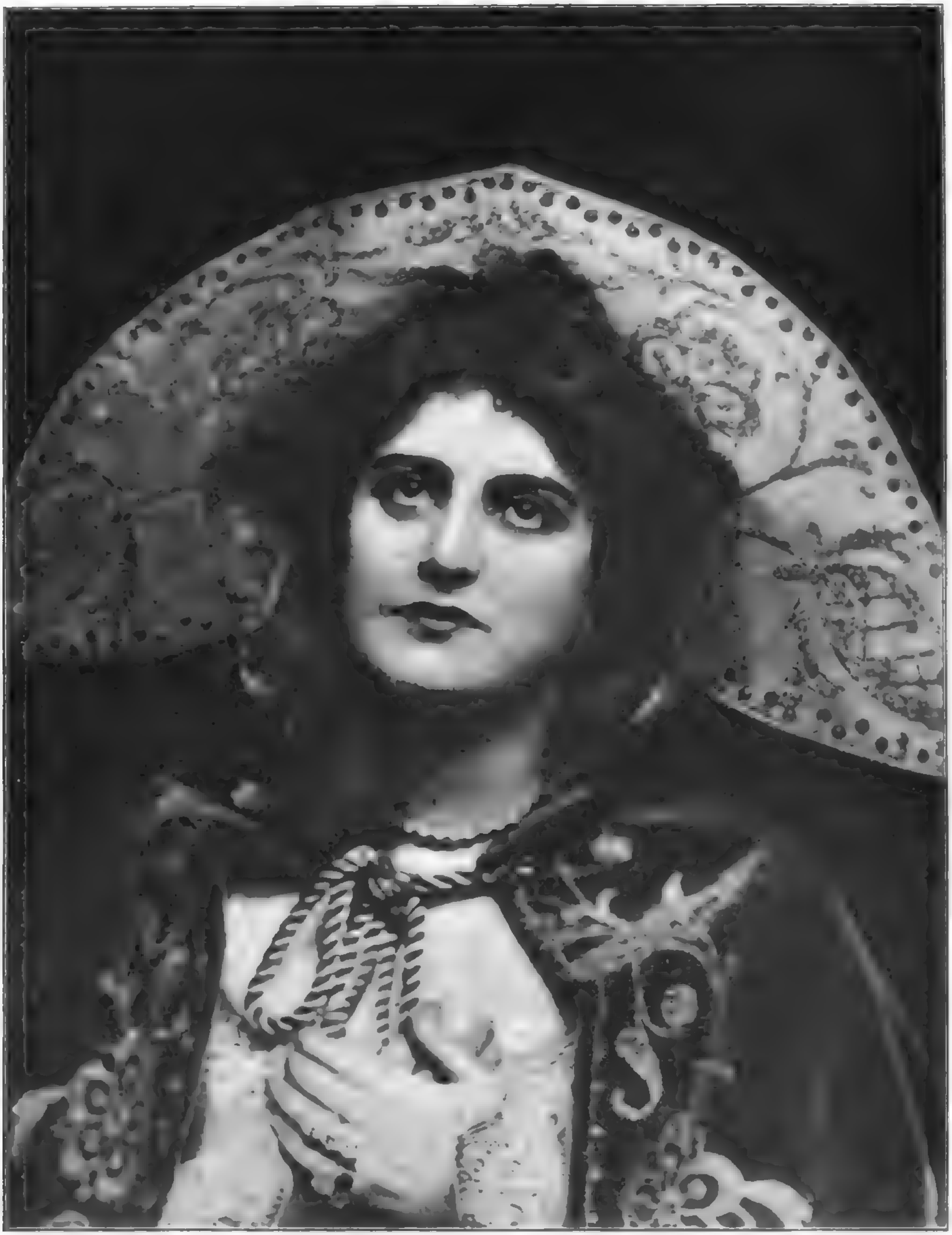
The Spanish-American war broke out two years later, and away went Burr McIntosh to Cuba, representing a syndicate of papers, including the New York *Journal* and *Leslie's Weekly*. He took pictures and described the campaign with a graphic pen. His pictures of the



Newport. The finish of the doubles.

Fifth Army Corps landing upon Cuban soil on June 22, 1898, are familiar to most people. Another great picture was that of the Rough Riders' first battlefield, at Las Guasimas. These pictures were published in the *Journal* four days before any others arrived from the front. Mr. McIntosh took the films to Siboney that night, boxed and air-tighted, sending them by the Associated Press boat to Jamaica. Thence a fruit steamer sailed the next morning for Boston, and the films were hustled to New York without delay. As soon as they reached the *Journal* office the entire day and night staff set to work on them, and three full pages of war pictures were out by four that afternoon. Every other paper in the country was "beaten" in the way of Cuban illustrations.

Burr McIntosh took the last picture of young Hamilton Fish before he was killed, and the first one of his body after he fell with a Mauser bullet in his heart. Burr McIntosh and "Ham." Fish



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Mr. McIntosh's first famous photograph. Miss Elliott as "Portia."

Finish of the Yale-Harvard 'Varsity Race, 1903, New London, Conn.

were close personal friends, and Burr says the most heart-breaking thing he ever did in his life was taking that photograph of his dead comrade, who a few hours before had been full of youthful courage and activity. A week later, on the morning of July 1st, McIntosh, on El Poso Hill, made the only picture in existence of the first shot from the first gun fired on San Juan, and the effect of the first shrapnel that passed over El Poso and burst among the Rough Riders.

It was soon after the close of the war that Mr. McIntosh gave his lecture, "The Little I Saw in Cuba," in New York, Washington and other large cities. In this lecture and the book he published under the same title the author gave a few facts that opened people's eyes, especially in Washington, and evolved feelings of astonishment, indignation and chagrin that never have subsided.

During all this time Burr McIntosh had been acting at intervals, and had made himself a name that caused him to be always in demand behind the footlights. But the stage was only a means to an end with him. Photography had become his passion, and in 1900 he opened his first studio in two small rooms in Fifth avenue, for which he paid a rental of $40 per month. His entire staff was comprised in one boy, to whom he paid $8 a week, and who was stenographer, private secretary, messenger and general utility. Mr. McIntosh has truly original ideas, and his artistic skill in posing soon attracted attention. That first summer he photographed Julia Marlowe in her summer home in the Catskills, and secured some negatives that developed into pictures which have become famous in the pages of magazines and elsewhere. Several other prominent theatrical people were taken in the course of the summer.

Business seemed to warrant the struggling picture-maker to branch out in the autumn, and on October 1st he rented a floor in West Thirty-third street, opposite the Waldorf-Astoria, and employed several artists and other assistants. Then he went on the road with Mary Mannering, who was playing "Janice Meredith," keeping in close touch with his picture business the while. As showing how earnest the actor was as a photographer, there never was a day in the month he played in "Janice Meredith" in Philadelphia that he did not run over to New York on the midnight train, going back the next afternoon. The intervening hours were spent nearly altogether in working on matters connected with his studio, for most of his sleep was obtained *en route,* going and coming.

As an actor Burr McIntosh has played *Jo Vernon,* in "In Mizzoura"; *Colonel Moberly,* in "Alabama"; *Taffy,* in "Trilby"; *Jack Rose,* in "At Piney Ridge"; *Joe,* in "The Cowboy and the Lady"; *Squire Bartlett,* in "Way Down East"; *Philemon Henion,* in "Janice Meredith"; *Tippy Brasher,* in "Nancy and Co." (with Daly's company, at the Lyceum, London); *The Earl of Rockingham,* in "Under Two Flags," and *Pudd'nhead Wilson.*

His record in athletics might be considered by many men achievement enough for one life. At his *alma mater,* Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., he was in '81 and '82 champion sprinter and hurdler, catcher of the 'Varsity nine, and end rush in the football team. In '83, while in Princeton, he was beaten six inches for the inter-collegiate hundred yards championship, after having been put back a yard for a false start. In this race he defeated Wendell Baker, of Harvard, and H. S. Brooks, Jr., of Yale, both of whom were afterwards champions.

For seven years Burr McIntosh was champion of Pennsylvania from a hundred yards up to a quarter of a mile. In 1887 he organized the Cape May Athletic Club, and raised most of the money required for building the grounds. He retains his love for athletic sports to the present day. The club popularly known as the "Five A.'s," in Twenty-eighth street, was founded by Burr McIntosh. He did not care to be its president,

Maude Fealy.
This photograph was awarded first prize (1,000 francs) in the Paris Figaro "contest of Art and Beauty," January, 1903. There were 30,000 competitors.

however, yielding that office to De Wolf Hopper, and taking the vice-presidency himself.

At one time Mr. McIntosh used to give much of his time to drawing-room entertainment. As a card manipulator he was, and is, so clever that the great Kellar once wrote, "I consider Burr McIntosh the best man I ever saw with an ordinary pack of cards." Mr. McIntosh went to England in the summers of '91 and '92, under the management of Ashton's Library, the amusement purveyor to Queen Victoria, and made a hit in drawing-rooms and clubs. His popularity among clubmen makes him a welcome visitor in most of the leading clubs of this country. At present he holds membership in two or three, the Lotos among them.

Pool playing is one of the diversions in which Burr McIntosh shines when he chooses to take up a cue. While at Princeton, in '83, he was college champion. He was champion of the Lambs' Club and the theatrical profession for eleven years. When the inter-club tournament takes place in the coming winter Burr McIntosh will represent the Lotos Club.

From all that has been set down here

it is obvious that Burr McIntosh is a many-sided man, with the unusual ability to shine in widely divergent fields. That he is a photographer of remarkable skill and artistic perception is shown in the pictures reproduced in connection with this article. His social standing has gained for him privileges among the wealthy and exclusive element of American society that few, if any, other photographers have enjoyed. His pictures of the polo, tennis and other tournaments and the hunting field incidents could have been obtained only with the passive assistance of personages who are generally extremely camera-shy when they know the results will be shown to the public. Many prominent actresses have been photographed by Burr McIntosh, and many more will pose for him. It is quite probable that he will easily realize his ambition to become to photography what Tiffany is to jewelry."

And yet, with all this, Burr McIntosh admits to his friends that his great aim, which he will try to realize as soon as he can find time, is to shut himself up in a retired spot among the mountains or at the seashore, and write the great American play.

A typical Burr McIntosh jumping picture.

A prisoner brought directly to the scene of the crime.

THE THIRD DEGREE

By Walter Beverley Crane

EXPERIENCE has shown that the typical history of a crime from first to last in every case includes some or all of the following phenomena, and no more:

The criminal is possessed of a fixed (1) *disposition* or character, belongs to a certain *station* in life, and is actuated to commit the crime by the desire of some pleasure or the apprehension of some pain, which desire or apprehension is denominated a "motive." He has recourse to (2) certain *preparations* for doing the act, and sometimes makes *declarations* to others relating to it, or even uses *threats* to the person to whom it will be prejudicial. Next he avails himself of a given (3) *opportunity,* and generally brings with him certain (4) *instruments* for his work other than his own muscles. He commits the act by violating (5) some *material object,* whether person or thing, and thereby superinducing a change in its previous and normal condition. In most cases he reaps and carries off with him (6) certain *fruits* of the crime. In nearly all cases he resorts to devices for the purpose of (7) *concealing* the crime and avoiding legal responsibility. On being charged with the crime he generally shows unmistakable symptoms (8) of *fear,* and in some cases (9) he *confesses* the crime.

It is by no means true that this is the fixed and invariable history of every crime. It is only of the nature of a very general formula, which is filled up with

Suspected man shown the knife used in a murder.

more or less completeness by every criminal. Its details are the result of a very extended experience, and it is scarcely possible to conceive any case where a number of the particular actions or circumstances enumerated are not present, nor where any other phenomena not included under one of those heads can be present.

The so-called "Third Degree" has been worked upon suspects in every age and clime, and is a perfectly legitimate method of extracting a confession, as it embodies the principle contained in No. 8, and leads up to No. 9. A remarkable instance of the intentional or experimental use of the symptoms of fear, as likely to be evidentiary of guilt, is supplied by a striking German trial that took place in 1808. The prisoner was Andrew Bichel, since known as "the Maiden Killer."

In the summer of 1806 Barbara Reisinger, the daughter of a day laborer, left her parents' house to seek service, and was never seen again alive by any of her friends. At the beginning of 1808 the same fate befell another maiden, named Katherine Seidel. She left her home one morning to have her fortune told at one, Andrew Bichel's by means of a mirror, but never returned. Some months after, a sister of Katherine Seidel recognized a part of her lost sister's

Confronted with the bloody shovel with which a murder was committed.

clothes at a second-hand shop, and found upon inquiry that they had been left there by Bichel. It then came out that before Katherine's disappearance, Andrew Bichel had sent a woman to tell her that he wished to speak to her, and that on her going to him he wished her to look into a mirror, for which purpose it was necessary, he said, for her to bring clothes handsome and good enough to dress herself three times. This, Katherine had done, and from that time had been lost sight of. The Court of Inquiry was also informed of a report that an aunt of Bichel's had disappeared in the same way and her clothes sold by him, with the remark "that she no longer wanted such clothes, since she had *become a lady.*"

Inquiries were instituted by the authorities, and the garments, recognized as having belonged to the missing females, were discovered and traced to Bichel; and it also appeared that before, and subsequently to, the disappearance of Katherine Seidel he had lured many other girls to his house under the pretence of telling them their fortunes. Further proof was supplied by the sagacity of a dog. Every time the officer passed Bichel's house with his dog the animal ran into the woodshed and continued smelling about so long that he was obliged to be called off. This attracted attention, and on turning up the floor first one human body and then another was discovered, terribly mangled, but not so much as to prevent their being identified as those of the two women who had disappeared. Bichel still maintained his innocence, trying to incriminate other people; and, though at last he confessed to the murder of Katherine Seidel for the sake of her clothes, he would not confess to that of the other.

The Court then bethought itself of a clause in the Royal Ordinance of July 7, 1806, abolishing torture, and recommending other steps to be taken with the view of extracting a confession. This clause provided that the accused should be taken to the place of the alleged mur-

Captain George McClusky, the head of the Detective Bureau. The terror of American evil-doers.

der, that the body should there be laid open before him, and an examination be held in the presence of the body. On Bichel being taken to the place where the body had been found, he at first became exceedingly faint and required brandy to bring him to himself. The judge of inquiry addressed him: "You are now in your dwelling-place, in the neighborhood of your house and your crimes; confess the whole truth at once. You will be taken into your house—you will see the body itself." He trembled like a leaf, but would not confess for two days. At the end of that time he published a detailed confession of the murder of both young women. The only motive for the murder was the clothes.

In Continental jurisprudence, where a confession is always so anxiously desired, the operation of fear in extorting one is not likely to be overlooked. It was to the test of this evidentiary fact that *Hamlet* put the suspected guilt of his uncle. And it was upon the frequent relation between the physical symptoms of fear and the recollections of guilt that Joseph rested the experiment made on the tenderness of his brethrens' moral consciousness.

At No. 300 Mulberry street, where the detective bureau is located, the so-called "third degree" is employed in a perfectly legitimate manner, and the methods used generally "make a man talk." There have been so many sensational and utterly untruthful articles and stories printed about the "third degree" that a correst report of its "workings" is welcome reading.

No doubt twenty-five or thirty years ago its "workings" were brutal. The "sweat box," "the hanger," "the awakener" and physical torture in many forms were used; but, thank God! the days of the old-fashioned inquisition are past, and the "front office" works on human sensibilities in a humane manner. As criminologists the Central Office men of New York have no equals; as students of the worst types of human nature they possess a knowledge that is in itself a power to wring a confession from a suspect; as skillful cross-examiners they are as clever, if not cleverer, than some district attorneys I could mention.

With ignorant men of brutal instincts, brutality may be expected—a suspect may have his face "stove in," get the "jitsu turn," have his fingers twisted out of shape, or experience some other pleasantry at the hands of the men who have got to "make good," *i. e.,* make an arrest.

With educated and experienced officers, the refinement of cruelty—the working on sensibilities already overwrought, the torture of an unhappy conscience—give *finesse* to adroit "plays"

The office of the Chief of the New York Detective Bureau. Chief "Inquisition room."

Searching a prisoner at Police Headquarters.

and questionings, and breaks down the bravado and wrecks the nerve of the guilty one. Here we look for, and we often find, a spectacle of men devoting keen intellectual faculties and the noblest moral perfections, as those of patience, toleration, courage and self-control, to the vindication of the most sacred interests of society, as well as of the humblest of its individual constituents.

At the risk of being considered irrelevant, I should like to take a fling at the Old Country and British police methods.

It was in mistake for William Thomas that a man named Adolf Beck served two terms of imprisonment on the charge of obtaining money and jewelry from women under false pretenses, owing, it is alleged, to police conspiracy. Beck was recently granted a "free pardon" by the Government, which offered him the sum of $10,000 as compensation for his false imprisonment.

Beck refused to accept that sum, taking the ground that it was insufficient, and legal steps in his behalf have been taken. The Home Secretary has appointed a commission to inquire into the case.

Evidently the "police conspiracy" in this case was a British "third degree"—the "third degree" of gross stupidity and ignorance.

As to matters of identity, proofs might be multiplied to any extent of the boundless region of error, shown by experience to be open on every side for the distraction and confusion of detectives in the identity of clever criminals, who are masters of the art of "make up." It is only when he has been "stood up" at the office that they are sure of their man and his Bertillon measurements.

The thief and the violent criminal are to a greater or less extent degenerates. There is a weak spot in their make-up somewhere. They may plan and execute the most complicated crimes, and yet the police can go to work on the case with fullest conviction that some trifling little detail will be overlooked by the criminal which will lead to his detec-

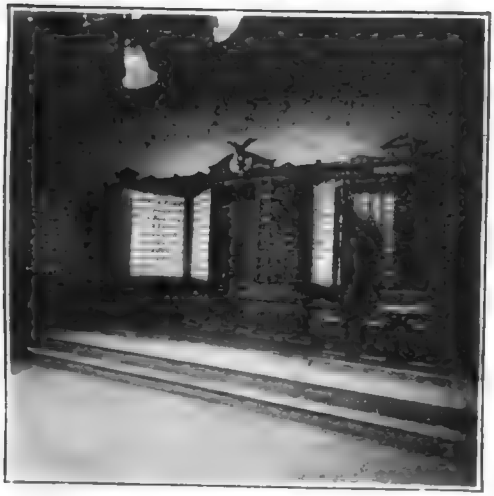
Watch stolen from murdered man suddenly shown to the suspect.

tion, or else that he will sooner or later have recourse to some drug or tell his record to some woman.

Detective Sergeants Peabody, Clark and McConville did some remarkably clever work in the Mabel Parker forgery case. Both the man and the woman were addicted to the use of morphine and "the degree" was worked up to their arrest and conviction by this very weakness in their otherwise good "team work." In this case Peabody posed as a "second story" man and told his "record" to the woman, saying he had "celled" "below" with her husband and the poor fellow was in sore need of "hop." The woman, after her arrest, complimented the detective sergeant on his fine acting. As for the husband at No. 300, all the "third degree" he needed was the deprivation of his drug. He would say his skin was black, or any other thing they wanted for a confession in order to get the juice of the poppy.

The perpetrators of crime seldom obtain anywhere near the real value of the plunder resulting from their operations. They are usually in a chronic state of financial decrepitude. It is while in this condition that the great criminal commits some offense that places him at the mercy of the police. Then the habit of the criminal is used by the department to develop the record of the prisoner.

Thus the general use of "dope" is one of the means used by the police in the detection and suppression of crime. There are three great classes of drug users, or, rather, three divisions that are marked one from the other in the manner of the use. First comes the opium smoking division; second, the users of the hypodermic syringe, and, third, the largest class of all, that takes drugs of all sorts internally or by snuffing. The hypodermic fiends are more numerous than the smokers, but the course of their career is far



The Rogue's Gallery at Police Headquarters.

briefer. Cocaine and morphine are the two drugs most commonly used. The "gun man," or "light artilleryman," is very rarely a smoker of opium, and the opium smoker is never a whisky drunkard, while the broken down negress who sniffs cocaine is not in the class with the individual who takes a little strychnine for his heart. The law says that every man is innocent until he is proven guilty. There was a recent notorious case in France, where a woman, after incessant petty persecutions by subordinate police officers, with a view of propitiating the authorities, confessed to a grave crime of which she was demonstrably shown to be innocent.

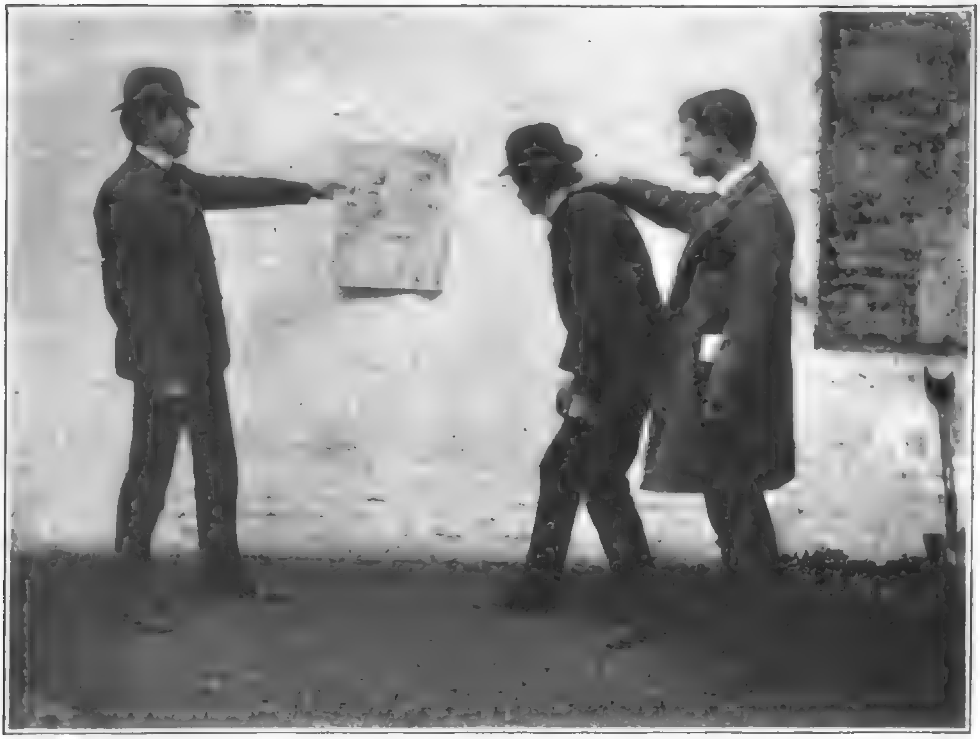
The verdict of "extenuating circumstances" is a temptation to such a compromise with an almost insuperable array of hostile facts and witnesses, and moral torture may not be less crushing and soul-destroying than that which "racks the joints and every laboring sinew strains."

The Central Office forms the hypothesis in some such way as follows, and works it into the so-called "third degree:"

The act was done at a certain place and at or within a certain time. These must be narrowly circumscribed. Now, if it has been shown to be the act, and probably the criminal act, of some person or other, and that the act was done in a certain place, and at or within a certain time, the possibilities will be confined by all the followng superficial marks of inclusion: First, the crime was committed by some one possessed of the requisite opportunity, and therefore not by a person out of the country, or a thousand miles away at the time of the crime. Access to a deceased person at the given time, knowledge of and proximity to a house broken into, official duty with respect to bank books and the like, are obvious grounds on the score on the ground of opportunity for implicating certain persons in the preliminary hypothesis of guilt.

Secondly, the crime was committed by some one operated upon by such a motive as would be sufficient to overcome the ordinary tutelary motives—political, social, moral and religious—which ever operate as dissuasives from crime. The actual force of a given motive, depending as it does on the idiosyncrasy of the man, can not be weighed, and therefore the smallest motive, provided there is one at all, is ground for suspicion, as it is repeatedly held to be sufficient, with other evidence, to justify conviction. Lastly, the act was done by some one conducting himself in one or more of certain recognized or habitual modes practiced by persons committing crimes. Symptoms supplied in this way are sudden flight, possession of stolen property within a limited time, purchase or possession of weapons or poison, professions of hostility, or other voluntary and extravagant assertions.

A good detective grasps at every straw of evidence, makes a numberless variety of hypothesis in succession, and deserts them as rapidly as made, examines privately, or through the agency of "stool pigeons," any number of persons he suspects, calling upon them to account for every hour



The prisoner suddenly confronted with graphic story of the crime in a newspaper.

of a given period of time, and even for much of their past life.

Knowledge is power, and with certain knowledge the "third degree" is bound to be successful.

It is the unexpected, the dramatic *denouement*, that makes the suspect quail and show unmistakable symptoms of fear, and fear almost always unmans and brings forth the confession so much desired.

I can pay the New York police force and its detective bureau no higher compliment than to remind them that the world regards them as "the finest," and that their fame is well deserved.

Theodore Roosevelt, the former president of the New York police commission, in an article entitled, "The Ethnology of the Police," has said:

"In short, in spite of their wide diversity of race origin, and in spite of some very evident shortcomings, the New York police as a body are a first class set of men and Americans through and through. They are brave, well disciplined and efficient, and they have a very strong *esprit de corps.*"

To such men the working of the "third degree" may be safely entrusted.

Not long ago when a trio of "strong arm men" "stuck up" one of their pals for a parcel of swag he possessed, some of the newspaper accounts somewhat mournfully suggested that the incident presaged the passing of "the proverbial honor among thieves."

There never was any honor among thieves, and that is why they come crying to newspaper offices with tales of brutal "third degree" experiences.

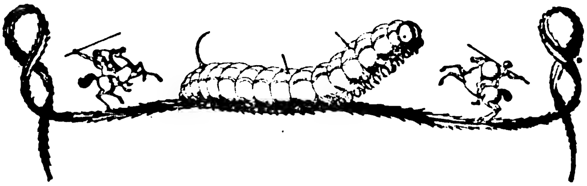
The truth of the matter is they have squealed on a pal and try to cover up the enormity of their offense by a "third degree" story.

The die that is orderly in its sequences is rightly suspected to be loaded. When a suspect throws against the "third degree" he may expect to have the dice inspected.

A VALLEY LOVE SONG

By M. G. T. Stempel

BELOVED, it is enough of bliss
To know that I may be to thee
That which no other one may be.
To know that every song that's sung
By other voices lacks a tone—
To know that my poor voice alone
Can satisfy. Secure in this
What matters it that I am here
So far away from thee, my dear?
The mortal touch of loving true
Is such a very minor part;
I'd rather thus thy life complete
Than have thee kneeling at my feet.
Nothing that body-love could do
Would satisfy my eager heart.
I'd be to thee as to the flower
Its subtlest perfume. And the hour
That of thy life is all mine own
Beloved, I would perfect make;
And I would offer for its sake,
Upon Love's altar sacrifice
Enough to win me paradise.



Miss Alice Nielsen as Zerlina in Don Giovanni

AT THE LONDON HOME OF ALICE NIELSEN

By Elsie Lathrop

FROM comic opera to Mozart in less than three years! This is what our little *prima donna* has accomplished, with the true American girl's pluck and perseverance. As Miss Nielsen sat chatting in her sunny little drawing-room in London, in her natural, unaffected manner, she looked younger than ever, fresh and dainty, in spite of the unusual heat.

"Of course, I am delighted with my success," she said, in reply to a question, "but I am sorry that now, just when Americans are coming to London in such numbers, I am no longer singing in opera, as the Mozart performances, for which I was engaged, are over. I should have liked them to hear me. You know every one in America thought me mad to attempt grand opera, and the letters of remonstrance I received on the subject! It was disheartening then, I assure you."

"Then your success is doubly gratifying, I am sure?"

"Yes, naturally, but, oh, it has been a struggle. In the first place, the climate never agreed with me. I was ill the entire first year, and on the verge of nervous prostration when I undertook the plunge and began studying for grand opera. Then the foreign languages, after having always sung in English, were no easy matter, added to my American friends' dismal forebodings. Now the struggle is to resist the offers, very tempting from a financial point of view, to return to America in my former line of work. I suppose I like money as well as any one, but nevertheless I shall not return until I return in grand opera."

"Are you not very gratified to think that your London success has been made in Mozart's operas, acknowledged to be the most difficult to sing well?"

"Yes, indeed, of course I am," she said simply; "and I will say that I was a great success at Covent Garden. They wanted me to sing *Juliette,* but it must be in French, and I have no French *repertoire* yet. All my work has been in Italian, and my *repertoire* in that language includes fourteen operas, so you see I have worked. Now I must acquire the French."

More than a year ago, however, Miss Nielsen sang the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliette" in Queen's Hall, London, with an orchestra directed by Hans Richter, and made her first London success.

"But I assure you my voice was nothing then to what it is now. I had only been studying a short time with my *maestro,* whom I want you to meet. He can tell you more about my work than I should like to do. I must not be too egotistical, you know. I owe everything that I have accomplished to him—*everything,"* said Miss Nielsen emphatically.

"But I remember how well you sang before you left America," I interposed.

"Oh, I assure you that was nothing then to what it is now. I knew nothing."

The *maestro,* Mr. Henry Russell, arrived, and over a cup of tea gave me much information about his talented pupil's career. He himself is a most interesting personality, not at all English in appearance, due to Spanish ancestry. His father was the song writer, well known in America some forty years ago, the composer of "Old Black Joe," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," etc., but an Englishman, and it was in England that Henry Russell was born.

Alice Nielsen
Suzanna

Miss Nielsen, as Suzanna in "Marriage of Figaro."

"I was teaching here when Miss Nielsen was singing in 'The Fortune Teller,'" said he. Mr. Russell is always in London during the season, but spends his winters in Rome, teaching and lecturing. He is a professor in the celebrated Santa Cecilia Conservatory there, of which Sgambati is director, and is the only Englishman who has ever held such a position.

"An Italian tenor, a friend of mine, begged me to go and hear her sing. He said she had the high notes of Patti, but I would not go. To tell the truth, I am heartily tired of these second Pattis and Melbas, who never turn out to be anything of the kind, and I hate comic opera, so saw no reason why I should go. Then several members of her company came to study with me, and they all told me of her fine voice and urged me to hear her, so at last I went resignedly. I was amazed. The voice I heard was thin, worn to a thread, for Miss Nielsen was quite ill from overwork and strain, but I recognized a voice of wonderful *timbre* in spite of all this. Can you imagine my feelings seeing the owner of such a voice dancing and appearing in comic opera, a kind of music for which I have no use? It was arranged that we should meet, and Miss Nielsen sang for me."

"Yes, the 'King of Thule,' from 'Faust,' in English," corroborated the little *prima donna.*

"I said to her at once, 'You must give up this work that you are doing. If you will do so my services are at your disposal. I will train you for the operatic career you should have. I will give you a week to come to a decision. At the end of that time send me your answer.'"

"But I said at once that I accepted," said Miss Nielsen. "I decided instantly."

"Yes, but I wished you to consider the proposition carefully. However, at the end of the week she accepted; she came to Italy and we began work. In a short time the voice began to change, the worn quality disappeared and the true beauty of *timbre* began to show. That Miss Nielsen worked you may know when I tell you that after only eight months of lessons she made her *debut* in the Bellini Theatre, Naples, a small theatre, singing *Margherita* in 'Faust,' where she had just the success I wished and expected. Not overwhelming—I did not desire that, for I have observed that those who make one of these overwhelming successes at a *debut* come down like rockets afterward. She was not yet ready to bring down the house, but her success was good and genuine. I was satisfied, although I told her I reserved my real decision as to what she was fitted for until I heard her in a large theatre. We went back to work again after the Naples performances—these were in the spring of 1903; then last January Miss Nielsen sang in the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, and had an ovation. The house rose to applaud her. She was encored and cheered, and then I knew that she was capable of the highest attainment. She sang *Violetta* in 'La Traviata,' and sang with a breadth of phrasing and fullness of tone of which a year before she was absolutely incapable.

"You may state that Borto, after hearing her sing, said that hers was the only voice trained in pure Italian method, without a trace of Anglo-Saxon constriction—such as all we Anglo-Saxons must fight against to attain the freedom inborn in the Italian—that he had heard since Patti."

Mr. Russell was the means of restoring Duse's voice to her, at which she was so delighted that, with uncommon gratitude, she wrote letters to the press to that effect. Duse's friendship with Mr. Russell made her interest herself in his pupil, and the result was a delightful intercourse between the Italian and American. Miss Nielsen visits Duse at her villa, and shows with pride a tiny gold charm circled with brilliants, with a Latin inscription bidding one hope ever, supposed to insure the wearer good fortune, presented her by the great actress.

"After her Naples success," continued Mr. Russell, whose pride in his pupil is evident and most natural, "Mr. Higgins arranged with me for Miss Nielsen to appear in the special Mozart performances, under the direction of Hans Richter, at Covent Garden, early this season, and her success was remarkable. She sang, as you know, *Zerlina* in 'Don Giovanni' and *Susanna* in the 'Marriage of Figaro.' "

"And what are your plans for next season?" I asked.

"They are not definitely settled," said Miss Nielsen. "At present, my vacation; next spring I shall probably sing here, at Covent Garden, and in the winter in Italy. I love Italy and the life there, but, alas, one cannot make much money singing there. Some day I hope to come back to America, but not yet."

STILL A SUMMER GIRL

OLD autumn is here; the summer is dead;
The woods are aflame in their amber and red;
And every man feels that he's bound to get rid
Of his neglige shirt and his airy straw lid.

But Lenora, of Broadway, still keeps in their place
Her cute baby-ribbons and choker of lace,
Her skyscraper hat, with its daisies so chaste,
Her openwork stockings and peek-a-boo waist.

Edna May and George Grossmith, Jr.

He is saying something pleasing to the fascinating heroine of "The School Girl."

One of the lively scenes from that lively comedy, "The College Widow."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

THAT tall, gangling young Indianian, George Ade, has hit 'em again. From the moment that he broke away from the tyranny of the city editor's desk, some five or six years ago, to devote all his time to those capital fables of modern life, which had already attracted world-wide attention, until he bowed to admiring thousands at the *premiere* of the "Sultan of Sulu," he has never known a stage failure. His "College Widow," at the Garden Theatre, has tickled us all. Assuming that we are all university men or women, the intimate humor of college life, as set forth in this well-written and well-acted comedy, warms our inmost soul. If we had never been to college, the joy of it all would be equally effective. Suppose, for the sake of mere sordid argument, that we had acquired our education in a public school, with a high school finishing off, and with our impression of big university life confined to football and "hurrahs" on Broadway in the early morning; suppose we know nothing of the private doings in men's room, and are absolutely innocent as to the etiquette of love affairs in university towns; even with these disadvantages we shall enjoy Ade's goodhumored digs at college men—his keen perception of the weaknesses of Young America in his salad days. "The College Widow" is the sort of play that does not depend for its approval upon an audience made to order.

In an embarrassment of riches such as the New York season affords at present, in spite of two or three failures, the gentle attractiveness of Edna May and her associates in "The School Girl" demands that the theatre-goer shall spend one evening, at least, at Daly's. To begin with, the piece itself is good. It is clean and wholesome, and it is sedately funny in proper proportion to the merely pleasant element. There are three comedians, all English, whose methods might be studied with advantage by some of our own Tenderloin humorists who are ranked as stars in managers' offices. There is not a joke in "The School Girl" that would not be tolerated in a decent home, and I cannot think of any that would be taboo even in a convent school such as we see in this play.

Miss May has improved wonderfully since we used to watch her trim, demure little figure moving across the Casino stage, seven years ago, as she sang that strangely captivating trifle, "Follow On," in a voice much more melodious than is usually possessed by a real Salvation Army lassie. I do not mention "The Girl from Up There." What would be the use?

Edna is still trim and demure, and her Madonna-like face is as soulful as ever. But there is a kittenish vivacity in her work now that was only suggested in the old days. She is really a *comedienne*—a fact that has evidently impressed Charles Frohman, since he intends to take her out of musical farce after this season, and present her in a straight comedy, without musical assistance.

The three comedians in "The School Girl" are all so good that one cannot consistently place any one before the others. George Grossmith, Jr., James Blakely and Fred Wright, Jr., are the three men who keep the fun going. The best thing any of them do is a singing and dancing trio, "Simply." The song suggests that they all would be happier if they lived simply, as they did when boys. The air is catchy, and the dance reminds one of those saltatorial trios in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which give wide scope for "business" of a pleasing nature without losing a note of the music. "The School Girl" comedians are all unusually graceful dancers, and the effect of "Simply" is to make you *encore* again and again.

Now that I have mentioned one particular number in "The School Girl," I feel that I ought to say something about nearly all the others. But I won't. I will merely remark that if you want to see one of the prettiest, neatest, cleverest musical bits ever in a comedy of this

Helen Brooks, in "The Rogers Brothers in Paris."

Mme. Kirkby Linn, specially engaged for Henry W. Savage's English production of "Parsifal."

Francis Maclennan, grand opera singer of London, engaged for the English "Parsifal."

Janet Priest, who has made a hit as Muggsy, in "The Maid and the Mummy."

Percita West, of Robert Edeson's company, in "Ranson's Folly."

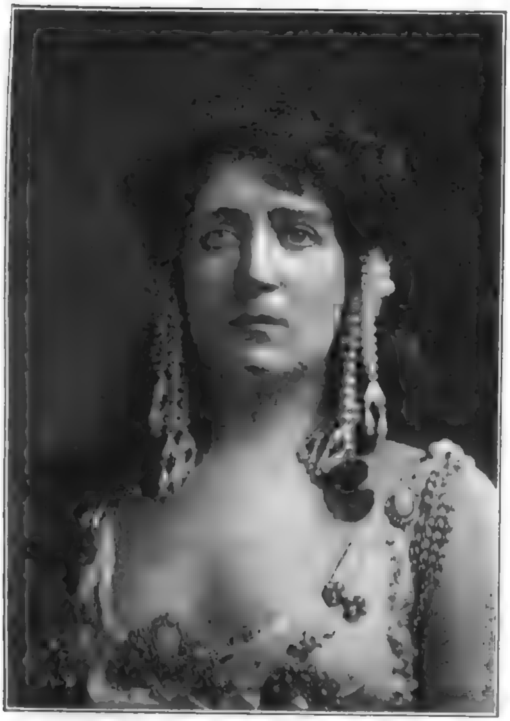
kind, you must see and hear the "Cozy Corner," by Grossmith and Edna May, with a chorus of dainty maidens as a background.

John Drew has a part that fits him this year. Not that that is remarkable, because a sterling actor like Mr. Drew fills out any character for which he may be cast. He does not require a "tailor-made play." Still, the title-role of "The Duke of Killicrankie" is so entirely that of the species of gentleman we call a thoroughbred that it is easy for John Drew to go through the performance without thinking for a moment whether he is in character or not. All he has to do is to be John Drew in the particular environment provided for him by the playwright. If it were possible for him to get into such a predicament in his own person, why he would do what the Duke does at the Empire Theatre. It is years since he has had such a comfortable part, and one in which he gets to the hearts of his friends so quickly.

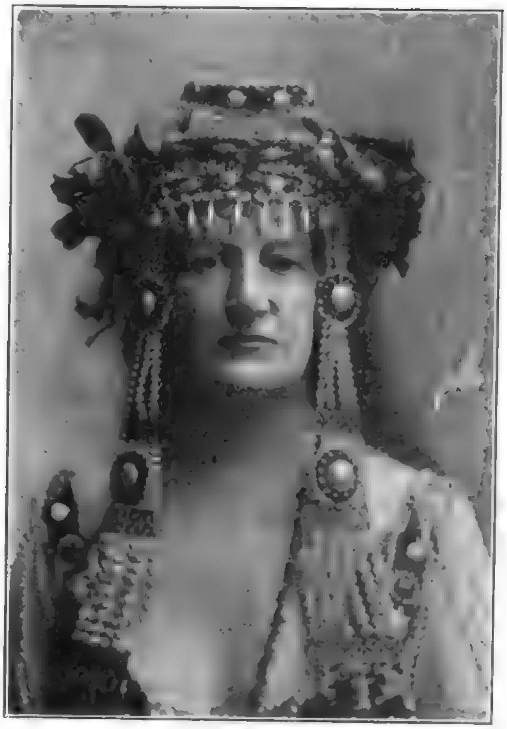
There is not a large cast in "The Duke of Killicrankie." Why should there be when such splendid actors as Ferdinand Gottschalk, Margaret Dale and Fanny Brough are among the nine people who present the comedy? The author, Robert Marshall, proved long ago that he does not require a long and cumbersome list of people to tell a clean-cut story upon the stage. In "The Duke of Killicrankie" he has given us something worthy of the writer of "His Excellency the Governor," "A Royal Family," and "Second in Command."

Miss Cecilia Loftus has come into her own again. She has a well-written comedy in "The Serio-Comic Governess," which gives her opportunities to exhibit her versatility. If there is any way in which Miss Loftus shines distinctively in a field not reached by other prominent leading women it is in her ability to become a vaudeville entertainer at will, at the very moment when her lines seemed to be cast in the most ambitious dramatic places. Israel Zangwill, author of her present vehicle at the New Lyceum, appreciated that when preparing his play. Cecilia Loftus, the emotional heroine, was obvious. "Cissy" Loftus, the music hall star, must be brought into the limelight at the right moment to make a dramatic situation, as well as to prove that the talent which first forced this singularly clever young woman into prominence is at the tips of her fingers, as it were, even when she seems oblivious of everything but her dignity as a high-class, "legitimate" star. In many

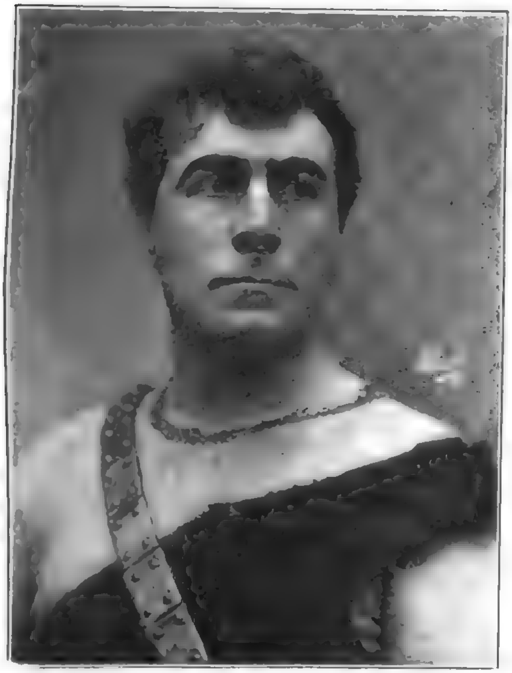
Robert Lorraine, Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, in "Taps," at the Lyric.



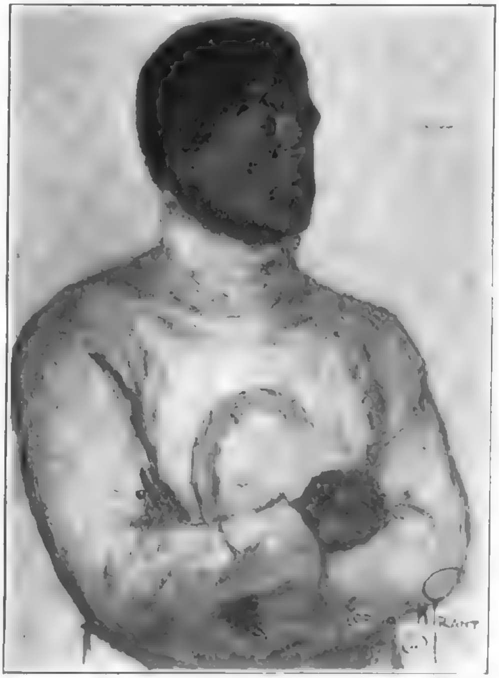
Blanche Walsh, in "Salammbo."



Kathryn Kidder, in "Salammbo."



Frederick Warde, as Matho, in "Salammbo."



Robert Edeson, as Strongheart in the new play by that name by Wm. C. De Mille.

respects "The Serio-Comic Governess" is the most fascinating of the new comedies of this season.

How fickle is the taste of the public—at least, in New York City—is shown by the small favor extended to a pretty good comedy, "The Spellbinder." It was written by Charles Dickson and Herbert Hall Winslow. Admitting that it is an amusing production, and timely—since it deals with politics, and this is a period of Presidential political interest—the people of the metropolis have given it the cold shoulder. It lasted only two weeks at the Herald Square. That it will please the people of other cities is reasonable to believe, because the comedy has merit and it is original in treatment, as well as conception. Somehow, it did not seem to be the right thing for Broadway, although the shrewdest observer of things theatrical along that thoroughfare could not tell you exactly why. That only proves that a clever comedy, cleverly played, has not an absolutely certain grip on New York favor, although all conditions seem to be on its side.

Denman Thompson, Gus Kammerlee and Annie Thompson, in "The Old Homestead." Joshua Whitcomb's introduction to the Venus de Milo.

One of the noticeable facts in connection with this season's theatrical opening is the small part played by Clyde Fitch, compared with that of, say, two years ago. Then we had Clyde Fitch plays at no less than five theatres up and down Broadway. This fall he was an unknown quantity altogether until toward the end of September. Then he came forward at the Garrick with what is announced as his latest play, "The Coronet of the Duchess," with Miss Clara Bloodgood as the star.

What is the matter with Fitch? Un-

Edythe Gibbons, new vaudeville star from London, in the comedy "At Twilight."

til the last two years managers seemed to think that a Clyde Fitch comedy was so sure of success that it was safe to pay any percentage in royalties, and allow him to name his own terms as to advance payments, the conduct of rehearsals and the casting of the piece. It is remembered that on one occasion he compelled a whole company to travel more than a hundred miles to rehearse for him, because he had not the time or inclination to go to the company. He did other things that indicated the respect in which he was held by managers, who are not without *hauteur* themselves when business allows it. Do you think Mr. Fitch could make a company, including a feminine star, with a decided

Laura Thompson, former leading lady, daughter of a prominent naval officer.

In the successful one act comedy by James Forbes, "The Chorus Lady."

Frances Ring, Lucy Rigby, in "The County Chairman."

opinion of her own value, go a hundred miles to suit his convenience to-day? Perhaps so, but I am afraid they have too vivid recollections of "Major Andre" and "Glad of It."

There have been two or three war melodramas produced since the Japanese-Russian imbroglio reached an acute stage. Some of them are good. The best of all is "A Prisoner of War," in which Edwin Brandt is playing the Japanese hero. The play is consistent, and, while there are sensations enough to suit the most eager of those who demand well-spiced theatrical fare, the story itself is worth the doing. If I do not tell it here, it is only because it is better related upon the stage.

Among the young women who have sprung into favor already this season on the New York stage, I must mention Miss Janet Priest, who does *Muggsy,* a street urchin, in "The Maid and the Mummy." She is small in stature and her methods are much like those of little Miss Millie James, who has deserted the stage for matrimony. Miss Priest was dramatic critic of the Minneapolis *Tribune.* Then she went upon the stage as the star of a melodrama. She made a hit in that, and this year accepted an engagement with "The Maid and the Mummy." I understand that she may eventually appear in some of the parts that Millie James made her own before she went to church with a man.

E. E. Rice, who used to be so important a factor in musical and spectacular entertainment, has got to Broadway again. "Mr. Wix, of Wickham," is his new comedy, and it is at the Bijou.

Ida Renee in "The Royal Chef."

Della Fox is at the Princess in a new comedy. It is several years since the charming Della delighted us all with "The Little Trooper." We are glad to see her again.

The stage is about to suffer two severe losses. Frederick Warde will retire after this season to devote his time to study and literary work, and Joseph Jefferson, the dean of the American stage, will take a long rest, possibly never to act again.

In the whole theatrical situation this fall there is nothing more remarkable than the *sang froid* with which managers have contemplated the possible effect of the Presidential campaign upon their business. There was the usual scare last summer. Producers of plays in which many thousands of dollars must be invested declared that they would "wait until after the election." They sniffed trouble afar off. They thought of political meetings, "spellbinders," campaign literature, processions and a fevered interest in politics which would make men cast dramatic entertainment aside as frivolous, with the natural consequence that there would be hardly any one to go to the play except the exuberant matinee girl. Many new plays would come out in due time, of course, but only "after election."

This was the general understanding in June, July and August. When September set in the average manager trod

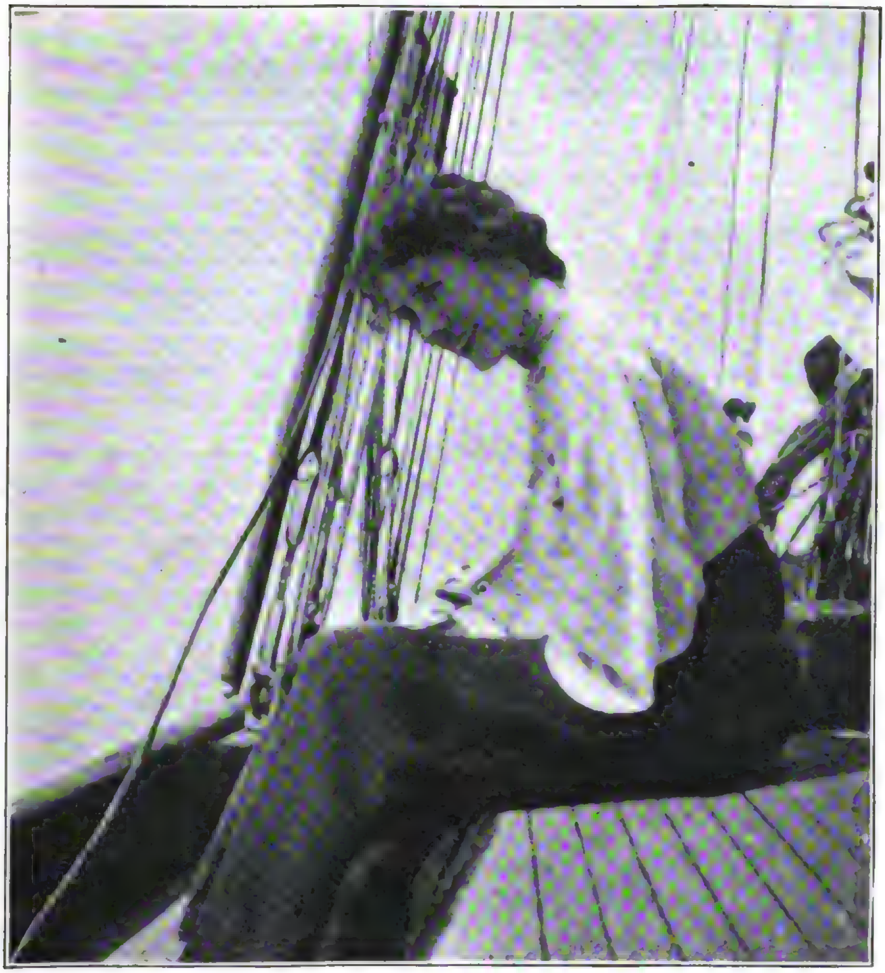
Bessie De Voie, Gus Rogers, Josephine Cohan, Max Rogers, Emily Nice, with the Rogers Brothers.

cautiously. He "felt out" his patrons with one or two new offerings and several old and assured successes. Some of the new plays "stuck"; some did not. But in each case it was clear that the merit of the entertainment decided for success of failure, just as it had in other years. The approaching election had no bearing on the matter one way or the other.

Christie McDonald, in "The Sho-Gun."

The American theatrical director is a shrewd individual. He soon saw that it was safe to proceed, and he has gone ahead as rapidly and courageously as ever, with the result that there are more big successes in New York to-day than there have been at the period in any season for the past ten years.

Georgie Caine, in "The Sho-Gun."



A characteristic portrait now published for the first time.

Miss Eleanor Robson, daughter of Mrs. Madge Carr Cook.

TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION

By Madge Carr Cook

I AM the daughter of an actress. I am also the mother of an actress, and I am not at all willing to admit that I can speak with any certainty on the subject of dramatic heredity.

Incongruous? Perhaps so, for at this moment I am rejoicing as only a mother can in the London triumph of my daughter, Eleanor Robson.

I should like to believe that this dear girl, whose more than ordinary talents I recognize in an altogether impartial manner, owes something of her success to intuitions that have been transmitted to her through my experiences. I should like to be convinced that she was born "wise," as the Buddhists say—that she came into this world forearmed for the cruel combat because her mother before had tempered her lance at the fiery forge of struggles and sorrows, that she trusts her own child will be spared.

But who can indulge in this train of thought without being lost in a maze of contradictory evidence? Italy's greatest *tragedienne*, Eleanora Duse, is *"una figlia d'arte."* She is the product of a long line of theatrical ancestry. Sara Bernhardt, on the contrary, is the first of her race to go upon the stage, and indeed she did not appear in public until she had completed the curriculum at the *Conservatoire*. In fact, the methods of these two great artists are typical of the Italian and the French schools of acting. The former the natural, the latter the academic.

A season in New York will give any intelligent student of heredity any number of examples from which to draw conclusions for and against the question.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, for instance, is not only a descendant of Mrs. John Drew through her mother, the charming and clever Georgie Drew Barrymore, but is the daughter of Maurice Barrymore and the niece of John Drew. Mr. Drew, by the way, has been appearing with his young daughter, Miss Louisa Drew, who was destined for society, but somehow or other managed to circumvent parental plans and appear upon the stage.

In a recent production, "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," in a scene with his young nephew, Lionel Barrymore, Miss Ethel's brother, Mr. Drew was instrumental in assisting the lad to work out a bit of character study —an Italian organgrinder—that stamped the youngster as a worthy son of his brilliant sire, Maurice Barrymore. Not long ago four generations of the Jeffersons figured in the cast of a play. Little Maude Adams is the daughter of that admirable actress, Mrs. Annie Adams, while Miss Margaret Anglin was obliged to conceal her modest *debut* from her father, so violently antagonistic was he to all things theatrical. Charles Hawtrey's father, who is of the cloth, looked upon his gifted son as the black sheep of the family, and was convinced that he was taking a short cut to perdition when he refused to study theology and took to spouting Shakespeare. One could go on proving and counterproving to the satisfaction and defeat of either side. The question of histrionic heredity will always remain a question.

As for myself, I went upon the stage through an accident, simply because my mother, who had been playing a year or so before her marriage, was thrown amongst theatrical people. A child was wanted for the *rôle* of little *Fleance* in "Macbeth." I was about three years old at the time; to oblige the manager, who was a friend of the family, I was lent for the occasion. I proved myself an infant possessed of more than ordinary self-possession. Instead of being frightened at the audience, I quietly stepped to the front of the footlights and took it into my confidence, informing the amused assembly that if I didn't cry and forget my speech I was going to have some pudding before I went to bed.

This decided my career. My parents decided that such genius should not be lost to the world. From that day to this, I may say, I have never known any other life save that of the stage. It was there I passed from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to young womanhood. It was there I received my education, my training; from thence I drew my livelihood and that of my child. It was the life I knew best of all. Sometimes, like the hard worker in any profession, I become horribly weary of the routine. I dream of an idyllic existence, with no lines to learn, no rehearsals, no evening performances, on some little farm, with a flower garden, a vegetable patch, a few fruit trees and a whiff of the ocean; but I am still learning lines, and my daughter has followed in her mother's footsteps.

When the sweet responsibilities of motherhood came to me, I determined that my little Eleanor should have a childhood free from care. I resolved that she should prepare for her future, whatever it was to be, by receiving the best education I could afford. With this view in mind, I placed her in a convent on Staten Island—an ideal spot—and as I toured from one end of the country to another, I rested secure and happy in the knowledge that my little girl was expanding like a sweet fragrant flower in some shaded nook away from the turmoil and struggle of the world.

The child knew nothing and cared little for the stage. While possessed of an all-around artistic temperament, I perceived no evidences of dramatic talent. She was unusually diffident and shy, but when occasionally she was thrust forward in some school play, she proved that she possessed a quality of nerve that rendered her utterly fearless. "I don't believe in failing," she used to say, but as a matter of fact I don't believe my daughter knows the sensation of stage fright in face of an audience.

A year before her graduation I approached her on the subject of a future career of some sort. It had been my principle to educate her with the understanding that she would have to be self-supporting. Struggle as I would, I knew that I could not spare her this responsibility.

I was not astonished when my daughter expressed a desire to go to Paris and study art. She had set her heart upon developing her decided bent toward painting.

"And you, mother," she asked, "what do you wish?"

"I wish you to try the stage," I replied.

"*You*, mother, of all others," she exclaimed. "You, who know all its hardships!"

"It is because I know all its hardships I select it for you," was my reply. "On the stage I can be your teacher, your companion, your mentor. My friends can be of service to you. As an artist our lives will necessarily be lived apart."

"Mother, I have no talent," was her reply. "I do not want to fail. I don't believe in failures."

"I ask you to give it one year's trial. If, at the end of that time, I am convinced that you have no talent, I agree to send you to Paris to study under any artist you select."

Then and there our compact was sealed. I had no thought that my daughter would be one of the few to achieve an early and extraordinary success. I knew her to be a merry, healthy, happy girl, studious and ambitious, with plenty of temperament and a mind open to receive impressions. Her first appearance, however, in a small *ingenue rôle*, decided the matter once for all. I realized that she possessed the inborn gift of the true actress, that of conveying her thought. She possessed the power of touching and thrilling an audience by a word or gesture. I knew that to be a God-given gift, and I exerted my energies toward placing her in a stock company at the earliest opportunity. I believe in stock training. Nothing can replace it. After her appearance as *Bonita* in "Arizona," my little girl suddenly became what is known as a success. Since that time she has risen rapidly from one position to another, and now a London triumph rejoices my mother heart.

Success in our profession has often impressed me as a something almost apart from actual artistic merit. Our finest artists on the stage are not those who have won that brilliant notoriety the world calls greatness. Many an artist of purest ray serene has missed success. It is not always because he has had no opportunity. He may have had the opportunity without having seized it; he may lack push; he may lack a hundred other qualities without lacking one essential in his art.

I refuse to be misled by a reputation. I love the stage as an art; I love a play, and when I go to the theatre I take my seat with my heart and mind as open to receive impressions as though I were a girl of sixteen at my first play. I am easily moved to tears and laughter. A good melodrama is as interesting to me as a great tragedy. But again and again I leave a performance as cold and unmoved as if acted by so many puppets. I haven't had a laugh, I haven't had a cry, I haven't had a single thrill, although some actor or actress with a world-wide reputation has occupied the centre of the stage and torn every passion to tatters. Perhaps it is because I know so much of the mechanism of stage routine that I dislike to hear and see the grinding of the wheels within wheels. I want to be lifted out of myself, I want to be convinced, and whether a listener in the audience be sixteen or sixty, that can only be done by a sincere interpretation.

In truth, many are called, but few are chosen in our work, and, oh, how my heart aches for these hundreds of unprotected young girls who are seeking careers upon the stage. How infinitely better off would they be with a certain and modest stipend in some office as a stenographer or typewriter. The uncertainties of stage life are nerve racking. Only the very fortunate are engaged throughout the season, and then, however small the salary, an actress must save enough to live upon during the summer and while a play is being rehearsed. I should never have considered the stage as a career for my own daughter if I had not been in a position to watch over her, to protect and to give her a home.

Yes, she has been especially fortunate in her *rôles* and in her temperament. Both have been in harmony. An insincere *rôle* reduces the best actor's art to chaos. It is readily understood that a bad actor cannot reach greatness even with a great *rôle,* but even a great artist cannot make an insincere *rôle* convincing.

A book heroine is perhaps one of the most exacting of interpretations for an actor to undertake. Every reader of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has her own idea of *Mrs. Wiggs'* personality. I have been asked a score of times since the production of the play if I went to the actual Cabbage Patch in Louisville and made a study of Mrs. Bass, who is supposed to be the original of Mrs. Rice's book.

Madge Carr Cook, as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

I reply that a visit to the original *Mrs. Wiggs* is totally unnecessary. Mrs.

Flexner, who dramatized the book, went to the spot to obtain local coloring. Our stage manager, also, I believe, made a study of costumes and environment. But *Mrs. Wiggs* herself is a type, not an individual, and a type must be interpreted on altogether different lines than photographic exactness. The dramatized *Mrs. Wiggs* is called upon to face a number of situations unknown to the heroine of the book. It would be considered hardly advisable for me to beard the original *Mrs. Wiggs* in her den, and ask her opinion on the subject of receiving and forgiving a faithless husband and his infant child. An actor must fix the type, and then evolve it with whatever God-given talent he is possessed of.

I have been asked if *Mrs. Wiggs,* as I present her, is not too refined for a woman of her station. I think not, for I have made her no wise different in her outward manners from her neighbors. All her refinement comes from within. It is the natural outcome of her beautiful Christian optimism, and it is this belief in the cheerful and the good that renders her forgiveness of her husband a perfectly consistent action. It is the old-fashioned conviction worked out in a modern drama, that when a woman marries it is for better or for worse.

It is a much-harassed question as to whether a young girl of promise injures her career upon the stage by marriage. Surely this is a matter that every talented girl should consider most seriously. If a girl is listening to the voice of a true calling, no wealth, no luxury can drown the voice of her art. Her life in the most beautiful mansion is bound to be one of restlessness and dissatisfaction. History proves that the American millionaire rarely permits his wife to continue a career upon the stage.

The young actress who weds an actor will occasionally lay herself open to painful rivalries. Either one or the other is bound to dominate in a play if acting together. It is a severe test for both, and is perhaps only satisfactory when the husband is possessed of talents so superior that he becomes in a way the stage director and mentor of his wife.

If one could plan out the future of a young and talented actress, one might select for the ideal consort one *of* the career without being *in* it; one who is in entire sympathy with it without being an active participant. But I do not presume to advise any girl. I should only say, be discreet. Weigh well in the balance your art and the influence of any decision you may make upon the development of your vocation. A girl should be very sure how much of her career she is willing to sacrifice, and then how much of her home life she is willing to renounce for the sake of her art. Each decision is an individual case. Art is a stern taskmaster, and no less binding are the ties of wedded life. It is a choice between two masters, unless art is the master of both.

MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON

One of the foremost interpreters of the problem play

THE WOMAN DRAMA

By Carlotta Nillson

THE problem play is the woman drama—essentially and fundamentally so. Man is the avowed antagonist of its gruesome and perhaps awkward revelations. It is evolved for and from the creature he has fashioned for his plaything under the name of wife or—companion. It is the timepiece of the striking hour, with a woman's quivering heart for the swinging pendulum.

A woman's heart! Who can fathom it? Subtle, restless, questioning, rebel. Reaching out eagerly toward what—*qui soit?* The new, the unknown—a dream perhaps, a delusion possibly, but shining through the enveloping darkness, tremulous and uncertain—a goal to be attained.

The actress who feels herself elected to deliver the message of the problem play must be pastmaster of the technique of her art—that is understood—but beyond all else she must be the woman who lives because she suffers and understands. The play that dominates the unfolding hour is not acted; it is not interpreted. It is lived. Technique the most polished, art the most delicate cannot replace the knowledge that comes from within. The external is of minor importance in the new drama.

Upon the stage, in the glare of the footlights, focussed by myriads of curious eyes, the exponent of the problem play unveils her soul, makes confession of her secret desires, and lays bare her scorching defeats. It is a drama that begins where all others end. When the wretched *Iris* was thrust out into the streets, deserted and balked, only then did the true and silent tragedy of her life strike into a fertile soil. Before that moment the playwright dealt only in those superficialities that appeal to the sense emotions, and leave the heart and mind untouched.

In *Letty* Pinero takes a step forward in his century and pays his tribute to the woman drama. Comparisons are odious, and yet I make bold to assert that it is not an Ibsen, or a school, or a country that creates a human type; it is a breathing in of a new and invigorating ozone, free to all who climb the rugged heights and reach its altitude.

A mere actress, however cunning her tools, who is a novice in actual life experience, will handle the woman in the problem play in such a manner that her idealism will seem the offspring of morbid vanity, and her conviction a selfish caprice instead of an awakening or a renunciation.

Ibsen's *Nora,* in the "Dollhouse," left her husband and children to seek salvation for them and herself. An actress who fails to deliver this message over the footlights to the audience has failed in her conception of the *rôle.*

The drama that is unfolded upon the stage to-day by an Ibsen, a Maeterlink, or a Pinero (the new Pinero) is hardly different in point of fact from the old, save in the manner of telling. The story of the poor girl and the insidious attitude of the rich tempter has been a favorite theme from time immemorial for the novelist and playwright; but a *Nora* or a *Letty,* with her hunger for the beautiful, her rebellion against the fetters of a hideous routine, her struggles, and her emancipation are not the writhings of a sordid nature seeking material ease and comfort, but the piteous cry of soul hunger from the woman whose being thrills at the call of a new inheritance. It is the day-by-day tragedy lived out in silent agony, in our workshops, our factories, our homes, both high and low. It is the sort of starvation that eggs the young working girl to sell her honor for a pretty gown, and pushes the woman of wealth to endure poverty and disgrace.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not saying that the actress of the new drama must literally pass through every experience of which she is called upon to be the exponent. But I do mean to maintain that she must have sounded the depths of experiences passed through sincerely and solemnly. She must have acquired knowledge. She is not one of the favored few, who, having completed the prescribed curriculum of the dramatic school, is launched by an indulgent father or complaisant manager into the Elysium fields of stardom and success.

It is truly said that the interpreter of the problem play must be infinitely old and infinitely young. She must smile with a soul steeped in eternal sorrow.

Is this, then, a confession of pessimism—a "religion of tears?" Yes and no. It is a strange truth that one only learns through sorrow, and it is the great Calve who declares that art, like redemption, is to be attained only through suffering. The sweetness of any joy is best realized through the bitterness that comes when it is no more.

Work, watch, wait and weep. This is, in a few words, the story of my struggles. I went upon the stage, not because I was called, but because something stronger than my own shrinking nature commanded me to make it my choice. I received no word of encouragement; no hand was stretched out to help me. I was poor, shabby and hungry. I came to England from my native country, Norway, to seek work. For three years I essayed to gain even the most modest footing on the English stage. I knew "it was in me," as they say, and I realized that I must master the mechanism of my craft if I hoped to use it as a medium of expression. I was athirst for knowledge. My only means of learning was at the theatre and in the play. But everything was against me. The demand was then, as now, greater than the supply. A hundred girls were on the waiting list for every position. What had I to offer against their superior attractions?

Beauty is a passport; I had no beauty. Money gives opportunities; I had no money. Fine clothes? Who better than I can understand the yearning of poor *Letty* for the raiment that makes a woman acceptable in her search for a pittance on which to exist? Managers would have none of me, with my pale face and shabby frock.

To reach Paris and study the methods of the French school of acting was my secret ambition. I was pitifully young and a dreamer. Many a time from my wretched lodgings I have stretched my arms over smoky London toward Paris, the beautiful, and cried out for wings to escape the sordidness of my life. As night after night at the theatre I enter into the being of *Letty*, the vision of that lonely young creature in a London garret, with her poor, attenuated arms stretched out toward the unattainable, flits before me like a phantom. I sometimes think she is still there, and I could weep for her.

I finally found myself in Paris. Unable to join the classes of one of the great masters, I managed to eke a sufficient income to buy almost nightly a gallery seat in some theatre, where I could study and watch the most famous French artists. When I reached America, some years later, I was satisfied I had mastered my medium of speech. I *knew that I knew.*

I began once more the search for work from one manager's office to another. "A chance, a chance," was my cry. It was the old story of London repeated. Humiliations and sufferings were heaped upon me until I grew bitter, cynical and perhaps impossible. I often try to picture myself as I must have appeared in the eyes of those well meaning, busy theatrical financiers. Small, gaunt eyed, eager and insistent. Who was I? What was I that I should ask for a hearing? Again and again I was sent about my business. My business, forsooth! That added to my cup of misery.

More than once I determined to give up the struggle, but the something within me was stronger than my weak, despairing self. So I plodded on day after day with dogged determination. I imagine a certain manager gave me a tiny *rôle* to rid himself of my ceaseless importunities. Perhaps I was on the spot at a timely moment. It may be it was a bit of kindness thrown to me as a bone is thrown to a hungry dog. I seized it with avidity. It was a *rôle* of only a few lines, but a certain distinguished critic said of it, "Watch that pale girl; there is something in her."

It was the first word of recognition I had received in years. That *rôle* led to another and another, each proving an opportunity. I was no longer hungry; I could dress myself in some of the pretty things girls love. Managers began to bid me good morning; critics gave me every now and then a special line of favorable import. Inch by inch I fought my way through the crowded ranks a step in advance.

Sometimes I had a season of four or five weeks; sometimes I was out of work for months. Just when I flattered myself I had gained a foothold I would find myself forgotten and pushed backward. "There is too much realism in your work; a little more of the stage manner, my dear. Better stick to beaten tracks," once remarked a managerial Czar. Then he added, "Fashionable people do not like too much realism. It's too vigorous, you know."

"Nature is always the fashion," I retorted; but I went home and wept my eyes out.

Then came "Hedda Gabler." I won what is termed a success in the part of the young wife. I accepted it with rejoicing, and believed that the end of the long and weary road had come. After that—one matinee production, and I was as much forgotten and ignored as if the sea had swallowed me."

Letty, Letty, poor little *Letty,* the type of her kind! In truth, for an actress to be *Letty* of a night, she must have gone through such suffering as makes the inner life of such a soul an open book for her reading. Work, watch, wait and weep, this is the training school of the new problem play.

She must smile with a soul steeped in eternal sorrow.

The drama of action is no more. Audiences are no longer moved by the external evidences of a tragedy. The hidden motive, the secret cause leading to secret effects, must now be visible. Souls come to watch souls with that inner vision that has uplifted the mere art of acting into a noble and wise action. The woman drama is the latter-day message delivered by a woman whose vocation is her crucifixion.

GLOIRE DE FRANCE ROSES

By Anna Middleton

A MAN sat beside a bewitchingly pretty girl.

The man was young, handsome, well-dressed, and exceeding rich.

He looked at the young woman admiringly. But he did not speak. A white hand lay temptingly near. He touched not. Red lips were alluringly close. He heeded not.

The young woman smiled sweetly into the young man's eyes, but under the hem of her gauzy skirts her tiny foot tapped the floor impatiently, and she turned away to angrily bite her lips.

The young man remained comfortable, collected, indifferent.

A white capped maid approached. She carried a large cardboard box, bearing the name of a fashionable florist. The young woman received the box with a flush of wonderment. She raised the lid and lifted out a magnificent bunch of Gloire de France roses. The young man frowned heavily. He became interested.

A card lay among the roses in the young woman's arms. With heaving bosom and tenderly parted lips she read its message. Then she came back and sat down beside the young man on the sofa. He was no longer indifferent.

"Tell me, my darling!" he exclaimed in accents that thrilled with intensity. "Do you care for the man who sent you those roses?"

Next day a circlet of diamonds flamed upon the third finger of the young woman's left hand.

Later she went to the fashionable florist and paid for her boxful of Gloire de France roses.

J. E. Dodson, the new Pierre in "The Two Orphans."

SOME DRAMATIC REVIVALS

HOW THEATRICAL RECEIPTS FOR OLD PLAYS EXCEED ENORMOUSLY THOSE OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

By George Stillwell

ALL-STAR revivals are the theatrical fad of the moment. While the most notable is that of "The Two Orphans," staged on a magnificent scale by Klaw & Erlanger and A. M. Palmer last spring, thirty years after its first presentation at the Union Square Theatre, there have been several others in the last few years which have proved successful ventures. Among them come to mind Liebler & Co.'s "Romeo and Juliet," with Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson in the name parts, Nat. C. Goodwin's "Merchant of Venice," and W. A. Brady's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the last-named classic Wilton Lackaye was the *Uncle Tom* and Theodore Roberts the *Legree,* with other prominent personages in the various well-known characters. It was a profitable enterprise. Now Mr. Brady, with Joseph R. Grismer, has in contemplation a spectacular revival of Bartley Campbell's "Siberia," which was a standard drama a quarter of a century ago, and would be timely now on account of the war in the Far East.

It is the incentive of "timeliness" that will be mainly responsible for the reappearance of "Michael Strogoff," also talked of as a possible revival. There are great opportunities for spectacular effects in this old Sardou play, and if it should be brought down from the shelf doubtless it will be given with a more gorgeous *mise-en-scene* than ever it has enjoyed.

In view of the revival tendency, the announcement that Joseph Jefferson will not act this season, and may retire from the stage permanently, carries particular interest. There never was a revival more noteworthy in its day than that of "The Rivals." It had as truly an all-star cast as one usually sees in a production in which all the characters are supposed to be filled by actors who have actually "starred." Joseph Jefferson as *Bob Acres,* W. J. Florence as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger,* Viola Allen as *Lydia Languish,* and Mrs. John Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop* was surely an array of distinguished names such as is seldom seen on a programme even in these luxuriously theatrical days. John Varrey as *Sir Anthony Absolute,* John T. Sullivan as *Captain Absolute,* and Mr. Denman as *David* all were worthy to be in the society of stars, if they were not actually stars themselves. For several seasons "The Rivals," with this impressive cast, was played in the large cities of the country. Then, through various causes, death among them, the big names dropped out, until the only star remaining was Mr. Jefferson himself. Still his supporting company has been of high quality, even of late years, including the best *Sir Anthony Absolute* on the stage to-day, Verner Clarges.

That revivals are profitable is proved by the success of "The Two Orphans." After all, the last word must come from the box office. From that important department of the theatre issues the gratifying report that the current production of "The Two Orphans" has played to more money in a given time than any other in America, with the single exception of "Ben Hur." For those who are fond of figures let it be recorded that "Ben Hur" has drawn $20,000 a week into the treasury, and that the receipts for one week ran as high as $32,000 gross. In the matter of receipts for a single performance this clever dramatization of a wonderful book has established a record, that of $3,100. This is a large sum of money to take for one performance. Many a traveling company is glad to get $3,000 for a whole week of eight or nine performances. "The Two Orphans" has run second to

Bijou Fernandez, as Marianne in "The Two Orphans."

Grace George, as Louise in "The Two Orphans."

"Ben Hur" as a commercial enterprise, the receipts averaging from $15,000 to $18,000 a week, if not more.

Mr. Goodwin's revival of "The Merchant of Venice" did not do badly, for it drew from the pockets of the public no less a sum that $61,000 for twenty-eight performances. The first drama to coax into the box office extraordinarily large sums of money, such as have become common nowadays, was "The Christian," about seven years ago. Viola Allen played *Glory Quayle* as her first starring character, and she was fortunate in having a play which gave her large opportunities, as well as a management which was alert and ready to take advantage of new conditions.

Until "The Christian" made its wonderful hit, enriching everyone with a financial interest in it, managers had been content with an average of $7,000 a week in a Broadway theatre—that is, a theatre in Broadway, or near enough to it to be included in the category of first class. "The Christian" stirred up the dust which had settled on the old-fashioned ideas of several theatrical producers by playing to $100,000 for the first sixty-seven performances. The drama is still running, and will earn many more thousand dollars for its owners before it drops permanently into the limbo of "stock" and "popular" houses. Some other attractions which have made immense sums are the big spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," and the Rogers Brothers. The "Beast" was witnessed by people who contributed to the treasury altogether no less than $488,000 in thirty consecutive weeks. Nearly half a million dollars in a very short season is not a bad total. It proves conclusively that the American public likes to be amused, and that frothy entertainment, when prepared with taste and discretion, is as good an investment as can be made in connection with the theatre.

It is an axiom that a new generation of theatre-goers demands attention every five years. The young folk who went to the theatres in 1899 may still be patrons, but there is another host of youths and maidens attending theatres to-day who were only occasionally taken by their elders five years ago, if indeed they ever went at all into that enchanted land between the front entrance and the footlights. These young people are eager and fresh spirited. They have been educated to a certain point in the drama by hearing others talk, or by their own infrequent attendance, and they will not accept gratefully anything but a finished entertainment. On the other hand, they feel that it is part of their education to see the old plays of ten, twenty or thirty years ago, as well as the Elizabethan and Georgian classics. Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith and Bulwer they are sure to get. But Dion Boucicault they know only by name, in many instances, while Bartley Campbell is represented to them by "The White Slave," and perhaps nothing else.

It is because of these conditions that

Mrs. W. J. Le Moyne, as the Countess in "The Two Orphans."

revivals of formerly successful plays strike the commercial perceptions of shrewd managers as a capital idea. The bringing to life, in a worthy manner, of famous plays of the latter half of the last century has proved to be a profitable enterprise, and it is little wonder that revival follows revival rapidly, with the prospect of many more to follow. Klaw & Erlanger, as live an amusement firm as America has, have determined to make a revival of some well-known play next spring, and every spring thereafter, so long as the public indicates by its patronage that it appreciates efforts along that line. It may be that all revivals will not earn so much money as has been made by that of "The Two Orphans," but there seems to be no real reason why this melodrama should stand alone as a great "winner," to use a bit of theatrical slang that seems pardonable in this connection.

One illustration of the recognized truth that managers are willing to go back to former methods is afforded in the partnership of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern to present "classical" plays this season. Each of these stars could make a great deal of money separately, probably aggregating much more than they will draw together. But they are artists, and they feel that if their patrons demand Shakespeare it is the duty of those who have made the interpretation of the drama the study of their lives to give it to them. The Marlowe-Sothern company will not be "all star," but the actors and actresses in support of these two great favorites will be of sterling worth and mature experience, we may be sure.

Recurring to the evident truth that much more money is spent for theatrical amusements all over the country than

Miss Sarah Truax, as Henrietta in "The Two Orphans."

was the case a decade since, it is worth observing that when an attraction does not play to $12,000 a week in New York it is regarded as a quasi-failure, if not a failure outright. This sum of $12,000 has been established as a standard. Musical comedies, extravaganzas, dramas, in which well-known actors are engaged, and, indeed, every style of stage entertainment, aside from grand opera, must be able to give to its producers a matter of $12,000 or more in a week, if it is to establish its *raison d'etre* in the metropolis at all. The old days, when $7,000 a week was looked upon as a satisfactory total for a New York week, have gone, probably forever.

It is true that the price of orchestra seats is higher than it was. You cannot buy an orchestra ticket for less than $2 in many first-class New York theatres, while in many other important cities the same ratio is demanded. This is for what may be called ordinary entertainment, with one or more accepted stars in the leading parts. When some foreign star, who has been induced to come to the United States only by guarantees of immense profits, is presented, the rate may go up to $3, or even $5, and if the celebrity is great enough the price is paid, with comparatively few protests. In conclusion it may be remarked that the average manager has one formula which covers the whole situation. It is, "Give the public what it wants, and it will pay the price; but offer something for which it does not care, and you cannot drag the people in by force if you are offering seats for nothing."

AN AFTERMATH OF SENTIMENT

By Maude H. Fulton.

RICTORS held the usual midnight crowd when Alicia Vane, of the "Old Broadway" company, entered with Hiram E. Bilsh, the new and eccentric copper king. There was a momentary stir. It was one thing to see Alicia, tireless, tantalizing Alicia, pirouetting fantastically behind the footlights, and quite another to behold Alicia, unconcernedly imperious in long, sober velvets, towing about a many-times millionaire with every appearance of having been brought up on that sort of business. And, while seemingly unconscious of the attention she attracted, Alicia enjoyed it immensely. She was in an adorable mood, inasmuch as she had that evening scored a new success in various ways and details—Bilsh being one of the details. The couple established themselves in a far corner and the dancer loosed the chiffons at her throat.

"Here we are," she whispered gaily. Bilsh helped her out of her elaborate wrap, removed his own coat, and seated himself opposite her at the small table.

"Seems natural, eh?" he commented.

"Well, I should say. Just like old times." Alicia's brilliant, restless eyes swept the room and went back to his face with an affectionate smile.

"Place hasn't changed much. Little different crowd, that's all. Lord, they're even playing the same tunes over there." He indicated the orchestra with a nod, and busied himself with an order for the waiter. Alicia stopped nibbling an olive and listened.

She shook her head.

"No. That's Floss Robert's new song, 'Daisy-aisy.' Ain't it great?"

"Sounds like the same old chestnuts to me," said Bilsh. "Why the devil don't they get up something new? Have they run shy of notes?"

"You can search me," said Alicia, with a charming shrug of a charming shoulder. Bilsh smiled at the remembrance of this characteristic movement and speech.

"*You've* changed," he said, observing her with interest.

"Think so?" How's that?" inquired the object of his admiration.

Bilsh made a little, helpless gesture with both hands.

"Lord, don't expect me to tell you how. Couldn't do it in a thousand years. But you've changed just the same. Your hair—that makes a lot of difference in your looks. Very becoming shade, though."

Alicia studied him expectantly over another olive.

"Did you acquire the tinge, or is it a new set altogether?"

"Brute!" pouted the dancer, displaying appetizing dimples. "I thought you were going to say something really nice."

"Didn't I?" retorted Bilsh. "It's a work of art. What more could I say?" He lit a cigarette as Alicia launched forth on the effectiveness of blond hair. He was in a rather uncertain state of mind—a state of mind that was impelling, without being the least bit logical or wholly disagreeable. Through the blue haze of smoke between them he contemplated Alicia critically, and the indifference which he forced became more of an effort as she talked. Not that Alicia's conversation was particularly edifying. It was simply her way. As Alicia often said to the girls, it was a great accomplishment and always came in handy with the men.

The waiter appeared, interrupting Alicia in a thrilling description of her latest gown.

"What do you think of this for

weather?" commented Bilsh, rousing himself.

"Beastly," said Alicia. "You can't expect anything else, though, of this dear town."

"Quite so." Bilsh invariably made it a point to wear his dignity before waiters. "Quite so."

The wine was being poured. Alicia watched the bubbles dreamily.

"Still I love it," she remarked absently.

"The town?" said Bilsh, with an inquiring lift in his voice. The dancer made a little face at him, and the two clinked glasses and drank.

"Fine," observed Alicia.

"Great old stuff," said Bilsh. "Do you remember the last lark we had at Woodell's, the crowd of us?"

"Do I remember it?" repeated Alicia, with a prolonged ripple of laughter. "Wasn't that the night Fred Barnes fell down the steps and broke the jardiniere? Poor Freddie!"

"Why 'poor Freddie'?"

"Oh, he got married shortly after that," sighed Alicia, taking a reminiscent mouthful of salad.

"Horrible!" muttered Bilsh. "Who's the girl?"

Alicia reflected a moment.

"Bee Paxton," she said suddenly. "The cute thing with the black eyes. Old Dave's niece, you know."

Bilsh nodded.

"So Fred's married, eh? S'pose they're living happy ever after and all that?"

"I believe so," said Alicia. "They were divorced six months after the wedding."

Bilsh laughed and became serious, curiously serious.

"You—you're not married, are you, Lizzie?" he ventured, with noticeable unconcern. Alicia was genuinely amused. She spread the jeweled fingers of one white hand deprecatingly.

"Hevings, no!" she protested. Bilsh commenced to eat again with some relish.

"Going to be?" he hinted.

"Not even going to be," said Alicia. "Guess again."

"You're a wonder," said Bilsh admiringly. "How do you manage to keep 'em away?"

Alicia looked just a trifle resentful.

"No trouble at all," she said sweetly. "Still there *are* times——"

"I see," said Bilsh. He buttered a bit of bread viciously.

Alicia smiled into her wine glass and held it out to be refilled.

"What of yourself?" she said in a tone well calculated to inspire confidence. "Are you single yet or are there two of you?"

"Not that I know of," Bilsh assured her briskly. "However, the prospects are——"

"Oh!" said Alicia, in deep reproach.

"What's the matter?"

"Don't spoil the only decent meal I've had all day by telling me about it," said Alicia.

"About what?"

"About *her,*" said Alicia crossly. "You know how jealous I am. I can't help it. So don't start anything when I'm half starved or you'll be sorry, Mister."

Bilsh tried to look cynical.

"You wouldn't care," he said in spite of himself.

Alicia shot one swift glance at him, full of unutterable things. Bilsh leaned nearer.

"Lizzie——" he began. Behind him the waiter coughed discreetly.

"Let me give you some more salad," finished Bilsh, straightening up. "Nothing else, Jack. Everything all right."

Alicia's mouth twitched. Bilsh caught her look and laughed a bit awkwardly.

"I'll soak him one if he butts in here again," he said.

"You were saying——" prompted Alicia softly after a little.

"No," denied Bilsh flatly. "Hadn't even thought of such a thing."

It was plain that Alicia was hurt at this. She sank her round chin in one palm, her elbow on the table, and studied him wistfully, unsmiling.

"Don't," implored Bilsh. "I'll be

holding your hand next, like I used to when—when——"

Alicia smiled queerly at the tablecloth and traced the pattern with her fork. There was a silence.

"Lord, Lizzie, you did turn me down cold," said Bilsh, and cleared his throat. "Didn't you ever think afterward that it might have been a litle hard on the old boy?"

"Please don't Billy," said Alicia, her eyes pleading him to have mercy on her. "It really wasn't that, you know."

"Wasn't what?" he demanded.

"I mean you shouldn't have taken it that way."

"Oh, there were different ways of taking it, eh?"

"Yes," said Alicia willfully. Blish nodded his disbelief, and applied a match to a fresh cigarette. Alicia continued to find interest in the design she was tracing.

"I say," said Bilsh, breaking the pause, "where'd you get all those stunning rings?" Alicia observed her fingers contentedly.

"Aren't they dear? I got this big solitaire only last week."

"Did, eh?" said Bilsh with suspicion. "Some guy blew himself for it, I guess."

"The curiosity of these men!" complained Alicia. "What difference could it make to you?"

Bilsh sighed.

"I suppose I'd be fool enough to be jealous of him," he said recklessly. "I've always made a double-dyed lobster of myself over you, little girl."

"Dear boy," whispered Alicia. Blish gripped the edge of the table and blew several successive puffs of smoke into the air vigorously.

"You like 'em, do you?" he said, reverting to the subject of rings.

"Like 'em," murmured Alicia ecstatically. "I *love* 'em. I wish I had every finger I've got full of diamonds up to here." She indicated the first joints.

"Wouldn't you rather have a sunburst for a change?" asked Bilsh indifferently. Alicia smiled upon him slowly, dazzingly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"Which would you like best—a large ring or a sunburst?"

She studied him, her eyes shining like a child delighted.

"A large—sunburst," she whispered.

"To-morrow," said Bilsh briefly.

"You *dear,*" breathed Alicia.

Bilsh flung himself back in his chair and lit a third cigarette, watching the rings disappear reflectively.

"It's hard to believe that so many years have passed since you and I saw this old place together," he said.

"Were both changed?" said Alicia tenderly. "You've succeeded beyond your wildest dreams, and now you're right in the prime of your life, with everything around you that you can wish for—everything. I—oh—I've succeeded, too, in a way. At the best, though, it means only a few years longer for me. It's not pleasant to think of—it's not. Give me a cigarette, Billy. I'm getting mooney."

Bilsh handed the case across the table. Alicia lit one of the dainty things impatiently and emitted a little sigh.

"Mild enough for you?" he asked. She smiled at him through the smoke.

"Um-um." She reached out and drummed her fingers softly on the back of his hand as it lay on the table. Blish immediately took possession of the fingers.

"The old days are ended, Billy," she said. "They're ended for good."

"They need not have ended, little girl," said Bilsh, tightening his grip on her hand till the stones of her rings bit his flesh.

"Ah, but they did," said Alicia. "My foolish, foolish ambition led me away from the path my heart wanted to take." She looked past him at something manifestly unpleasant.

"See what you've accomplished," he argued, bending close. "Any girl would give her soul to be where you are—what you are."

"Yes," assented Alicia very slowly. "Yes, and afterward she would want her soul back when it was too late, too late." She rose quickly and laughed down at him.

"What beastly rot we're talking," she said, and laughed again.

"Lizzie," said Bilsh fiercely, "listen to me. Sit down."

Alicia withdrew her hand from his tense grasp.

"Let's continue this in our next," she said. "Look, everybody's gone. It must be a perfectly ungodly hour." Bilsh got up sullenly and took down her wrap.

"And, beside, we're getting sentimental. Hevings, think of it!" she whispered, pressing his arm as he put the coat about her bare shoulders. He caught her fingers convulsively.

"Who's sentimental?" he said defiantly.

"Come and see me to-morrow afternoon, dear," she continued. "We'll talk over old times and be——"

"Sentimental?"

Alicia laughed aggravatingly.

Then went out together and Alicia closed one eye aimlessly at a man who opened the door for her.

VENUS ON BROADWAY

By Florence Waterton

JUST a girl on the Broadway pave,
A girl with amber eyes,
In whose slumb'rous depths men's souls have been lost,
Yet laughing madly while tempest tossed
Nor asking a hand to save.

There is a beckoning smile on her parted lips
And her uplifted draperies reveal
The form of a nymph in a maddening glimpse
As she trips to her automobile.

The autumn breeze on her bosom plays
With wanton caresses free,
As it nestles adown 'mid the half-prisoned charms
And kisses in rapture the rounded arms,
Or up her tresses strays.
Then the impudent wind goes further, the knave,
For he has the presumption to steal
To the lace and the fluff of her petticoat edge
As she trips to her automobile.

Perhaps she suspects the pranksome wind,
And perhaps she does not care;
At least there's a hint in her swift-glancing eye
That she rather despises the man who is shy
And does not hate one who has sinned.
That's enough! I surrender! You're Venus, I swear.
If I only could tell all I feel!
Well, I'll try to find words as we spin along,
Sitting close in your automobile.

ON DECK

By Grace G. Bostwick.

"How long did the Captain say it would be be-before——"

"He gives us twenty minutes in which to make our peace with this world." His tone was frivolous; not so his eyes as he gazed into hers—gravely, deeply, tenderly.

Her laugh was a bit hysterical, but she met his look bravely.

"This is quite like a scene on the stage," he said, after a pause. "This strange half-light; the people huddled together over there, frightened into silence; the Captain's sharp orders. God! Hear that mother pray!" He ground his teeth together savagely.

"Yes," she said quietly, "it's not real; it's all a dream. I've dreamed it before many a time—all but you; you were never here. I was alone—always alone." A shudder went through her slender body.

"You'll never be alone again—in this life or the next. Doesn't that comfort you?" he asked, drawing her hand close against his breast.

"Yes," she sighed happily. "Are you glad I told you?" She glanced at him shyly.

"Glad! This is more than I ever hoped for—than I ever dared to dream of. Who would not give his life gladly, joyfully, for such happiness as this, even though it's time is numbered by heart-beats?"

She drew a long, sobbing breath. "You know that after this I could never go back to him—*never*. I belong to you *now*—and *afterward*. Nothing can alter that."

"No, nothing, thank God!" he said slowly, and was silent.

"That first time," she asked, breaking the silence. "Are you sure you *cared*—then?"

"Sure?" he echoed. "Why, I stood there bored to death, waiting till I could get away decently. I was wondering what all their talk about *love* meant. *Love*—I had never felt it. Then—I opened my eyes, and there *you* stood." She uttered a soft little exclamation of delight.

"You were so perfect—so utterly the desire of one's heart. It was not your beauty, though, that touched me. It was the soul of you looking out of those great eyes. You looked so small and childlike, my heart gave a great leap and fell back. I wondered if you saw me tremble."

"Dearest," she murmured lovingly, slipping her cold fingers closer into his warm ones.

"And you?" he asked eagerly.

"I think I always loved you—even before that," she said softly. "I had dreamed and dreamed of you, and I knew you as soon as I saw you. Your face seemed familiar, some way. I felt such a happiness steal over me as we talked."

"We have had many bitter hours, but the memory of that one stands out like a jewel from them all, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

"And to end like this," he groaned suddenly, his head sunk on his breast. She was quick with comfort.

"Like this! How better? Together and—understanding."

"You are right, brave little heart," he replied, ashamed of his weakness. "It was *you*—the thought of your bright beauty hidden down there. Forgive me."

"How better?" she repeated, shuddering and drawing closer to him. "Let me tell you. I prayed for hours last night, I, who have not prayed for years, who have not *dared* to pray, that God would save me from him—in some way—in His own way—and this," she threw out her hands in a sudden gesture, "*this* is His answer."

"Poor child," he murmured. "Poor, helpless little child." He spoke very tenderly.

"It will not be very hard," she asked, "nor long?" There was a piteous break in her voice.

"No, no," he said; "not in my arms, please God," and she smiled trustfully, with her head against his shoulder, reassured like a child.

"I don't understand," she said wonderingly, "how you came to know I was sailing on this boat. I only made up my mind at the last second."

He smiled sadly. "I didn't know," he said. "I meant to get away from you. You were growing so worn and I knew I was the cause, so I came on board late and sent a letter to your hotel. I knew you would understand."

"Why, Jack," she cried. "That is exactly what *I* did. How strange."

"Yes, it's strange all right. Fate has her way with us. We are pretty helpless in her hands after all."

"How *glad* I was. I was longing so to see you once more and wishing I had stayed."

There were a few broken words—low, murmuring—then silence.

"After all, this is the only way," she said suddenly.

"Yes, it's the only way; you could not go back—to *him.*"

"I knew that. I felt it all through," she said eagerly. "I was *sure* something would happen—*sure* of it—and I hoped for it so."

"Once," he said slowly, "I thought of suicide. I tried to ask you if you would be strong enough to die with me—then I knew I was insane—to think of *that*—to dare."

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I longed for you to ask me—I longed for it. It couldn't have been so *very* wicked since God has granted us our desire," she added, after a pause.

He laughed, then kissed her hand softly. By the light of the creeping flames he could see the sweetness of her eyes, all for him. He looked long into their depths.

"They are coming—coming," he whispered tenderly. "Are you ready for our bridal?"

She sobbed a little.

"It is so dark down there—so *dark,*" she said piteously.

"Don't be frightened, little child," he murmured. "Now, put your arms around my neck and cling—cling fast."

"Why, I can feel your heart beat," she cried.

"Yes, yes, put your face to mine, dear heart. Our first kiss." He laughed softly, happily, tremulously.

"There, don't be afraid, love. Give me your lips—so."

MODERN PANTOMIME

By Henri Bereny.

THE CREATOR OF THE REALISTIC. AUTHOR OF "LA MAIN" (THE HAND) AND "LA POUPEE" (THE DOLL) PANTOMIME.

PANTOMIME is the natural expression of an overpowering emotion. It is the white light, the crucial point of a great passion. It is the silence that precedes the breaking out of pent-up forces. "Speechless horror," "dumb despair," "joy unutterable," are not mere forms of phraseology. They are coinings from the mint of human nature bearing the imprint of absolute truth. For instance, the lover meets the eyes of his beloved. Is there any need of words? The most beautiful moments of the wooing, those that are remembered, when all others are perhaps forgotten—the first avowal, the first kiss—are passed in a silence weighted down with the unutterable.

I have sometimes thought that the marriage ceremony could be performed as reverently and meaningly as a pantomimic sacrament. If one watches at a distance it gains rather than loses in significance. The white-robed bride in floating draperies, the upright, manly form of the groom, the joining of hands, the bended heads receiving the blessing, the kiss that seals the nuptials —all the story is told without the necessity of language.

One has but to contemplate dramatic art, as presented by the most distinguished interpreters, to realize that a supreme emotion is primarily conveyed by the facial expression and gesture that instinctively precede it. Horror distorts the lineaments before the shriek of "Murder! Foul Murder!" rings through the air. News is brought of a sudden catastrophe. The stricken one becomes pale and rigid. He totters, he throws out his hands helplessly, he pants for breath, but no word is spoken.

It is in these moments of silence, before and after speech, that pantomime finds its *raison d'être* as an art. As I said before, it is the voice of those supreme emotions that are voiceless. It might perhaps be called the *apogee* of a dramatic paradox. The meeting of those extremes where the highest expression is unexpressed—in words.

Wagner is a master exponent of pantomimic art. In one of the most exquisite and touching episodes of his great music dramas, the awakening of Brunnhilde through the kiss of Siegfried, not a word is uttered. Gesture and melody are alone employed to portray the first awakening of love to its final heights of overwhelming passion. Pantomime, by the way, is the panoramic speech of music. Are not the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven and the "Lebenhelden" of Richard Strauss pantomimes of melody?

Thousands of years ago the first dramas were presented in the form of the dance, and the classical ballet of today is a story told in rhythm and gesture. If one has ever watched a group of dancers at a sufficiently great distance to lose the sound of the music, one cannot fail to be amused by the ludicrous impression of a bouncing and bobbing multitude of figures. A classical ballet, on the contrary, is beautiful and expressive without the aid of music, because of its story and purpose, which are developed with continuity and concluded by a dramatic climax.

So far is this true, that, as a matter of fact, the only recognized schools of pantomime are to be found in the great schools of ballet in Europe. My wife, Madame Charlotte Wiehe, joined a school of ballet in Denmark, her native country, at the age of six, and did not leave until ten years later. This severe course was insisted upon by her parents, not for the purpose of training her as a dancer, but in order to give her a thorough knowledge of pantomime as the preliminary of a dramatic career. Madame Wiehe owes much to this early training. She has often remarked in my hearing that without it, a dramatic success is a case of hit or miss, the accident of a *rôle,* but never a success of certainty.

Until quite recently, outside of the classical ballet, the only pantomime recognized as legitimate has been the so-called classical pantomimes or burlesques in which Columbine and Punchinello are the principal personages.

I imagined (to use a more modest word than "invented") the modern, realistic pantomime in modern costume, by the accident of a balcony that surrounded my lodgings in Paris. That was perhaps four years ago. My little apartment was on a corner, and this balcony encircled three sides of it. While seeking inspiration for my songs, I fell into the habit of promenading the length of this elevated pathway. I was surrounded on all sides by other apartments, and when, toward evening, the lights were lighted, if the curtains were not drawn down, I could not fail to notice, at first unconsciously, and then with interest, the little dramas, touching, pathetic and, occasionally, tragic, that were enacted before my eyes in pantomimic form. I had no difficulty in divining the full meaning of each scene by merely taking note of the facial expressions and gestures.

A young mother, for instance, relates to the father as they dine, the misdoings of the naughty child—a little cherub perched on a high chair. The pouting, half-fearful attitude of the pretty child, with its chubby fingers pulling at its lips, the father's stern, yet humorous, glance and admonishing finger; then the relenting smile of the mother, the outstretched arms and the kiss of reconciliation. Behold, a little drama in pantomime, in which words are merely accessory, and yet the word in this case exists and is understood. It is there as a factor, without which the story could not appeal to the imagination. But there is a pantomime of necessity, where speech would prove a hindrance to the sense of the situation. This is the pantomime that should hold a place of its own as a separate art, and which gradually took form during my promenades on my balcony and so mingled itself with the melodies I was weaving that the two became inseparable.

Let us take as an example of realistic or sincere pantomime, the case of a young girl and her *fiance* exchanging glances and silent speech, perhaps stealing a covert kiss, while their *chaperon* is dozing over her knitting. The scene can be enhanced by the presence of a rival who also seeks to attract the attention of the fair young maiden. As a matter of fact this little intrigue must be carried on in silence, as the presence of the elderly female gives the *raison d'être*. In this case the emotions, if mixed, are mild and rise to no dramatic heights.

May I be permitted to draw attention to a *mime* of my invention, received here with favor, and frequently presented in the playhouses of Continental Europe? I refer to "La Main" (The Hand). This little piece is typical in a modest way of a realistic drama; that is to say, if lines were used they would be without purpose or propriety. It may be recalled that this little pantomime represents a burglar entering the apartment of a young dancer at midnight for the purpose of robbing her jewel case. Under these circumstances pantomimic expression is alone possible. The young dancer enters her room after her performance and, since she is a rational being, she does not converse in audible tones. When she finally discovers the hand of the burglar holding the curtains together, behind which he has concealed himself, her sense of self-preservation impels her to withhold the natural cry of horror. She resolves to obtain her keys and escape through a pretense of rehearsing a dance. There is no call for lines during this entire scene, the climax being reached by one piercing scream. This is the admitted climax of the pantomime—a quickly drawn breath, or, in a moment of tense emotion, a single cry.

It is a class of art that is bound to develop dramatic *finesse*, both in the actor and the audience. It teaches the value of a gesture, the weight of a word. Unfortunately, there is too much exaggerated gesticulation and posing on the boards. In pantomime the gesture is the word, and is therefore appreciated at its full value.

As far as I am concerned personally, pantomime is invariably linked to a melodic accompaniment. So much is this a sentiment, that once the scene is fixed, I at once compose the musical score and work out the pantomimic details later on. It is the modern trend to which all musicians must yield, and to which Wagner so superbly points out the way in his great music dramas. As we say in Paris concerning the new school of opera: "The orchestra is the cake, the singers are the sweetening."

When all is said and done, what is pantomime but the drama of silence? It is taking down the walls of our habitations during the passing of great moments. It is lifting the veil from tragedies that are without speech. It is watching the uplifted hand of a Lady Macbeth bury the dagger in the heart of a sleeping Duncan. It is watching her steal with bloodstained hands between the drugged figures of the sentinels. It reveals a Juliet alone in her chamber, shudderingly draining the death potion.

Pantomime is the tradition of gesture, the speech of the unutterable, the apogee of silence.

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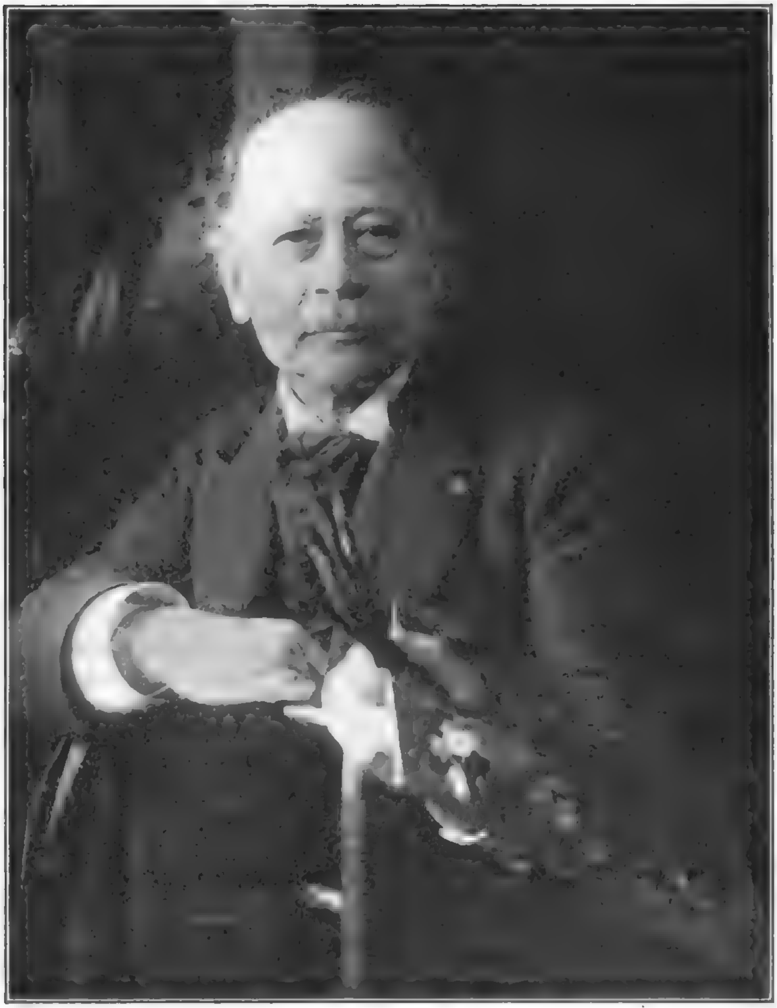

HENRY MOSLER.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN DECORATED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

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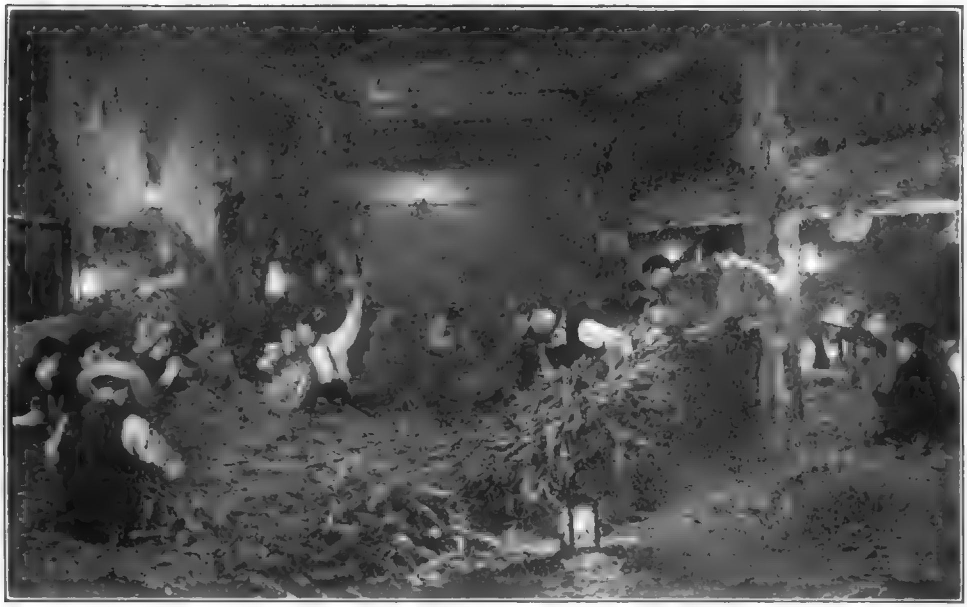


THE HUSKING BEE. *Owned by H. H. Warner, Esq.*

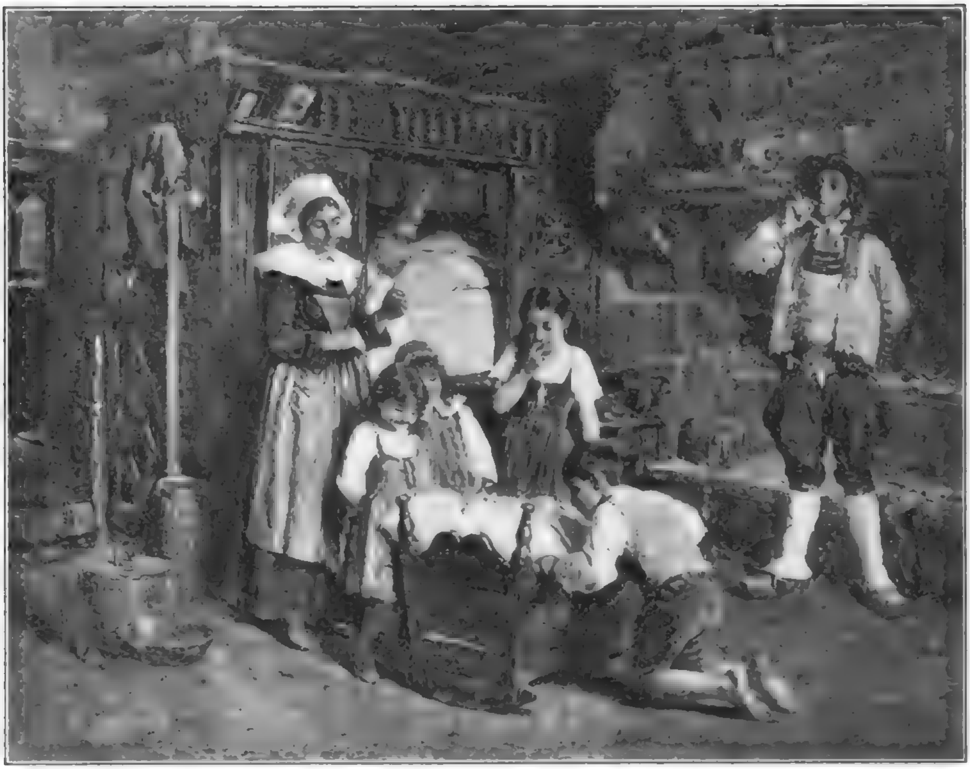
THE AMERICAN IN ART

By Henry Mosler

(*Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France.*)

THERE is no leisure art class in this country, using the term as it is understood in the older continents of higher culture. The American dilettante, even as an individual, is a *rara avis*. He exists—true; but in a sort of isolated grandeur, worshiped from afar by the ambitious and impecunious artist—the latter with his masterpiece awaiting a purchaser and hunger knocking at the door of his modest lodging. This is the critical moment when the young artist too often stifles his dreams and takes to mixing colors for pot-boilers, and, alas, speedy annihilation of his early ideals.

From the viewpoint of the artist, I take the prerogative of dividing the American into three distinct and unassimilated classes: The class which makes money, the class which spends it, and the third—the temperamental class, which struggles to express itself through the medium of art. The multitudes of earnest, enthusiastic students who flock from all directions into native and foreign studios, prove that

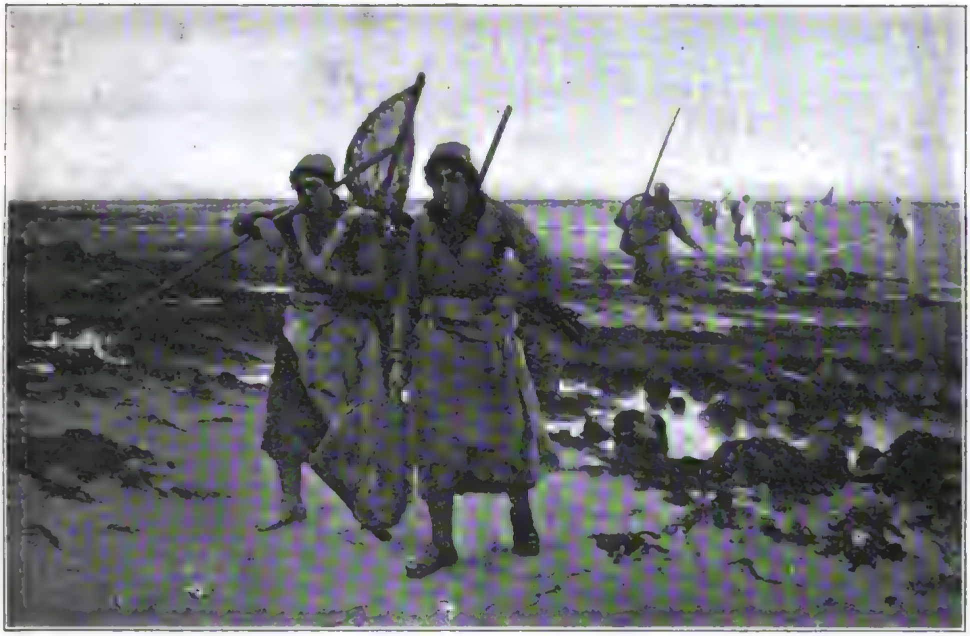


THE NEW BORN. *Owned by John Farley, Esq.*

the race possesses an inherent love of form and color. Those happy few who have achieved distinction emphasize the fact that the genius of the country is sufficiently virile to hold its own, even when placed in competition with foreign rivals.

As a matter of fact, if the development of native art seems to lack expansiveness after it has reached a certain stage of roseate promise, it is because of an environment more or less antagonistic, due, perhaps, to the engrossing commercialism of the class that makes money, and the uncertainty or diffidence of the class that spends. The wealthy American who includes among his expenditures the purchase of works of art, puts no limit upon the price he is willing to pay for a canvas or a piece of statuary, but he is far from willing to speculate in the works of unknown artists. He never haggles over the cost of a signature that is known to fame. He is ambitious to own a *chef d'œuvre,* and being too timid to present an opinion of his own in the matter, he depends entirely upon the word of the art dealer, or a connoisseur in whom he has confidence. For this reason, the young American artist, whatever his talent, is apt to find his canvases lying an unremunerative burden on his hands, unless he manages to get recognition abroad and his name reaches this country enveloped in a halo of foreign luminosity.

It is no discredit to the painter or the sculptor that he requires beyond all others for the highest achievement of his genius the munificence of a patron possessed of infinite faith and patience. A big canvas—an important subject—is not projected or finished in a day. An artist will linger for years over a work before he is satisfied to let it go out as the complete expression of his thought. The world to-day is beautiful because of those great art monuments raised in marble and glowing color by master spirits who



RETURN OF THE SHRIMPERS.

Art Museum, Cincinnati, O. *Presented by Chas. Fleischman, Esq.*

were given time and opportunity to create.

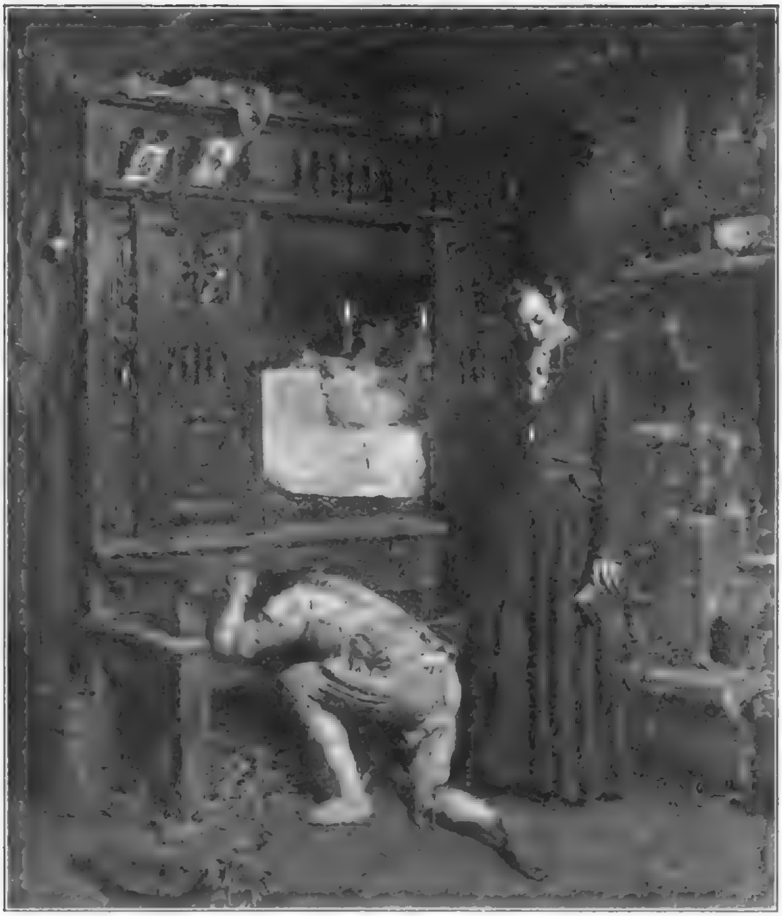
An appeal to the imagination evokes a response from the imaginative soul, and if this appeal is not made and upheld the artist sinks in a slough of dispair and unproductiveness. Believe me, behind every inspired work of art is concealed the beneficent figure of the patron, whose faith should be accounted worthy of great reward, inasmuch as he believed without having seen.

Without doubt it is this lack of encouragement at home that draws the young student to the more congenial atmosphere of the Paris and Munich *ataliers.* As far as technique is concerned, this migration is absolutely unnecessary, but no one can deny that the conditions abroad are more stimulating.

Personally, I should wish to see the American student take root in his own country, and so absorb its life that he is inspired to reproduce it with his best effort in brush or chisel. It is a mistake to imagine that the mere atmosphere of the Paris *atalier* will make an artist. It seems to me that to-day, under the improved conditions of art, and the impetus that is given by a number of generous scholarships, all that is in a man can be brought out in this country. To perfect that which comes out is a question of the broadest culture and self-development. In that training one can wander with profit from one end of the earth to the other, not to study under this and that master, but to absorb according to one's capacity of absorption.

La comédie humaine is the same the world over, and once the actual technique is received, a difference of environment is merely a difference of drapery and costume, and not of spirit. There is always an interesting story to tell, a human appeal to awaken tears or smiles. The true destiny of the canvas is not one of mere color and form. Its true life breathes through the message it delivers.

I recall that when a mere lad I broached the subject of studying abroad to my old master, James H. Beard, of Cincinnati. We were passing at the time a cabinet shop. Without giving a direct answer to my question, Mr. Beard pointed to a fine mahogany table exquisitely carved



THE RETURN.
First painting by an American artist purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg, Paris.

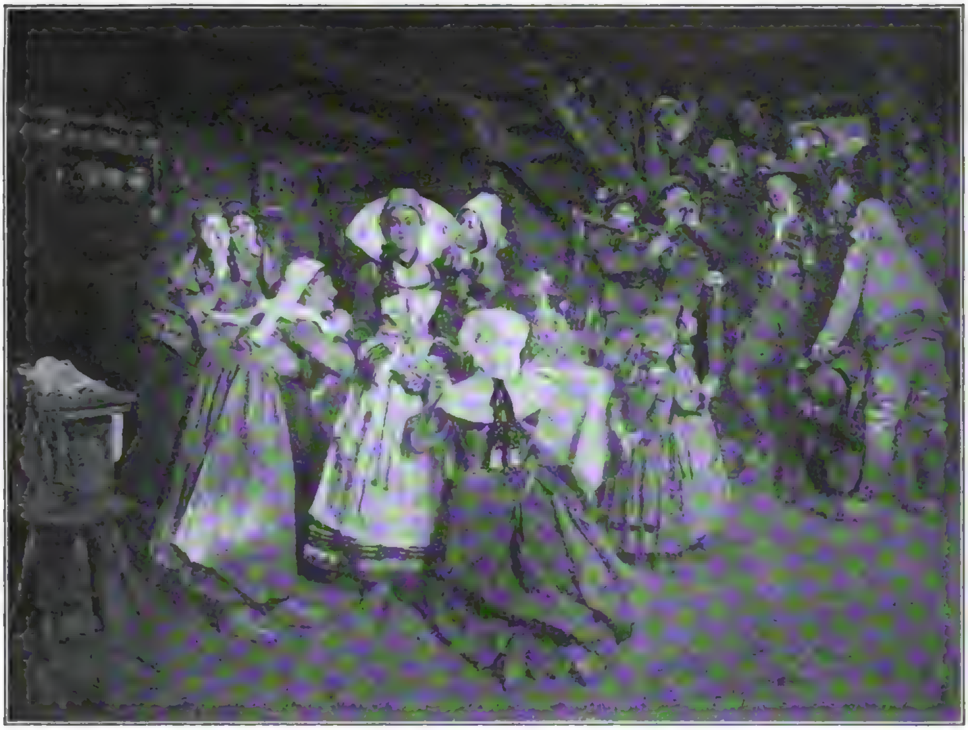
and turned. "What does it lack?" he asked.

"Varnishing and sandpapering," said I, glibly.

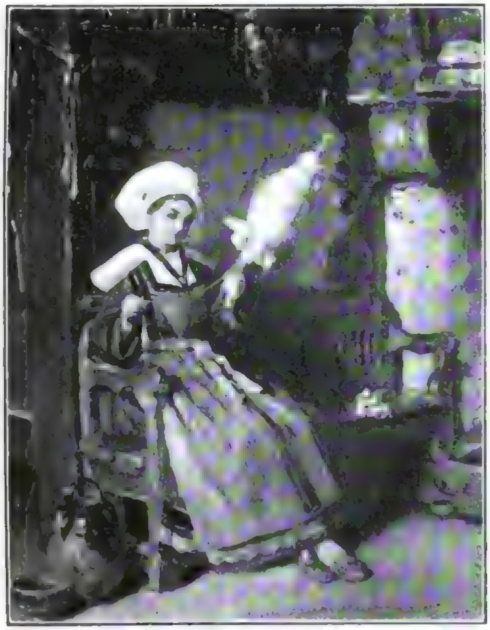
"Just so, my lad," he acquiesced. "Go abroad for your varnishing and sandpapering. The rest of it can be done here."

The lesson was one I never forgot. I remained in my own country, and it must not be forgotten that conditions in those days were far different than now. There were no art schools, no free scholarships, few teachers and fewer opportunities of studying the works of other painters. I was forced to draw my material from life. I am grateful that such was my experience.

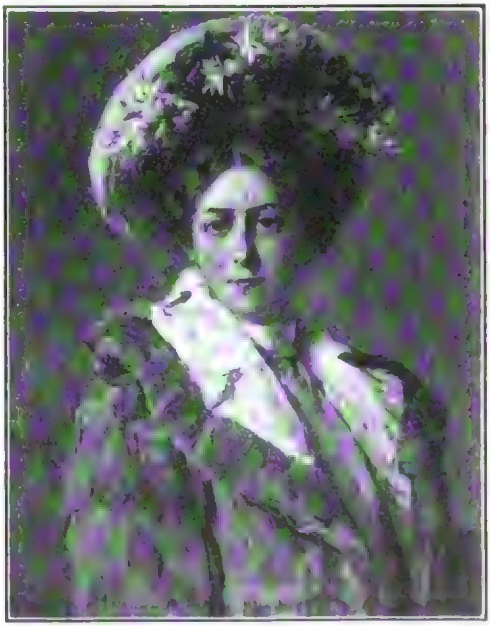
I was little more than a child when I was brought face to face with the problem of existence. At six years of age I was a spoiled and petted boy, living in luxury, with a music and dancing master in attendance every day. A year later, by a sudden turn of fortune, I found myself stripping tobacco with hundreds of others of my kind. It was a curious and tragical experience and made an indelible impression upon me. It was at this period as I toiled during long, interminable hours in my little corner, silent and observing, that I first learned and felt my kinship to my fellow beings. I became ac-



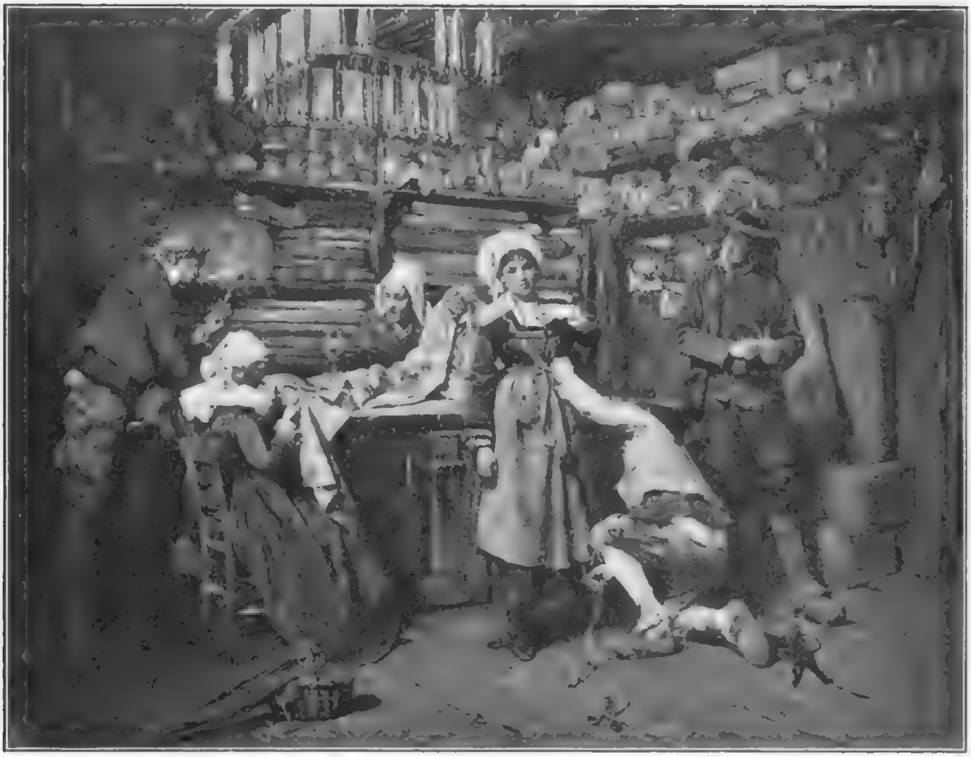
THE WEDDING MORNING. *Museum of Sydney, Australia.*



SPINNING.
Owned by M. E. Ingalls, Esq., President of the Big Four R. R.



MISS AGNES E. MOSLER.
Portrait painted by her father.



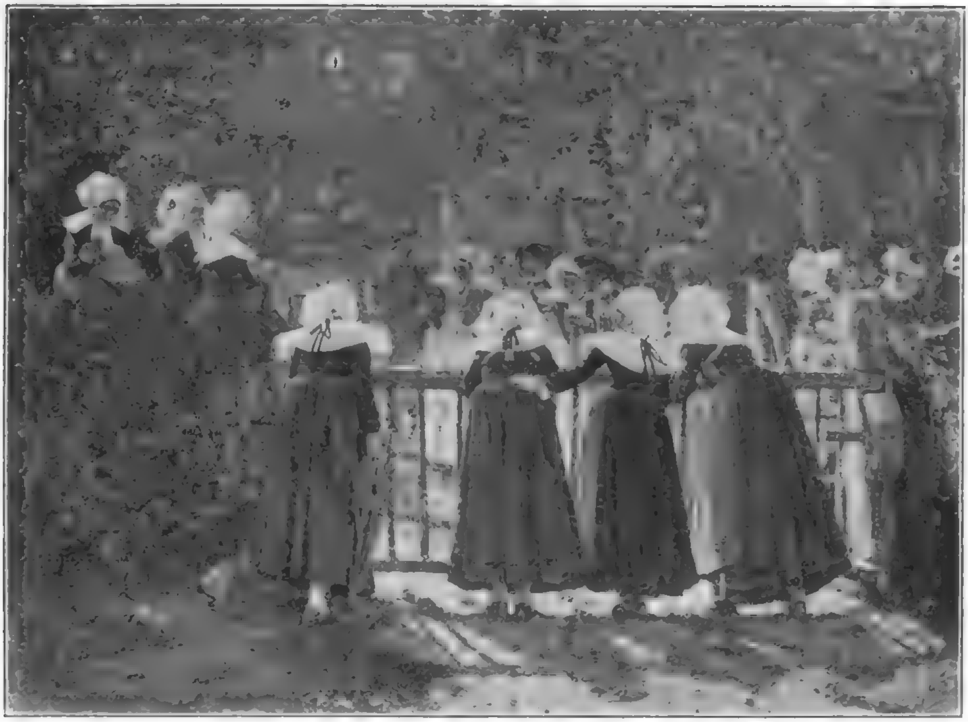
AT THE VILLAGE TAILOR'S.

quainted with their sorrows and pleasures—in fact, was I not myself one of them? Very young and feeble, but a toiler nevertheless, earning my daily bread by the sweat of my brow.

My first attempts at drawing were crude sketches evolved from the life of my companions. One day I came across an old hatter painting in the back of his tiny shop. Then I learned that nature, as I saw it about me, could be transposed with all its color to canvas. It was a revelation. I became friends with the old man. On Sundays and holidays I would stand for hours at his side, lost in admiration and ecstasy as he plied his brush. The fever of my vocation took possession of me. I determined to become a hatter and a painter.

Later on I entered the employ of my father, who was a wood engraver. Between times I studied with Mr. Beard. One day I sent my impressions of Major Anderson entering the city of Cincinnati to *Harper's Weekly*. He was the hero of the hour, and I was one of the wildly enthusiastic crowd that greeted him. My sketch reproduced my enthusiasm. I received in return not only a generous check, but a commission as special war artist. I spent two years in active service at the front on the staff of General R. W. Johnson, with the rank of Lieutenant. I have a number of decorations received both here and abroad, but none that I prize more highly than the tiny crimson button of the Loyal Legion of the G. A. R.

In 1863 I pocketed my savings and started for a course of serious art studies, first in Düsseldorf under Professor Muecke, then in the *atalier* of Kindler, and finally with Hébert in Paris. From Hébert I learned that an understanding of life is the beginning and end of art. It was then I began my long tramps across the country with my box of colors and my easel. I became a peasant among the peasants of Brittany, and if I have been able to depict with some sincerity



THE HARVEST DANCE. *Medal, Salon, Paris, 1888.*

the homely pathos and charm of their lives, it is because I have lived in their homes as one of them.

The fever of travel took hold of me as I acquired a competence. I wandered in the byways of Spain and even in Mexico. I traversed the hidden corners of continental Europe. In Venice, I had the privilege of visiting its churches and galleries with Carolus Duran. He was already famed throughout the world. I was young and comparatively unknown. I was deeply touched by his unaffected kindness and interest. I recall his charming and child-like simplicity. At the "Bella Arti" he became lost in admiration over the great painting facing the stairway. Oblivious of the crowd of sightseers he sat upon the lower step gazing up at the painting. "It is beautiful! It is sublime! Oh, *mon Dieu,* find words for me to express my emotion!" All this in a voice vibrating with enthusiasm. A great crowd gathered about him. He was quite convinced that it was the painting and not Carolus Duran that had attracted it.

A year later, when I returned to Paris, I met him in the street. He greeted me with cordiality. "You have not been to see me. How is that?" he asked suddenly.

"Master, I lacked the necessary courage," I replied.

"Hélas!" he replied shaking his head sadly. "You have done yourself a great wrong, and now that I leave Paris for a time, the injury is irreparable."

This child-like simplicity in so great a man is most lovable. I have seen him many time when his portraits were on exhibition take one friend and then another by the arm, saying appealingly: "Come. I beg of you. I implore you, come look at my painting. I wish to know your opinion. But I am sure it will give you great pleasure. It touches me *énormément.*"

Regarding portraiture. I admit candidly that the work does not appeal to me as strongly as the subject that tells a story. One is always obliged to work too much over a portrait. There is too much polishing. The artist is not permitted to be quite as direct as he wishes. What he considers finished might not be acceptable to the sitter, whose wishes of course must be final.

I should not advise young artists to devote too much time to portraiture in the beginning of their career. And at no period should it become their entire work, to the exclusion of subjects that call for an imaginative composition.

I should also like to see our American students imbued with a love of the beautiful and the artistic in their own country. I have spent a lifetime abroad, in France especially, which is almost a second home to me, so deeply am I attached to it; but I am always glad to remember that America gave me my first inspiration, and that it was only after I reached manhood I sought other shores and other influences, and then, it must be noted, under conditions that do not exist for the student of to-day.

AN $8,000 BULL TERRIER UNDER TREATMENT.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE'S WONDERFUL "ZOO"

By I. M. Montgomery

TUCKED away in a section of West Twenty-third street that is "far from the madding crowd" there is a little menagerie that in many ways surpasses in interest either the Zoological Gardens in the Bronx, or the smaller but not less important "Zoo" in Central Park. It is doubtful if more than half a dozen persons in the whole country, outside of the staff of physicians at the Pasteur Institute of New York, ever heard of the animal collection in Twenty-third street. That the doctors of the Pasteur Institute

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE. GUINEA PIGS WHOSE LIVES WILL BE FORFEITED TO SAVE THOSE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

know all about it is not to be marveled at, for the doctors are really the keepers of this interesting little "zoo," and the "zoo" is none other than the collection of animals under treatment at the institute or serving in the scientific experiments there conducted.

There are quite a number of animals under treatment at the institute for the benefit of the human race and of the animal kingdom as well. They come from all sections of the country. Two valuable bull pups have been under treatment recently to prevent the possibility of their ever contracting hydrophobia. They are each only a few months old, as is very evident by their actions. One of them is valued in the thousands; "Billy" is his name and he is a remarkably fine specimen of a pup. "Billy" is an ardent automobilist and enjoys nothing better than a spin down a boulevard on a motor car.

In the picture he looks quite ferocious, but that is only because he is having his photograph taken and he doesn't enjoy the process. As a matter of fact, he hasn't a whit of ferocity about him. "June," the other pup, is not as valuable an animal as "Billy," but has a remarkable scent and the keenness of a Sherlock Holmes.

There are two fine setter dogs in the canine colony of this interesting "zoo." They have silky coats of long hair, and one of them is extremely musical in his tastes, keeping his companions well supplied at all times with songs, both in the minor and major keys.

Undergoing a course of treatment for blood poisoning at the Pasteur Institute are some sheep. Strange to say, they are friendly with the dogs and other members of the colony. A couple of sheep at the institute are being treated for tetanus (lockjaw).

The treatment is for the prevention of the disease, not for its cure, as all diseases of the character of tetanus and hydrophobia are beyond cure within a few days of their inception. But if there is danger of such diseases their develop-

INOCULATION OF PATIENTS.

ment can always be arrested by prompt inoculation. It is the same in human beings. Once the disease is well developed treatment is of no avail, but if the patient does not delay, but promptly submits to inoculation, he cannot become a victim of the disease.

None of the animals at the Pasteur Institute, nor any human beings that have been inoculated for hydrophobia, lockjaw or any of those diseases can ever contract them. "Inoculation in time saves"—the patient's life.

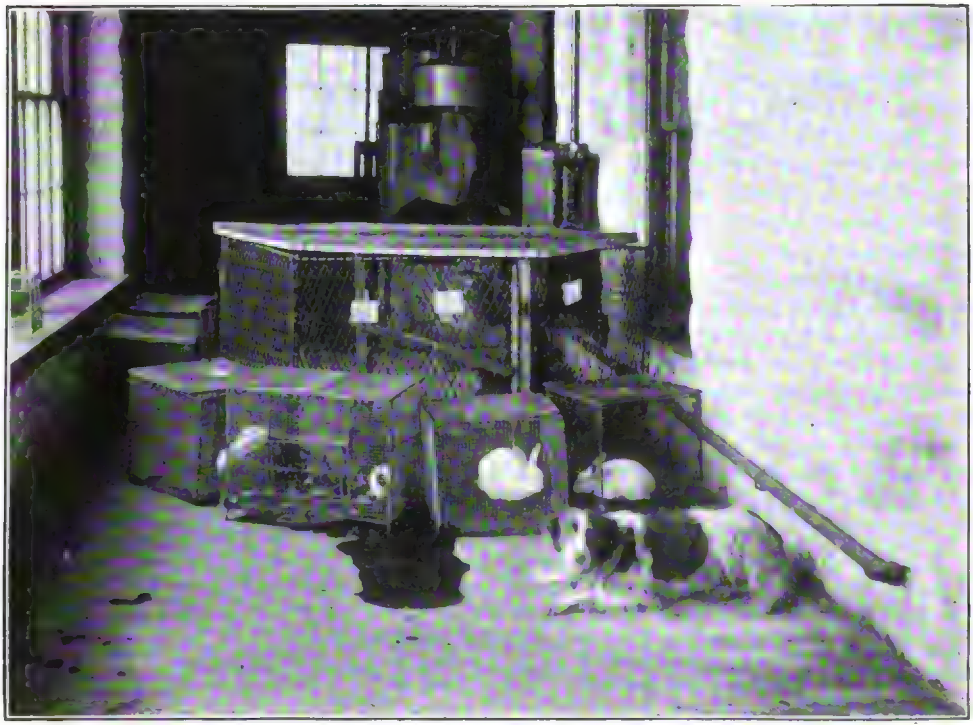
Probably the most interesting animals in the "zoological gardens" of the Pasteur Institute are the guinea pigs and rabbits. There is genuine pathos in their existence, for each rabbit and each guinea pig will some day give up its life that a human being's may be saved. They are veritable "martyrs to science."

The odd little guinea pigs and the pretty little "bunnies" furnish the virus that is employed for the inoculation of human beings. And that virus is obtained by killing them with the disease for which a cure is wanted by man. The process is simple enough. Let us suppose virus is needed for the treatment of hydrophobia. The rabbit or guinea pig is inoculated in the head with virus taken from the brain of an animal that has died of hydrophobia. Within a few days the animal begins to show signs of the development of the disease. Within a week it is running around in its cage and has grown ferocious. It will snarl and bite at anything within reach. Hydrophobia is now well developed. In a day or two paralysis shows itself. In another day the poor little animal is dead. Then the virus is taken from its brain and, after various treatments, used to inoculate patients fearing hydrophobia.

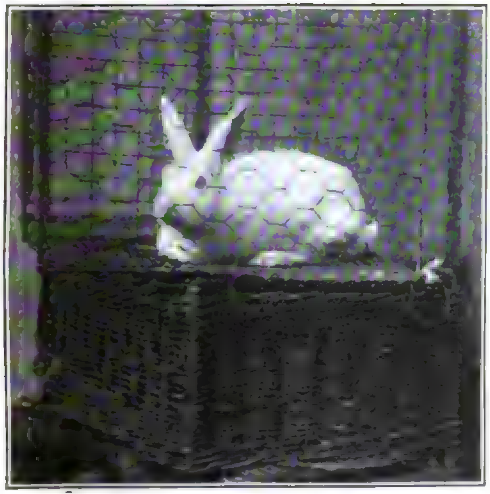
The Pasteur course of treatment for the prevention of hydrophobia extends over a period of two weeks, the virus employed being weak in the beginning and

SHEEP BEING TREATED FOR SEPTICOEMIA (BLOOD POISONING).

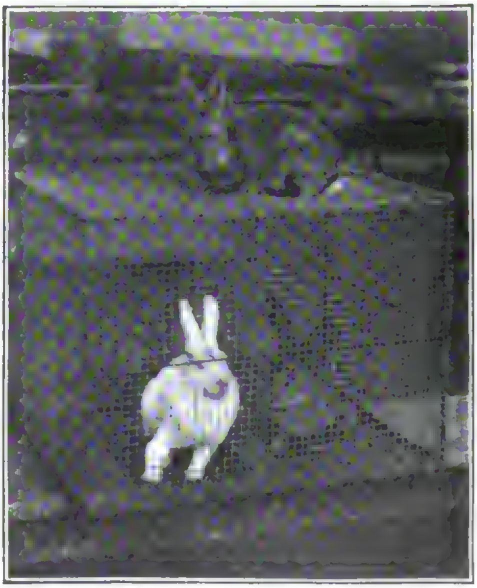
DOGS UNDER TREATMENT FOR THE PREVENTION OF RABIES. THE BULL TERRIERS ARE WORTH $5,000 EACH.



CAGES OF RABBITS AND GUINEA PIGS WHOSE LIVES WILL BE SACRIFICED TO SCIENCE.



A RABBIT UNDER OBSERVATION FOR SYMPTOMS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

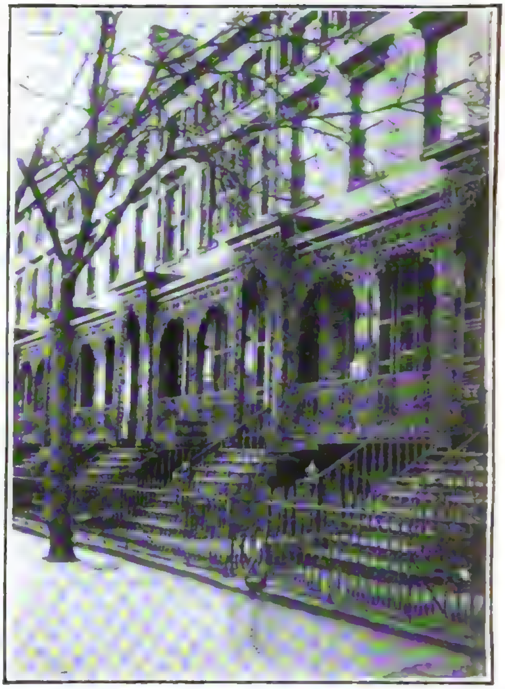


RABBITS IN THE SECOND WEEK OF THEIR HYDROPHOBIC INCUBATION.

gradually strengthened to a maximum point.

That the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia is eminently successful is proved by the statistics. Since the institute was founded only one-half of one per cent. of the patients treated have died. The deaths were in cases where the patient presented himself for treatment several days after being bitten by a mad dog instead of seeking treatment at once.

There is a very wonderful laboratory at the New York Pasteur Institute. It is said to be the finest of its kind in America. The most costly and elaborate apparatus is employed for the culture of the disease germs. There are dozens of cabinets, each filled with test tubes containing cultures of disease germs. To the unscientific mind it sounds startling in the extreme to be told that each of the hundreds of tubes contains several million germs of lockjaw, or consumption, or other disease. Yet it is to these very germs that thousands of the human race are indebted for life.



PASTEUR INSTITUTE, WEST 23D ST. NEAR 8TH AVE., NEW YORK.

* * *

SATANISM AND THE "BLACK MASS" (LA MESSE NOIRE) IN PARIS

By Reginald Gourlay

Of late many European and American newspapers have been making allusions to the singular fact that there has been a strange revival among certain of the fashionable and wealthy classes in Paris of "Satanism"—that is, of Satan worship—and of "The Black Mass" (la Messe Noire), which is one of the most profane and terrible modes by which that worship is celebrated. This Satan worship has always had a peculiar hold on the Latin races, and on the French in particular—and not in the Dark Ages only. Eugene Sue and other writers refer to a revival of it in aristocratic circles during that period of unrest and ferment which preceded the "coup d'état" of Louis Napoleon. We have a recrudescence of it now—always in the same wealthy and aristocratic circles. It would appear that this strange and terrible Gallic cult flourished only in these circles from the Middle Ages till now.

Gillies de Retz, the most noted exponent of it in the Dark Ages, was a man of power (he was lord of three manors), birth and learning. He was proved to have sacrificed hundreds of children to Satan during his awful career. The sacrifice of a young child to "Satanas Rex Inferne," it should be said, was the principal and most horrible feature of "la Messe Noire."

The modern Parisian exponents of this peculiar sort of cult for the twentieth century, it is said, sacrifice to him either a lamb (emblem of our Saviour), or a dove (emblem of the Holy Spirit). Probably the sacrifice of a human being might prove inconvenient nowadays, and lead eventually to awkward enquiries even in liberal and enlightened Paris.

The reader will remember the terrible exposé—or partial exposé—during the time of Louis the Fourtenth of France, of these practices, when the Marquise de Brinvilliers was burned at the stake at La Grive for poisoning and sorcery; and when her accomplice, the professional sorceress, poisoner and priestess of Satan—Voisin, or La Voisin—shared the same fate. The latter awful woman, before her execution, boasted that she had celebrated "The Black Mass" with the assistance of a "celebrant" (who had to be an ordained priest), hundreds of times for the most aristocratic men and women (mostly women) in Paris; besides poisoning and distributing poisons wholesale for years. Many of her revelations were hushed up as implicating persons of the very highest rank.

The records of her trial and execution (no romancer's invention, but taken from the authentic court records of the period) show this woman, La Voisin, to have been a monster of wickedness, cunning and diabolical courage. "She was indeed," says a chronicler of the period, "one of those inspired and strengthened by her lord and master, Satan."

Whether she believed in her infernal creed and calling is uncertain—it is certain her dupes and clients did. She defied, and was unconquered, by the subtlest tortures. What confessions she made were made by her own free will. And awful confessions they were, implicating so many of rank, position and power (the Princesse de Condé, wife of a prince of the royal blood; and Athenäis, Countesse de Montespan, mistress of the King, and mother of his son, the Duc de Maine), that the evidence thus elicited by the "Chambre Ardente" was quietly hushed up—as I have said. A slight description of this dreadful woman, and of her end (taken from authentic records of the period), might be interesting to the reader.

She was a tall woman, very stout,

"rousse" (red haired), of great physical strength, "and of a powerful but repulsive expression of countenance. Nothing daunted her. Her wicked courage was almost sublime. She confessed nothing except from bravado after sentence, while the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who shared her fate, confessed all at the mere threat of torture.

Between the intervals of her "Examinations" (the mild term applied then to racking and the water torture) she abandoned herself, with her guards, to the vilest orgies and debaucheries. There is no doubt that this license was allowed to prisoners under sentence in those days if they had money, and this fact throws a curious light on the times.

Once, after having undergone "the water torture," and having drop by drop absorbed six quarts of water, she vowed she would drink that night six bottles of wine—and did so.

Even at the last dreadful scene her diabolical spirit never failed her. She cursed the officiating priests and chanted in savage derision an obscene and blasphemous parody on their prayers for her soul.

When chained to the stake, with the fire blazing round her, she swore furiously and repeatedly, and five different times threw off the straw and faggots enveloping her.

At the same time and in the same way died the Marquise de Brinvilliers, and several priests, "celebrants" of "le Messe Noir." This dreadful example did not stop poisoning and Satan worship in Paris, however.

During the regency of Philippe D'Orléans, while Louis the Fifteenth, grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, was a minor, a lady of high position and a favorite of the Regent's was proven to have had a "Black Mass" celebrated for her, paying therefor to a certain "sorceress"—Marie Latour, or La Tour, two thousand louis (rather less than ten thousand dollars). The woman Latour poisoned herself on hearing she had been denounced. The executioner of Paris was likewise implicated in this singular affair, which was also "hushed up" when it threatened revelations damaging to the very highest circles. Why the executioner should have been mixed up with the celebration of a "Black Mass" for a lady of high rank will appear when we examine the ritual and ceremonial of this demoniacal rite more closely.

It may now be interesting to the reader to know exactly *what* the ritual of this infernal mass was, and what the "postulant" (the person for whom the mass was said and who had some special, urgent, overwhelming wish that caused him or her to run such risks in this world and the next) had to do, and what was the nature of the prayers he or she offered up; also, what were the duties of the priestly "celebrant." I cannot do better, if I wish shortly and satisfactorily to gratify this natural wish, than to place before him the actual, authentic details of the "Black Mass" which, according to her own free confession, La Voisin procured to be celebrated for Madame La Comtesse de Montespan, (neé De Tonnay-Charente), mistress of King Louis the Fourteenth. La Voisin—as I have said before—boasted that she had celebrated *hundreds* of these "Messes Noires" for the aristocracy, male and female—mostly female.

On the occasion of the particular "Black Mass" of which I speak, in a spacious vaulted room, hung with black, perfumed with incense, and lit with candles, exactly as if for an ordinary celebration of the mass (with the ghastly exception that the candles were made of the fat of a human being—of an executed person, "un pendu"—stood a large black altar. On it was a mattress, and on the mattress lay prone the perfectly nude form of a beautiful woman. This was the "postulant"—"the living altar," as she was called in the jargon of this Satanic sect—for whom the mass was said.

When we note the peculiar and horrible composition of the candles which lit up this profane rite, we can guess how an executioner came to be mixed up with one or more of these affairs.

On the nude woman's face was a black mask. In front of her, who thus formed "the living altar," stood the "celebrant"; on one side the "sorceress," who now comes forward and places over her body at the waist an embroidered pall. On this is placed a gold crucifix *reversed,* and a gold chalice, containing the pre-sanctified host, horribly and profanely desecrated, in a manner which it is needless to describe here.

The "celebrant," who, as I have said before, was always an ordained priest, was dressed in the usual robes worn by a vicar when celebrating a true mass, save that over them he wore a chasuble of bright yellow, embroidered with cones of the fir tree—the tree of Satan.

And now in the dark recesses of the chapel, unillumined by the light of the corpse-candles, the deep note of a gong struck by invisible hands is heard, and the priest says:

"Kyrie elieson!"
"Satanas elieson!"
"Kyrie elieson!"

The gong is struck a second time, and the "celebrant" recites the following invocational prayer to Satan:

"Gloria tibi Satanas! Gloria in excelsis, et benedictio, et honor, et potestas in cœcula cœculorum! Laudamus te, Benedicamus te, Adoramus te, Glorificamus te! Ajimus tibi gratias propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domini Deus! Rex inferne! Deus omnipotens! Respice supplicationem nostrum!

I have ventured to supply the English translation:

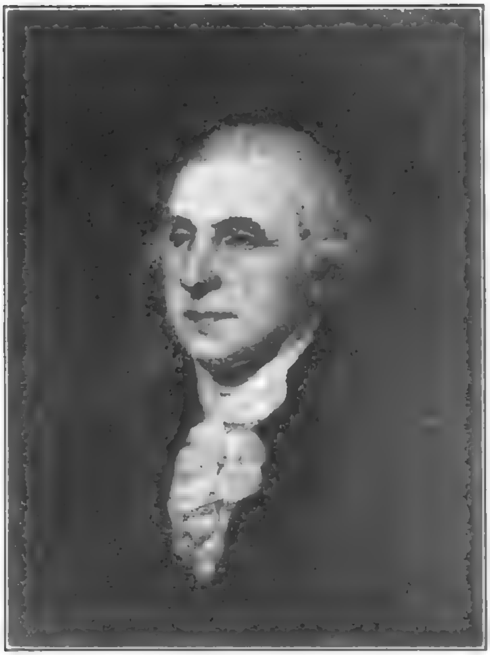
"Glory to thee, O Satan! Glory and blessing and honor and power in the highest for ever and ever! We praise thee! We bless thee! We adore thee! We glorify thee! We thank thee because of thy great glory! Lord God! King of hell! God omnipotent! Receive our supplication!"

The gong is struck a third time. The "sorceress" holds up a living, naked child, drugged to insensibility, and the "celebrant" proceeds:

"Te igitur Clementissime Domini, supplices rogamus et petimus et accepta habeas et benedicas hac dona, hac numera, hac sacrificia illitbata quæ tibi offerimus"—"Accept, most gracious Lord, accept, I conjure thee, the sacrifice of this child I now offer in return for the grace I am about to ask!"

The gong is struck for the last time. The child is brought and held over "the living altar," its throat is cut, and the blood is received into the chalice. The "celebrant" raises the cup aloft, repeating in horrible travesty of the Sacrament, "Hic est enim calix sanguinis mei!" (this is the cup of my blood!) Then, "Ormus" (let us pray); at this the "postulant" must respond, "I pray!" And the "celebrant" prays: "Satan, Lord of life and death! Prince of the air! Acceptor of blood! Hear the prayer of this thy servant!" (Here follows the full name of the "postulant," and the particular wish or petition to obtain which this terrible and blasphemous mass is celebrated. In the case of Madame de Montespan the petition was "that the King should loathe all other women, and cling to her alone; and that her son, the Duc de Maine, should succeed to the throne.") To this prayer the "postulant" responds "Amen!" The "celebrant" then advancing, draws with the blood of the sacrifice a pentacle on the breast of the "postulant." The half empty cup is then held over the altar. A paten is brought from a side table, the remaining fragments of the Host in it are emptied into the chalice and spat on. Then the cup is emptied over the "postulant" and the candles are blown out. In the darkness the Infernal Mass concludes with the usual words: "Ite missa est." Such was the ceremonial of the "Black Mass," the chief ceremony of that fantastic and blasphemous Satan worship which was so curious a propensity of the Latin races in the Middle Ages —and later.

In its present reported recrudescence among some of the fashionable degenerates of Paris and New York, though without—as I have said—the human sacrifice which formed its chief horror, it still affords a singular example of the most strange of those eccentric aberrations to which the brilliant, but to Saxons incomprehensible, Gallic intellect is prone.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LAST PORTRAIT.
From a painting by Charles Wilson Peale, dated 1796.

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LAST PORTRAIT

By Rebecca Middleton Samson

IT is not a very large or imposing portrait by actual measurement. A small canvas eighteen by twenty inches, including the tarnished gilt frame. But it is priceless as a work of art—vibrating with tender feeling and color—a human picture, each brush stroke laid on lovingly as though the artist knew that he was leaving to posterity his last record of the great patriot who was not only his hero, but his friend.

I recall when I first began to distinguish one letter from another, how my grandfather, Captain Billy Middleton, California's pioneer bridge builder, would take the picture to the light and, holding my tiny forefinger in his big grasp, would trace out the almost obliterated lettering in the dark shadows of the left hand corner, "C. W. Peale," followed by the date, "1796."

Washington must have been in his sixty-fourth year when he sat for this portrait. There is something almost appealing in the venerable charm of the strong face with its crown of scanty gray locks brushed back from the dome-like forehead. The eyes, calm and benignnant, look out from beneath the somewhat heavy lids with a certain pride and keenness. There is the large, powerful nose of the man of action, the sweet, inflexible mouth and chin and above the cambric ruffled shirt is seen the wrinkled, loose folds of an old man's neck.

It is a portrait unknown to Washington collectors. Presented to Lieutenant William Middleton, a planter of Pool's

THE HAUNTED STAIRWAY IN SARAH MIDDLETON'S HOME ON POOL'S ISLAND.

Island in the Chesapeake, a few years after his marriage to the beautiful Sarah Huger of Baltimore, it was passed from father to son, from mother to daughter, a cherished heirloom too precious to be flaunted before the public.

As long as I can remember it hung upon the walls of the old homestead where I was born, in the Golden City of the West. We children were taught to consider as sacred that certain corner of the parlor where hung the Washington portrait. It was surmounted by a large oil painting of Lieutenant Middleton, and offset by groups of ancestral miniatures, faded and elegant, stamped with the exquisite delicacy of James Peale, the brother of Charles Wilson Peale—a miniature artist of great repute in the old Colonial days.

The Peales were close friends of Lieutenant-Captain Middleton and his lovely wife Sarah, and often spent weeks with them at their home upon Pool's Island. The old Middleton mansion which Washington frequented as a young lieutenant stood close upon the water's endge at Annapolis, and from thence the Middletons and their friends would set sail in their own boats for a summer stay at the island, a water trip of some twenty-seven miles down the Chesapeake.

It was when the yellow fever was ravaging the vicinity of Annapolis that the Peales fled for safety to the island home of Sarah Middleton. It was at this time, when terror of the disease brought the members of the family to the quaint old country house, that the charming miniature, as well as the Washington portrait, were painted. It is a family tradition that Washington himself set sail for the island with Samuel Horatio Middleton, who built the mansion at Annapolis and was the founder of the Maryland branch of the family—and spent a few days on the island hunting and fishing, and sitting incidentally for the portrait. Among our heirlooms is a beautiful linen quilt, wreathed and garlanded in an intricate design of embossed creton, under which he is said to have slept in the great four-poster.

Sarah Huger Middleton presented this quilt two decades later to her son, Walden Gilbert, on the day of his nuptials to Mary Murphy, of Baltimore, the sweet and gentle young wife whose brief married life was destined to be one of sorrow. She was a lovely, frail child of about two years in 1796, and happened to be a visitor at the island when the great patriot was also its guest. He took a fancy to the little golden-haired girl and, it is said, he insisted upon holding her upon his knee while sitting for his portrait. Even at that time Walden Gilbert, Sarah Middleton's oldest son, then a lad of seven, declared he loved the sweet child who, later on, was to become his ill-fated bride.

The friendship of Washington for the Middleton family dated almost from their arrival in the country. Samuel Horatio and his brother Gilbert, two young lads, came over from England to Virginia with their father, Robert, some time in the

THE OLD MIDDLETON HOME IN ANNAPOLIS.

neighborhood of 1720. The family was of old Westerham, Kent Co., stock, originally from Belsay Casel, Scotland, whose members bore the simple title of "gentleman" as far back as 1510. In 1610 they were knighted by James, but scorned the trappings of court life, holding for their crest a nude savage bearing the proud device, *"Sevire Deo, regnure est."* He who serves God is a king.

Robert Middleton died before his sons reached manhood, and just as the eldest, Gilbert, became of age, he was recalled to England by the death of his widowed mother, Elizabeth Gilbert Middleton, who in a quaint last will and testament, after disposing of innumerable taffeta petticoats, silk nightrobes and mot caps, pathetically requests to be buried decently by the side of her beloved brother Walden, in the church of Great St. Hellen's parish, London.

An old portrait of Elizabeth Walden Middleton in the possession of the family represents her as a matronly, intellectual looking woman, in a rich redingote of yellow brocade with lace ruffles and cap. The companion portrait, that of Robert, met with a curious fate. A certain "Aunt Bettie," into whose possession it came, becoming old and feebleminded, deliberately took a pair of scissors and decapitated the head from the body. She then took it to a dealer to be framed. She died without being able to remember where she had left the head, and all inquiries failed to reveal a trace of it.

After his mother's death, Samuel Horatio, who then became the head of the family, set about building a fine mansion in Annapolis, his brother sending the materials from England. It was built close to the water's edge, and his fur trading vessels set sail from the docks at the end of his garden to the various ports of England.

He raised a large family; Gilbert and William, the two oldest, became close companions of young George Washington, then a frequent visitor at Annapolis. Gilbert became the betrothed of Maria Runsberg, described as a "mysterious young girl, slender and cross-eyed," whose father, upon his deathbed, is said to have revealed that he was a son of the then reigning family of Scotland, and through the death of an older brother, heir to the throne. He confessed that, being condemned as a younger son for the priesthood, he had escaped under an assumed name to America. The young girl under oath promised never to return to England or reveal her high lineage.

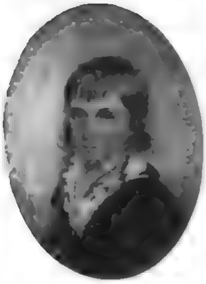
Orphaned by the death of her father, George Washington gave Maria Runsbery away in marriage to his friend, Gilbert Middleton, and the latter's father, Samuel Horatio, presented the bride and groom with a home on the banks of the Severn. In this home, the young and then famous general was a frequent and honored visitor.

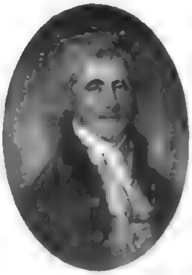
Samuel Horatio was as generous with his son William, and upon his union a few years later to Sarah Huger made him a gift of the charming little plantation of about five hundred acres at the mouth of the Sassafras and Gunpowder rivers, known as Pool's Island. It was immediately opposite Kent's Island, the vast estate of his own wife's father, Captain Kent, of Virginia.

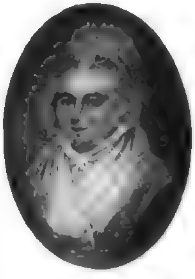
William, who with his brother Gilbert was one of the first grand jurors of Annapolis, was a man of energy and action. He fought in the war as cornet, and then retired with honor to his small plantation, where he conceived the idea of raising black cats of a peculiarly long and silky hair, as articles of commerce for the fur trade. The project proved a failure and he ended by devoting his acres to the production of wheat, tobacco and a certain crop of apples, famous as "Pool's Island Best."

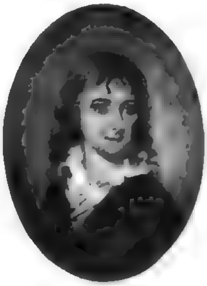
A few descendants of the original black cats still prowl around in savage condition in the thick woods that skirt the estate, and even now the place is occasionally known as "Cat's Island," an unromantic name for so beautiful and peaceful a spot.

Sarah Middleton, during the lonely years of her husband's absence at the front, took pride in beautifying her home and increasing the products of the plantation with the help of her slaves. The house, which was standing until within a few years, was a low, rambling, two-story structure with a hip roof, a nar-


WALTER GILBERT AS A CHILD.


SAMUEL HORATIO MIDDLETON.


ELIZABETH KENT MIDDLETON.


ARTHUR EDWARD, "THE MIDDY."

From miniatures by James Peale.

dow, winding staircase leading from the living room, and wide, pillared verandas. She built a grape arbor from the front entrance to the water's edge, laid out a rose garden, and planted an avenue of damsons a mile and a quarter in length.

It is said that she passed the long winter evenings when the Chesapeake was frozen fast around her island home in instructing the slaves, and in stitching at the beautiful and wonderful quilts she loved to design in a multiplicity of gorgeously tinted birds, flowers and interwoven garlands. Her two children, Arthur Edward, "the middy," as we were taught to call him, and Walden Gilbert, slept in a little upper room, and during those weary vigils, when beset with anxiety over the fate of her husband, the slaves would hear her tripping up and down the narrow stairs in her high-heeled slippers to see that all was well with her young sons. Until the house was torn down it is said that in the wee small hours of the night Sarah Middlton's high heels could still be heard tapping the hollow steps of the winding stairway, her restless spirit keeping guard over the old spot.

Her husband was again active in the war of 1812, the island being used as a storing place for provisions and ammunition, Captain Middleton carrying them to Baltimore and Maryland in his own sailing vessels.

One morning seven rebels were found swinging to the limb of an old tree in a spot of the island known as "Alone Point," and these seven men are still supposed to haunt the nearby woods, where a colony of crows keep up a ceaseless and lugubrious chorus of "caw, caw, caw."

Captain Middleton died shortly after the war of 1812, the old records showing that a special bill was passed by the Assembly of Maryland granting his widow a pension equal to the half pay of a captain for "further services in the war." A few months after her husband's death, Arthur Edward, the "middy," was carried away by a malignant fever, with every promise of a brilliant career before him.

Widowed and bereft, her friends scattered by the war, the life of Sarah Middleton became indeed a sad routine, as she struggled to keep up the plantation, educate her son and care for the spiritual and physical welfare of her slaves. She took to pacing up and down the damson avenue, and was often seen to weep and kneel in prayer. There was every evidence of a deep and terrible spiritual struggle. One evening she called her son to her—he was then a lad of eighteen—and solemnly announced that she had heard the voice of the Holy Ghost commanding her to release her slaves. It was her determination, she said, to barter no longer in human beings, but to pay every slave who worked on the plantation the wages of a farm hand.

Such a decision meant certain financial disaster. Her son and family protested in vain. The slaves received their freedom. The place, in spite of all efforts, went from bad to worse, and just when Walden Gilbert reached the age of twenty-one, the island was placed on the market for sale. The young planter made a brave fight to retain possession of it. He entered into a curious agreement (the old document is in our possession, a touch of pathos in evidence, in spite of its cut and dry legal terms), by which he agreed to divide the farm products, and was thereby given the privilege to repurchase within a certain time.

He returned to his old home buoyed with hope, taking with him a young bride, Mary Murphy, the little golden haired girl, now grown into womanhood, and his still energetic mother. Together they made a final struggle to work the place, paying their ex-slaves for their labor. Both mother and son were deeply religious, and were in the habit of inscribing texts from the Bible on even the implements used on the farm. An old wagon on which was written, "God giveth the increase," is still remembered as a quaint relic of this custom.

The fight was all in vain. Within a few years Walden Gilbert died; they said it was of a fever contracted in the lower meadows. It was, in truth, of a broken heart. With his last breath, when bidding his little family farewell, he asked to be buried on the island which he had so loved.

It seemed impossible to carry out this sacred trust. The now aged mother, the young, grief-stricken widow with her two infant children, a boy, William Henry, afterward my grandfather, and a girl, Sarah, prepared to leave their home, and carry away with them the body of the son, husband and father. The place was to pass into other hands.

The evening before their departure, as the coffin lay ready for shipment on the wharf, a terrific storm arose. The next morning it was found that the casket had been carried by the force of a tidal wave to the top of a little hillock in the woods. It was as though the dead man had protested even after death against this violation of his last wishes. He was buried and left in peace, where the waves had carried him. A crumbling stone marks the spot, the name and date still visible.

The little family with their household goods, among which was the precious Washington portrait, made the sad journey down the Chesapeake to Baltimore, where William Murphy, a wealthy iron merchant, had offered a home and support to his widowed sister, her young and helpless children and their grandmother. The latter had been completely ostracised by all members of her own and her husband's connections, since what they had termed her "act of sacrilegious folly" in freeing her slaves and impoverishing herself and her grandchildren. An offer was made to adopt the boy and girl, but it was proudly refused.

WALDEN GILBERT MIDDLETON,
Planter, of Pool's Island.

So the little family went to the house of the iron merchant, who made no secret of his contempt for his aristocratic connections, the Middletons, and who determined that the two children should be brought up "with democratic, God-fearing principles."

The young mother passed away within a year of her husband's death. She had contracted a cold on that sad journey down the Chesapeake. It developed into consumption.

The iron merchant then declared he would make an architect of the boy, and that he should start at the beginning of his trade. Every morning the lad was made to pass the neighborhood of his father's family with his kit of carpenter's tools. The old grandmother, it is related, secretly ordered one of her ex-slaves to

"OILONE POINT," ON POOL'S ISLAND, WHERE THE BODIES OF SEVEN REBELS WERE HANGED DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

follow the boy and relieve him of his honest burden.

Grandmother Middleton was, I fear, an aristocrat at heart. She suffered silently yet acutely in the home and environment of the iron merchant. She lived in the memories of the past, and surrounded by her portraits and other relics of the old and happier days, she secretly instructed her two grandchildren in the sacred family traditions.

When she died at an advanced age she confided the Washington portrait to her grandson, William Henry, and the old Washington quilt to her granddaughter and namesake, Sarah Elizabeth, the latter afterward Mrs. John McClean, one of the most beautiful women of her day in Baltimore.

The Washington portrait in this way passed into the hands of my grandfather, William Henry Middleton, who eventually married Anne Elinor, the daughter of William Jones, of Virginia, a member of the same family who gave its name to the famous John Paul.

The young architect, who was one of the most reckless and popular beaux of Baltimore in spite of his strict training, built a home for his bride in which all the metal finishings, including locks and bolts, were of solid silver. The house is still pointed out to visitors as a relic of old-time gallantry. Two infant daughters, Rebecca and Fanny, were born of this union and then the young mother died.

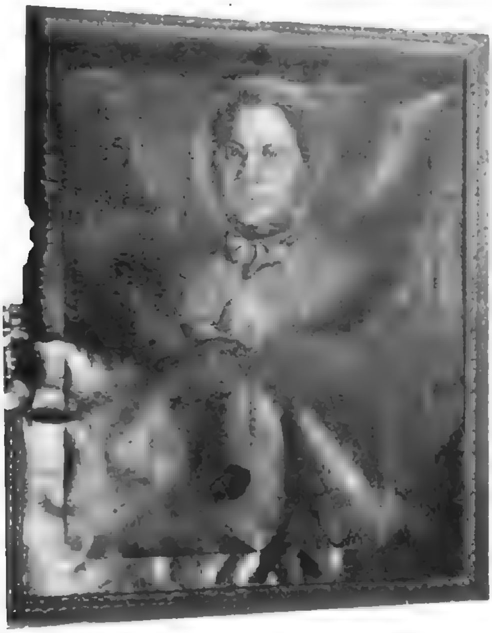
In the course of a few years my grandfather decided to seek health and fortune in the gold fields of California. Leaving his two children with his sister, he started on his long and perilous journey "around the Horn."

The Washington portrait for the next five years rested in peace in the quiet home of Sarah Middleton McClean. It was she who spoke to the little girls of Pool's Island, and old "Grandmother Sarah" who freed the slaves, and who until the end of her life cared for and watched over these helpless black children, to whom she had restored a doubtful blessing. On occasions the two young girls were permitted to turn over the leaves of the old Bible, the constant companion of grandmother Sarah, and noted with awe certain underlined texts and tear-stained pages, that revealed the agony of spirit and wrestling of this God-fearing and dauntless woman.

About 1860 or thereabouts, the father sent for his daughters to join him in

California. The eldest was a beautiful and talented girl of fifteen; the younger a roguish little hoyden of twelve. It was a long and fearful journey for two young and timid girls, and at that time it created a stir as an event of some importance. One evening prior to their departure, as they were seated in the family room with open windows looking upon the street, an arm and hand were seen to steal in and hastily grab a small painting from the wall. It was a companion piece to the Washington portrait, almost identical in size and frame, a picture, however, of the young midshipman, Arthur Edward, on horseback. It was without doubt a shameless attempt from some interested person who has remained forever unknown to gain possession of the Washington picture, and rescue it from the uncertainties of an ocean voyage to a strange country in the hands of two young girls. A happy accident alone saved the daring scheme from a termination that would have robbed the rightful owners of their precious legacy.

To Rebecca, the elder sister, the aunt confided the valuable heirloom, charging her to place it in her father's hands. Alas! the young girl was stricken with yellow fever when passing the pest-laden shores of Panama. She was buried at sea. A few weeks later my mother, a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girl, with the Washington portrait in her arms, came ashore alone to meet her father and to place into his keeping the sacred charge that had been laid upon her by her dying sister, Rebecca Middleton. Through this child, who afterward became my mother, I heard this story and received the legacy of the Washington Portrait.



ELIZABETH GILBERT MIDDLETON,
Mother of Samuel Horatio Middleton. From an old painting.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AND "MOOXSEE."

ACTRESSES WHO ARE DOG-LOVERS

By Gertrude Spellan Vivian

"Who loves me—loves my dog."

THERE are, among our more prominent actresses, many who have pets which they carry about with them despite the inconvenience of traveling with an animal when going from town to town. Of dog lovers there are many among the women of the stage and the animals they own are in nearly all instances valuable.

In this connection one naturally thinks first of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dog, "Pinky Panky Poo." However, this little morsel of canine importance has been given so much space in the newspapers that his little head is in danger of becoming enlarged. Therefore the less said about "Pinky" the better.

Minnie Madden Fiske, whose reputation as a lover of all dumb animals is well established, is the proud possessor of a Russian poodle. "Fifi," who as yet has not attained notoriety in the newspapers, came from the famous Mackay kennels and has a pedigree as long as —well, it's very long, anyway. The dog is a great traveler and has accompanied his mistress on her tours for the past six seasons. In that time "Fifi" has covered about fifty thousand miles and has seen most of the country between Maine and California. She has also had a voyage across the Atlantic and a summer in Europe. This dog, in addition, enjoys the distinction, shared by few others of her kind, of having been a guest at the most exclusive hotels in the United States.

Brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, "Fifi" knows very well that she

MISS EFFIE SHANNON AND HER ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS "ROMEO" AND "JULIET."

must sit quietly in Mrs. Fiske's dressing room during the performance and never bark until the play is over.

"Mooxsee," a tiny Japanese spaniel, whose weight, two and a half pounds, is as nothing compared to his importance, may be said to rule the household of Lillian Russell. "Mooxsee" means "the boss" and the dog does not carry that name for nothing, as anyone who has had the pleasure of visiting Miss Russell will tell you.

"Mooxsee" accompanies his mistress to the races and seems thoroughly to enjoy seeing the horses run. Miss Russell says that "the boss" picked a winner for her the other day.

"I had lost quite a little," said Miss Russell, "and turning to 'Mooxsee,' said, jokingly, of course: 'Pick me a winner, little man,' and 'Mooxsee' straightway put his small paw on one of the names on the programme. I followed his 'tip' thus given, and lo and behold! the horse, a twenty-to-one shot, won."

Small wonder that his highness, "the

MISS GRACE GEORGE AND HER BULLDOG "DANDY."

MRS. FISKE, WHO OWNS THE RUSSIAN POODLE "FIFI."

boss," is so much thought of in the Russell household.

A humorist rather prominent just now once remarked of two young ladies that one was a beauty and that she always appeared with a girl friend whose looks might be charitably described as "plain," in order that she might come in for the admiration generated by her association with her homely friend. In the case of Miss Florence Rockwell, the leading lady of Henry Savage's "Common Sense Brackett" company, the conditions are somewhat reversed when she is seen with her Boston terrier "Ingomar." Miss Rockwell has long been the enviable possessor of a niche in the hall reserved for professional beauties, while her position as an actress is indisputable. As to "Ingomar," the terrier, whatever admiration

MRS. FISKE'S RUSSIAN POODLE "FIFI."

he accrues comes as a sort of excess from being seen in company with his charming mistress, for the dog, seen by any but a dog fancier who can appreciate his fine points, would be classed as "rather a homely brute."

"Ingomar" is the constant companion of Miss Rockwell and keeps an unending vigil at the actress' dressing room door during a performance.

Anna Held's dog "Blackie," a French poodle of the bluest blood and the blackest hue, is another traveled canine. Born in France, he has not only traversed miles of that sunshiny land, but has crossed the ocean ten times. Miss Held says he is an excellent sailor.

"Evair so muche bettair than I. Sometimes I do indeed wish I was the dog. He has what you call—good—eh—sea-limbs, aye?"

Every morning "Blackie" awakens Miss Held by bringing her the newspaper and her slippers. He really seems to understand his mistress thoroughly, and when she orders him to find "Florrie" (in private life Miss Held is Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld), the dog trots off and nothing more is heard or seen of him until distant excited barks denote that his quest has been successful.

During a performance he is goodness personified. He does not bark or leave Miss Held's dressing room while his mistress is on the stage. He seems to know instinctively, however, when the final curtain falls and celebrates by picking up the first cloth he finds and swishing it through the air.

Perhaps the two most beautiful dogs belonging to actresses are "Romeo" and "Juliet," Miss Effie Shannon's two Italian greyhounds. "Romeo" is an especially handsome creature, and, in addition to his beauty, he is holder of some speeding records.

Miss Shannon looks exceedingly well when out with her dogs, for greyhounds "become" her, if one may use such an expression. She bought the animals a year ago in London and shortly after returning to this country she entered them

MISS ANNA HELD'S TRAINED FRENCH POODLE "BLACKIE."

MISS ANNA HELD, WHO OWNS "BLACKIE."

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL, WHO OWNS "INGOMAR."

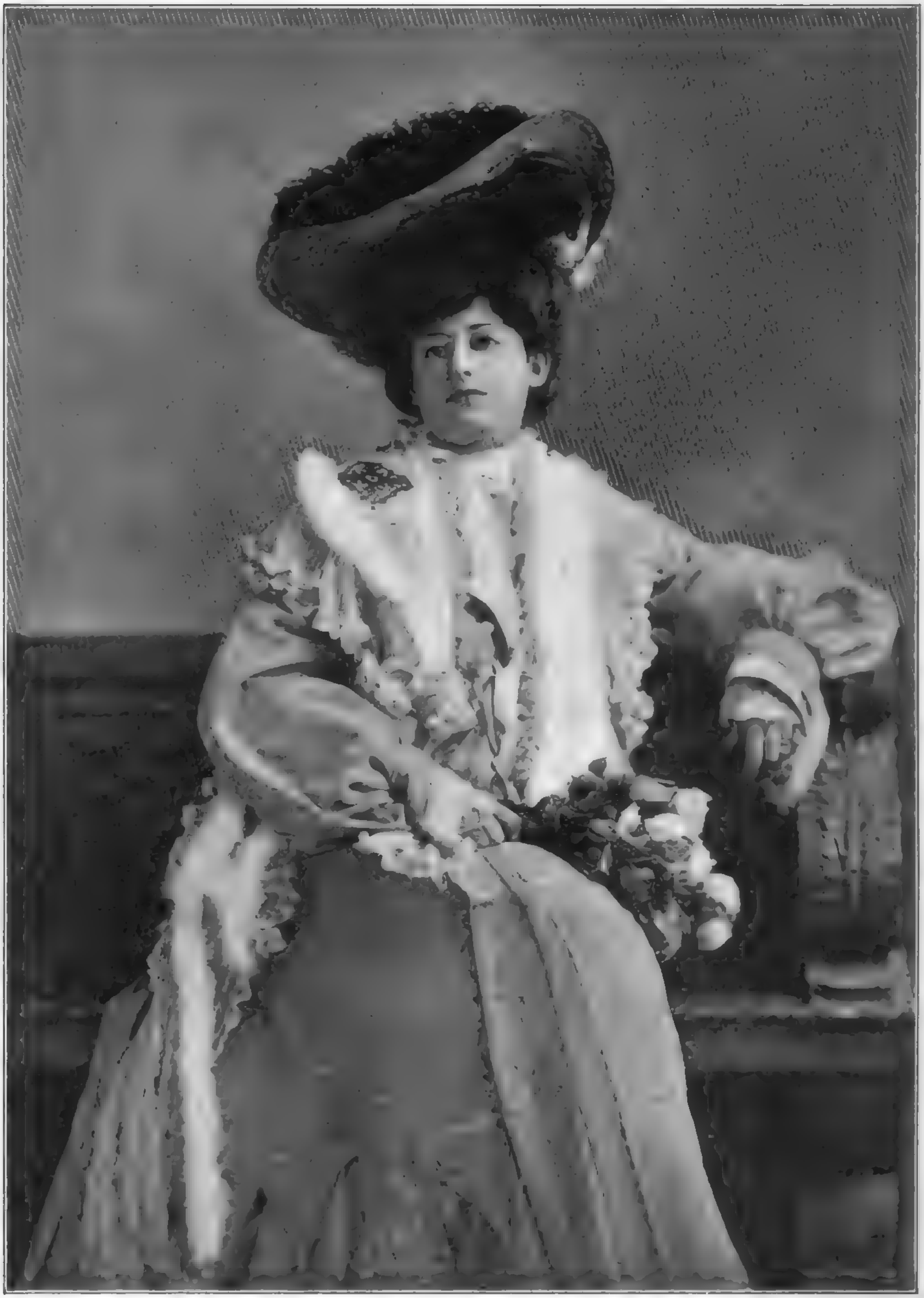
MISS ROCKWELL'S BOSTON TERRIER, "INGOMAR."

in the dog show at Madison Square Garden, and to her intense satisfaction both animals captured ribbons.

On leaving New York with the "Taps" company, recently, Miss Shannon was at a loss whether to take the dogs with her or to leave them. Her fondness for the animals said take them, while it seemed more sensible to leave them and not subject them to the hardships of the "road." At last Miss Shannon decided that she would try the experiment of carrying them with her, and if touring does not prove detrimental to their condition, they will accompany her all over the United States.

The picture of Miss Grace George and her bulldog "Dandy," that accompanies this article, is a much treasured one in Miss George's household, for it was taken just a few weeks before the sad accident occurred that deprived Miss George of the only canine pet she ever had or will have. The actress took the dog out for a stroll in Central Park one day not many months ago, and catching sight of a squirrel attempted to run after it, breaking away from his mistress. He dashed across the road just as a huge automobile came by. The heavy wheels passed over the animal, and when Miss George reached him there was just enough life left in him to lick his mistress' hand. After that Miss George declared that she never again wanted to own a pet to which she might become deeply attached.

There are many other actresses who own valuable dogs, among them being Eleanor Robson, whose "Jiggity Jack" is now in London with her, and Maxine Elliott, who never carries her dogs around with her, but who owns a number of very fine animals that are kept on Nat Goodwin's estate in England.



AN IMPORTED CALLING GOWN AND WRAP OF THE NEW FRAMBOISE SHADE WITH THE LATEST FANTASIE IN FUR TRIMMINGS. THIS GOWN COST A FORTUNE AND CANNOT BE DUPLICATED.

MODISTES OF MILLIONAIRES

By Mario A. Birge

THE greatest resort in New York City for society women is West Thirty-fifth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. This is owing to the fact that in this locality there reside no less than thirty fashionable dressmakers. To the uninitiated there would seem to be merely a great number of afternoon and morning calls going on, as the "swell turnouts" are seen standing about, but those who know are simply surprised at the length of time a woman can spend with her dressmaker.

A few of these modistes are furnished with signs, but the majority, who pride themselves on the exclusiveness of their trade, disdain this method of attracting attention, and there is nothing to distinguish their establishments from private residences. These are the dressmakers who cater to the wealth and fashion of New York City, the "Four Hundred," so-called, and the out-of-town millionaires. The Astor family alone employ three or four, for it is quite the correct thing for a society woman to distribute her patronage, so as not to be known by the cut of her gowns, and also to be able to avail herself of different styles and novelties.

A Western heiress, for instance, who can boast that she patronizes the same establishment as an Astor or a Vanderbilt is more than satisfied to pay a small fortune for a simple gown. She imagines it is the first step within the sacred precincts of Smartdom.

In order to obtain entrance into one of these establishments a letter of introduction, if perhaps not absolutely necessary, is a surer guarantee that you will receive something more than frigid attention and a well-bred stare as you make your wants known. You must have evidence to show that you expect to patronize, and that to an unlimited extent, else you are not wanted. "Transients" are not desired. Neither is a customer supposed to "haggle" or even ask the price of the garment she is there to select. The dressmaker is supposed to have *carte blanche.* If she has not she loses interest. For a true artist in the line cannot be expected to tie herself down to a mere matter of dollars and cents. Find fault afterward, if you like, when it is too late, but never before. You will lose by it, and your dress will suffer. It is said that the wife of one of New York's pet millionaires invariably chops off five or six dollars on every bill rendered her, and the dressmaker, knowing it, invariably adds five or six dollars in order to favor her pet economy.

In many of these dressmaking establishments there is nothing to indicate that dressmaking is carried on. There is merely a reception-room, where customers are received and their wishes made known. The work is done in a different part of the house, to which the customer is conducted when the time for trying on arrives. Many of the best establishments, however, use a part of the reception-room for a salesroom, where samples of beautiful dress-patterns are shown to the would-be customer. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that these dressmakers receive from abroad, Paris or Berlin or elsewhere, particular dress patterns for which they pay the most fabulous prices. These patterns cannot be bought in any store nor can they be duplicated by other dressmakers. Each dressmaker receives separate and distinct patterns, and there is an agreement entered into by the manufacturers that there shall be no similar designs manufactured for sale in the open market until two years after the sale to the original purchaser. The goods having been ordered from France or Germany, as the case may be, are shipped and duties paid by the consignor, who makes charge for the same in his bill. In one Easter season, a few years ago, great havoc was created among the dress-

AN EMOTIONAL CREATION OF EMBROIDERED MULLE VALUED AT $300.

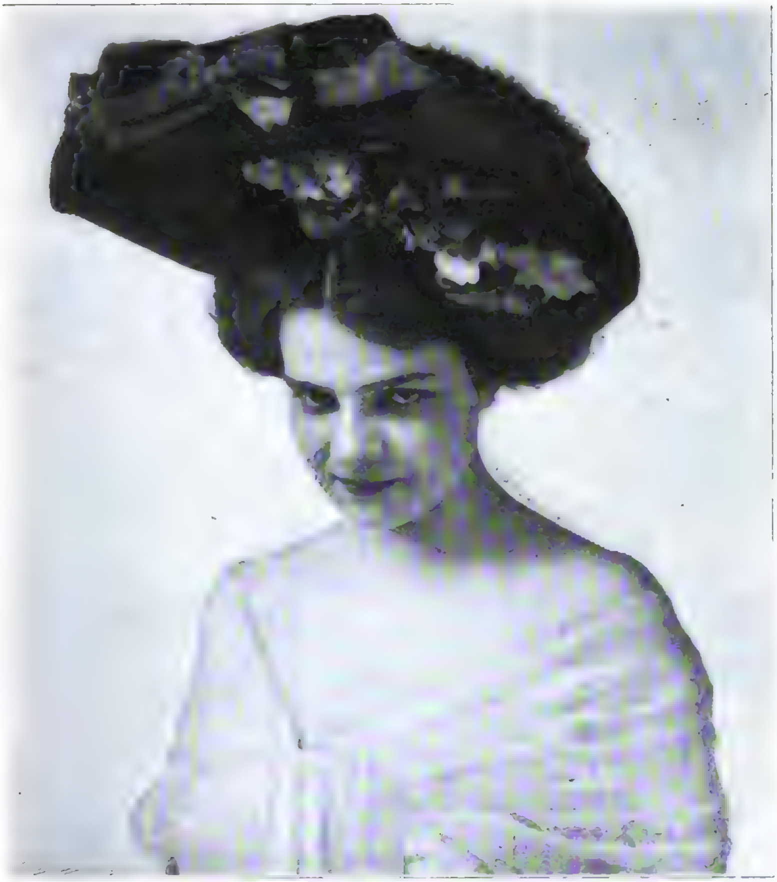
makers by the fact that the goods which were sent them by their foreign houses to be made up for the spring trade were held up by the customs officers. The dressmakers were not in fault, but unfortunately suffered the penalty. The agents of the houses from whom the goods had been purchased had brought the goods in very largely undervalued, and in consequence, they were not released until late in May—too late to be of any use for the season.

Some of the dressmakers send representatives abroad every season to obtain these choice dress patterns, while others order them by samples, but in either case the result is highly satisfactory and the dresses cannot be duplicated in America.

The girls employed in these establishments are chosen with as much care as is exhibited in the selection of the dresses. They are mostly English girls, presumably because the English girls are better developed, have finer physiques than the American or French girls. Their figures must be faultless and their carriage and walk distinguished. It is a rare pleasure to see them in the salesroom. They are paid high prices and render services not only as models, but also as salesladies. So well trained are they that they can often sell a particular pattern to a customer when even the madam herself has failed. As models they are employed to try on wraps, cloaks and hats, if a millinery branch is connected with the dressmaking establishment, as is sometimes the case.

"Worth" is as much a household word to-day in America as he is in France, ow-

AN $800 GOWN OF BLACK SPANGLED CHIFFON OVER SILK UNDERSKIRT OF BURNT SULPHUR TINTS.



A MODEL PARISIAN HAT OF AMBER BEAVER AND FLAMING TOKAY ROSES. AN ELEGANT TRIFLE COSTING $50.

ing to the fact that he has been so justly celebrated both in song and story. For years his name was connected in my mind with Ouida's remarkable heroines, and I determined my first trip to Paris would be commemorated by a visit to his famous dressmaking establishment, although the time has passed when he can lord it over all competitors—a Czar of fashion, with a score or so of titled women and billionaires awaiting an audience in his antechamber, all acquiescing humbly to his dictatorial moods and trembling at his nod.

A number of others, lesser luminaries, it must be admitted, are making a close running. A Doucet or a Felix creation is more emotional perhaps, a Pingat more suggestive, a Pandnitz more striking. But Worth's gowns are unapproachable as types of the regal and magnificent. When he robes a young girl he is inspired. One never speaks of Worth in the past tense. His spirit still guides his atalier. It is needless to say that his genre appeals to queens, dowager duchesses and princesses royal. If one is more frivolously inclined—if one wants more delicate touches, more sheer fabrics, in a word, "dreams and emotions," one goes elsewhere.

A visit to Worth's is interesting, because he is in a way historic, and to see his establishment is one of the sights of Paris to the American visitor—particularly if that visitor is a woman. So, in order to satisfy a natural curiosity of the sex, and to leave nothing undone which should be done, with a companion who

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR CARRIAGE GOWN OF MAGENTA VELVET WITH REAL LACE AND ERMINE DECORATIONS.

was "acquainted," I strolled into his place.

We were received in the salon, a neutral-tinted apartment, with divans about the sides and chairs interspersed—nothing to indicate more than the ordinary salon of the artistic dressmaker in which class Paris abounds. At one end of the apartment was a long mirror to assist in the exhibition. As so many of Worth's customers are Americans, or travelers from other countries, who come to buy, and buy at once, they have to be shown dresses already made, and which are altered to fit and suit the customer. This is a different mode from that in vogue by our dressmakers, who make only to order, and never exhibit finished gowns.

He employs two models—a blonde and a brunette; both very attractive young women, neither of whom, by the way, speak English. The forewoman, however, is a good linguist and greets the visitor in her native tongue. There is no formality. Any one can go in and witness these exhibitions, and if you do not buy you are treated courteously and invited to come again.

Worth dresses both his models and his

forewoman, but they are not allowed to take the dresses home. He follows a peculiar style of his own in their dress, the gowns being chosen to harmonize with their hair in the daytime and their eyes at night. One of his favorite colors for his blonde is yellow, and when the young lady is dressed in this she looks very beautiful.

The day we visited the establishment, a party of wealthy American women were there, giving orders for some reception dresses and carriage gowns. The brunette came in first, covered in a confection of brown cloth, garnished with white satin and black lace—a peculiar combination, but distinctly "Frenchy." Then she appeared in red and black, the trimming consisting of cut embroidery. Next the blonde appeared robed in an emotional study in grey and rose, which suggested the sun breaking through the mists of a summer dawn. After the gowns had been admired, and the girls had walked about to show off the good points of same, the dresses were brought in and laid across the divans and the customers had an opportunity to examine them closely. The prices were $700, $550 and $1,000 respectively. There is nothing mean about Worth's prices.

We were then taken into a brilliantly lighted room, where the models appeared in successive evening toilettes complete, even to gloves, slippers and stockings. One of those evening dresses lingers in my memory. It was of white satin, trimmed with Russian sable. Another of white moire was trimmed with jet and crushed pink roses.

One cannot blame dressmakers for trying to smuggle into this country French dresses; there is no room for argument, we have yet a great deal to learn in the way of artistic dressmaking.. The imported gown is the real dictator of fashion in America, and only those who can afford the costly privilege of shopping in one of the palatial dressmaking establishments set apart for millionaires, can hope to enter that ultra exclusive set where fine plumage is proof conclusive that one is accepted as worthy to inhabit the fashionable Olympus.

A YOUNG GIRL'S IMPORTED FROCK OF WHITE CREPE EMBROIDERED IN SEA SHELLS.

MY DIVINITY

By Anita Lucet

She was a glorious creature—tall, fair and as superbly fashioned as a Juno.

Did I love her? I was not sure. I could count the times I had met her, but my desire to possess her beauty was so strong that I resolved to ask her to be mine that very day before taking train for the far West, where I had been unexpectedly called on a business that would keep me absent many months.

We sat alone—she and I—in a secluded corner of the porch of the great seaside hotel where we were both staying.

She was speaking softly in her musical contralto—I listened enraptured while awaiting the propitious moment when I might utter the words that I felt would make her loveliness mine for life.

"Katherine!" a hoarse voice suddenly called out, and as in answer my companion swiftly left my side, I turned to see her approached by another woman who was climbing the steps of the porch.

"What a contrast!" I mentally ejaculated as I surveyed this clumsy newcomer, whose walk was a man's stride, who spoke in a rasping baritone, whose proportions—clad in an outing costume that displayed ungainly feet and ankles—were ponderous, and whose coarse and apoplectic mien was repellantly accentuated by a mop of tawny hair that stood out in a spikey halo beneath the brim of a sailor hat set rakishly askew.

"Who is she?" I asked of my friend, the pretty widow, who just then passed on the arm of her latest conquest.

"That!" exclaimed the widow, following my inquiring gaze. "That is Mrs. Ellis—the mother of the young girl to whom she is talking."

"Not—not the mother of Katherine!" I stammered, aghast.

"The same," laughed the pretty widow. "She has just returned from a three days' tramping with her sons. Isn't she a fright? And they say that at the same age she was far handsomer than her daughter."

That night I took the train for the West—but without proposing to my divinity.

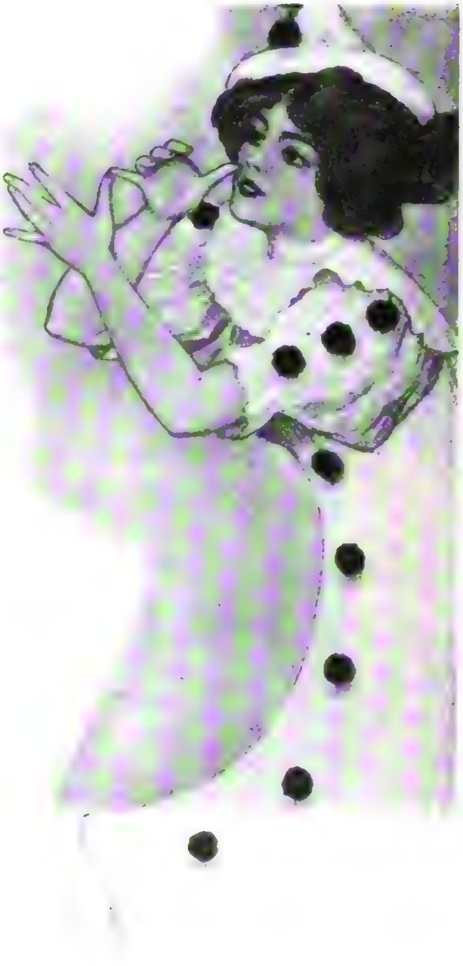
PIERRETTE

By Florence Waterton

When first we met in the coulisses,
My Pierrette,
How demure the smile that lured me,
My Pierrette.
But now you chide, deride me more
Than ever maiden dared before,
And laugh because my heart is sore.
I know you, my Pierrette.

What though you're fair as Hebe,
My Pierrette?
And stole my heart from Phoebe,
My Pierrette?
I'll teach you that a man can be
Quite cold to one who thinks that he
Was only born her slave to be.
I hate you, my Pierrette.

No, never take that awful pose,
My Pierrette,
With slim, contemptuous thumb at nose,
My Pierrette.
How useless 'tis my soul to fret.
I'm at your feet without regret.
Tease, torment and flout me—yet
I love you, my Pierrette.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The star of Sardou's new play "The Sorceress."

THE SUPPER SCENE, IN ACT I OF "THE MUSIC MASTER."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

FOR the second time in a year the light opera stage has stolen a star from the big metropolitan lyrical firmament. Last season it was Fritzi Scheff, now it is Ernestine Schumann-Heink. It is pleasing to note that both of these erstwhile grand opera favorites have proved their fitness for the lighter music and general frivolity of operetta. Fritzi Scheff's success is an old story. Mme. Schumann-Heink has just shown to New York and the world in general that her bubbling German good-nature assimilates with comic opera humor, while her majestic contralto is used effectively and loses nothing of its dignity in interpreting an obviously ephemeral score.

When Stanislaus Stange conceived the idea of the book of "Love's Lottery," he seems to have known just what would be required to fit the star. She is not in her first youth, and personal beauty is not her strong point. Moreover, she speaks English with a German burr that will not be denied. All this Mr. Stange had to consider. To his credit be it recorded that he has produced a libretto which, while it keeps Mme. Schumann-Heink always in the centre of the picture, diffuses enough interest among the other characters to make the *ensemble* satisfying.

The plot of a comic opera matters little. In this instance it is coherent, well-sustained and not devoid of interest. Mme. Schumann-Heink jumps into the story as soon as it is fairly going, and then the motive is tossed from one character to

MR. DAVID WARFIELD AND MISS DUPREE IN ACT 2 OF "THE MUSIC MASTER."

the other, until the finale leaves it still intact and set off by a logical denouement.

The music, by Julian Edwards, is always that of a man who loves his art. It is of the quality to which the convenient term "musicianly" is generally applied, and it proves that tuneful melodies are not inconsistent with work which pleases—or, at least, disarms—musical cranks. With a company of principals including several worthy voices besides that of the star, and a chorus which is perhaps the best in New York to-day, full justice is done to the score. The numbers in which the star is heard are not any better than the others, but as they have the advantage of her wonderful contralto, naturally they stand out with added distinction.

One of the secrets of Mme Schumann-Heink's success is her popularity with her own sex. She seems always to be enjoying a private joke with the women over the footlights, and in every burst of applause you can hear the feminine note predominating.

Some seven years ago, when George W. Lederer's musical "reviews" at the Casino were bringing new stars into the field of public observation every week or two, he put on a Morton-Kerker comedy, called "In Gay New York." In one scene, when the show girls had deserted the stage, temporarily, a lean, shabby man, in the last stage of humility, stole into view. He wore a long coat, a flat derby hat coming well down over his ears, and slouchy shoes. As he plucked feebly at his straggling whiskers and

WILLIAM E. SCHRALL, AS "HUMPTY DUMPTY." THE FIRST TIME A CLOWN HAS BEEN FEATURED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

smiled with the dubiety of an individual who half expected to be kicked, you could have sworn he had just blown in from Hester Street. He was the typical Polish Hebrew. For about ten minutes he held the stage with a "bit" of character work that soon became the talk of the town.

The actor who thus offered a new idea so true to life that you could not mistake it, was David Warfield. Of course, a horde of imitators sprang up immediately. The coarse London Jew of the drama, of whom *Isaacs,* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," was the prototype, and whose make-up and manner had not varied materially for thirty years, disappeared. Vaudeville performers who had been taking Frank Bush as their model deserted him with a rush. Warfield had set a new pace for them, and they followed it pell-mell. He had taught them something they never would have found out themselves.

It did not take the critics long to recognize the art of Warfield. Then some of the managers discovered that he was somewhat different from the ordinary comedian. He was cast for other characters, and they saw that he was a student, who weighed intelligently the words put into his mouth, and who was broad enough to comprehend the purpose of any

A SCENE FROM ADE AND LUDERS' NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE SHO-GUN."

play in which he found himself. He did not, like so many actors, estimate it solely by his own share in it. In other words, he was an artist and not a mere puppet.

In due time David Belasco secured David Warfield. He tried him first in "The Auctioneer," in which he had a character not unlike that in which he made his original hit at the Casino. The success of Warfield in this play is a bit of theatrical and financial history. He could have continued in it profitably for several years to come, no doubt. But he and Belasco both wanted something else, and this season we have him in "The Music Master." The character is not like those with which he has been identified. It is more serious and complex, and hence makes greater demands on the player. But Warfield is equal to them, and anyone who sees him in this play is obliged to admit that he gives bright promise of reaching heights which can be attained only by genius.

In spite of the gravity of David Warfield's demeanor, he enjoys a joke, and his ready wit sparkles in his conversation at all times. I chanced to be near him in the foyer of the New Amsterdam Theatre one afternoon when someone invited him to go into a box to witness the performance. Warfield's characteristic response was:

"No, thank you. I shall have to go in a box for a very long time some day. No boxes for me while I am living. I'll sit in an orchestra chair."

William Faversham, in "Letty," with Miss Carlotta Nillson as the heroine, has made such a hit at the New Hudson Theatre that the period of her engagement has been materially extended. Ethel Barrymore will not appear there until November 15. Then she will be seen in the drama which created a sensation in London, "Sunday."

Seldom is there a production in New York in which subordinate characters so persistently force themselves to the front as is the case in "Mrs. Wiggs of the

A SCENE FROM "THE SHO-GUN."

ACT 2 OF "WEATHER BEATEN BENSON."

Susie Kelliher. Maida Athens. John Mack. Grace Field.

"BIRD CENTER."

Cabbage Patch." It is no reflection upon the consummate art of Mrs. Madge Carr Cook in the title rôle to say that she shares the honors with others of her company. This is due partly to the fact that the authors have presented so many distinct types that they insist on making themselves heard, and partly to the cleverness with which the actors do their work.

When you go to the Savoy Theatre you carry away with you a stronger recollection of Miss Helen Lowell as that awful *Mis' Hazy* than of any other character in the play. Although there are plenty of Mis' Hazys in real life, there are few actresses who could—or would—present the ghastly portrait of the whining, well-intentioned, but unlucky creature that we see in the person of Miss Lowell. She is simply indescribable. Her "make-up" is a marvel of art, to begin with. But it is her wretched expression, her deprecating tone, her suggestion of the depths of misery in every move and gesture, that make the presentation the most remarkable the New York stage has seen this season.

Then there is Mr. Hodge as *Stubbins,* the man who marries *Mis' Hazy* because he thinks she is a good cook, and is so wofully disappointed. I believe Mr. Hodge had no thought of being an actor until a few years ago. Then a theatrical man saw him in an amateur performance and told him his place was on the professional stage. This may not be the exact story of Mr. Hodge's becoming an actor, but it is something like it. In what are technically known as "rube" parts, there is no one before the public to-day any better, and few who are so good.

There are three or four other people in the cast who have made the hits of their lives. Among them are Miss Lillian Lee,

ADELAIDE HERMANN, WIDOW AND SUCCESSOR OF "HERMANN THE GREAT."

MISS BESSIE CLAYTON, WITH LEW FIELDS STOCK CO.

MISS LOUISE GALLOWAY, IN "THE HIRED GIRL."

MISS DEYO CAMPBELL.

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS, NOW APPEARING IN "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS.

as *Mrs. Eichorn,* the scowling neighbor, who hates everybody; Taylor Granville as the wooden-legged lad, *Chris,* and the two very clever children who make so much work for the imperturbable *Mrs. Wiggs.*

The merit of the play, as a play, is that it is perfectly natural, with the many amusing incidents presenting themselves logically and in unforced sequence. One of the best, because novel, is the "losing" of *Mr. Stubbins* in a freight car which runs upon the stage as part of a train and actually seems to be the real thing. Unless Liebler & Co. can patent this effect, we shall be sure to see it in half a dozen melodramas before next season. It is too good a thing to be neglected by the Bedouins who are always on the alert to steal the work of other people's brains.

MISS BLANCHE POWELL TODD, AS "DOROTHY GALE."

It is like the old circus days to see a battle on between big minstrel companies. James H. Decker, who has had more to do with managing black-face minstrelsy in the past fifteen years than any other man in the world, is the hero of several campaigns. He has taken sides in all the disturbances between minstrel stars which have amused the public since Primrose and West first began to quarrel. He conducted the affairs of Primrose and West until the break came. Then it was Primrose and Dockstader until the two disagreed. Decker took charge of Lew Dockstader, and that popular comedian became more of a favorite than ever. Before he began his present successful engagement at the Herald Square Theatre he and Decker had severed their connection, and now Decker is preparing to make the Primrose Minstrels the most wonderful in the land.

How it will end only time can tell. Dockstader is firmly intrenched as the funniest comedian on the minstrel stage, and he has the faculty of getting new jests before they have had their sparkle deadened by being handed about. On the other hand, Primrose's graceful dancing is renowned, while his talent in staging spectacular features is not excelled by anybody. Plus all this Mr. Primrose will have the advantage of James H.

MISS MAIDA ATHENS, WITH LEW FIELDS STOCK CO.

H. W. TREDENICK, AS TWILLER IN "LOVE'S LOTTERY."

Decker's hustling and expert knowledge of advertising, and that means something.

George Ade appears to have the stage of Wallack's Theatre for his very own. His "County Chairman" held it for about a year, and then the clamor for it out of town compelled Mr. Savage to send it on the road, with the original cast, Maclyn Arbuckle, Willis P. Sweatnam, E. R. Phillips, Frances Ring and all. But he was all ready to put on "The Sho-Gun." In fact, he had been waiting for an opportunity to put in this other George Ade offering, which had proved its merit in Chicago, Boston and elsewhere. So we have "The Sho-Gun," and it looks as if we might have it all the season.

J. C. Duff, whose name has been associated with light opera for a generation, is responsible for the presentation of "The Cingalee" at Daly's. He had to dispossess Edna May in the midst of her big run in "The School Girl," but it could not be helped. George Edwardes had arranged for the production of "The Cingalee" on Broadway, and although the time of "The School Girl" was extended to some degree, Edna May could not remain at Daly's always. So she has moved up five blocks to the Herald Square.

Aside from the performance itself of "The Cingalee," about which I will say more next month, a notable feature of the production is the change made in the arrangement of the orchestra. The double-basses are sunk below the level of the stage, so that they do not interfere with the line of sight, and the tympani and battery, instead of being at the extreme right, where they thunder into the faces of people in the stage box, are placed near the centre, almost facing the conductor. Another innovation is the banishing of the cornets. Trumpets are used in their stead.

The unfortunate musicians in theatres have been put through all kinds of odd experiences in the last decade or two. Sometimes they have been placed in a gallery over the stage, as was done at

MISS LOUISE GUNNING AND JOHN SLAVIN IN "LOVE'S LOTTERY."

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, AS "LOVE" IN "LOVE'S LOTTERY."

the Madison Square Theatre in Steele Mackaye's time, and afterward at the Casino by Rudolph Aronson. This was found unsatisfactory, especially when the orchestra was accompanying singers on the stage or playing for dancing. The next move was to place them so low in the pit in front of the footlights that, reversing the proper demeanor of the fabulous good little boy, they could be heard but not seen. In some theatres the orchestra, with the exception of the leader, is still kept below the surface. One pictures them down there, in their miserable trough, scraping and blowing away, apart from all the gaiety and life of the stage and trusting implicitly to the guidance of the gorgeous, white-gloved gentleman in the centre, who wiggles a stick nonchalantly or violently, according to what may happen to be his temperament.

What boots it whether the tenor is making melodious love to the prima donna, or the comedian is doing a breakdown with the soubrette? It is all merely so many measures to them, laid down by the beat of the conductor's baton, and, until he stops them with that impressive, sweeping gesture of his, they will play resignedly, and even cheerfully. Whether

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, STAR OF "THE ETERNAL FEMININE."

MISS NEVA AYMAR, WITH "MOTHER GOOSE."

OTIS SKINNER, IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "THE HARVESTER," AN ADAPTATION OF JEAN RICHEPIN'S "LE CHEMINEAU."

the result is entirely satisfactory to the audience is a question. Sometimes there are complaints that the music is muffled, and occasionally an old playgoer will declare that he is defrauded of an important element of the entertainment when he cannot watch the fiddlers. But his protests amount to little. Managers, in seeking to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number of their patrons, will change the arrangement of their orchestras as often as they think it necessary. No one can tell what will be the end of it all. One manager is quoted as saying that he is thinking of abolishing the orchestra altogether.

Henry E. Dixey for a few evenings gave a capital entertainment at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre. He presented "David Garrick," "Over the Welsh Rarebit" and other short plays which enabled him to show his rare artistic ability. Dixey's name is always sure to draw large audiences, and the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre is one of the places of amusement which every resident of and visitor to New York feels that he must attend at least once. Mr. Dixey has been "headlining" in vaudeville for a season, but is tired of traveling, so he has settled down in New York for the winter, and Gothamites are glad of it.

Another big favorite will leave vaudeville after this season. This is Adelaide Herrmann, widow of "Herrmann the Great," who is arranging to give a full evening's performance modeled on that of her late husband. She will make a feature of "children's matinees." She is playing at the new Yorkville Theatre at present.

While some important entertainers are leaving vaudeville, others are going into it from the "legitimate" stage. Among them may be mentioned Della Fox, whose musical comedy, "A West Point Cadet," was not as successful as might have been desired, and Mrs. James Brown Potter, who is expected to come over from England to delight "continuous" patrons in the United States. Vaudeville attracts "the best of them" nowadays, as any manager will tell you.

Clyde Fitch's latest comedy, "The Coronet of a Duchess," would not do, and Charles Frohman is understood to be looking for a good play for Clara Bloodgood.

Take it all in all, the theatrical season so far has been prosperous, notwithstanding the political campaign. There have been fewer failures and several more big successes than were recorded at this time last year. Merit tells on the stage as anywhere else, election or no election.

GEORGE ARLISS, ENGLISH ACTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT NOW PLAYING MARQUIS STEYNE IN "BECKY SHARP."

THE ACTOR AND THE OTHER MAN

By George Arliss

I HAVE not much faith in the stagecraft of the actor who lays undue stress upon the declaration that he "loses himself in his *rôle*"—that he becomes once or twice a day, for a period extending over months or years if the play is a success, so completely immersed in his impersonation that he is, in fact, what he appears to be, a creature of spontaneous action, swayed by constantly recurring tidal waves of emotion, over which I may add, he is more or less lacking in control.

Every actor possesses in some degree of development a certain composite or dual personality. He is what he elects to be before his audience; he is also that other man who stands on guard vigilant, stealthy and pitiless—a vivisectionist of his own self. A spirit invisible yet dominant, who weighs the effect of every stirring line, who knows the exact value of every fictitious tear, who counts heads in the auditorium and can calculate to a nicety the receipts in the boxoffice. The greater the mastery this other man has over the actor the more certain, the more convincing the latter's appeal to the audience.

It must be remembered that every play is most carefully prepared by exacting and long rehearsals. Every word, every gesture, every intonation is scrupulously gone over, not once or twice, but hundreds of times. The day has long since passed, even in Italy, when the actor trusts to the inspiration of the moment for his lines and action. If I am not mistaken, it was an ancestor of Eleanora Duse who created an innovation by bringing the written *rôle* into the Italian school of acting.

Of one thing, however, the audience of to-day may rest assured. A performance represents on the opening night a corps of individuals trained to a finish, and at the side of every man and woman on the stage, from the star to the most insignificant super, stands that other self, who never loses consciousness for an instant of the curtain that is to fall, and of the listeners who are to applaud.

There are moments of exaltation—many of them. We are moved often and often, but I maintain that the good actor is never overpowered. Emotional hysteria is a weakness that reacts upon the front. Tears are not a proof of art. True art does not consist in weeping, but in making others weep. An actor, who in the stress of a *rôle* feels a moistening of the eye, who is himself touched, and knows it, has reached the acme of emotional possibility. Our tears should come from within. An actress whose make-up is washed off in streaks by an excess of emotion, who sniffles audibly and whose nose is red or whose voice is rasping and indistinct is neither lovely nor convincing. More often than not a subdued and politely restrained ripple of merriment is covered by a burst of insincere applause.

Why should an artist who knows his business at his fingers ends, who mentally and physically has been in long training for a certain *rôle,* why should he, I ask, appear before the curtain bowing his thanks, a complete physical wreck? This is one of the mysteries of the profession. If this state of exhaustion be a fact, then it is a sad confession of unfitness for the profession.

There is all the difference in the world between a rehearsal and a performance. At the latter, the cork is out, the wine fizzles and sparkles. Both audience and actor drink of it. On a first night especially it goes to one's head a bit. It is intoxicating.

I have never yet overcome my nervousness of a first night. If I had not nerves of steel, and if "that other man" did not hold me well in check, I should go through my part with trembling hands and shaking limbs. There is rarely a first night that I do not feel convinced that the game isn't worth while. "I am going to get out of it as soon as I can," is my secret determination before the rise of the curtain. As a matter of fact, I became an actor because I could not help myself, and even "first nights" will not deter me from remaining one, until the final curtain rings down.

It came about in a curious way. My parents had provided a little celebration for my eleventh birthday. Two young boy friends, the sons of Nellie Farren, the famous English actor, had arranged with one of my boy cousins to surprise me with a little play or charade. At the last moment one of the boys was taken sick, and the other two young artists presented the case to me with despair on their countenances. "I'll take the part and make it up as I go along," I declared with more courage than discretion.

I read over the *rôle* once, and am proud to relate that I carried out my part of the bargain with overwhelming success. That was the beginning of the end. My destiny was cinched then and there. We four boys banded ourselves into a dramatic club and acted in season and out of season with an enthusiasm wonderful to contemplate. Miss Farren's old wigs and costumes were the nucleus around which we wrote, or rather acted our plays, for we composed them on the spur of the moment.

I remember the interest Miss Farren took in us and how she rehearsed us daily for weeks in a certain Christmas pantomime in which we finally achieved a delicious triumph before a house crowded with friends.

When I grew older I joined an elocution class, where I began to declaim Shakespeare and the classics with horrible precision of gesture and tone. It took years of hard discipline on the road to eradicate the faults of that very expensive course of dramatic training. I am grateful to those years when with a traveling company I visited every corner of England, acting the hero, the villain, the Indian chief and the old man. We were not very rich, nor were we burdened with exalted ideas of our calling, but we were often in a hard place and always very earnest about getting out of it.

A few years of this apprenticeship is the best of all training for the young actor. He acquires a certain quickness in feeling the pulse of an audience. He learns how to hold its attention taut as a rider hold the reins and controls a mettlesome steed. Even now, when I come upon the stage and hear the shuffling and rustling that indicate a restless audience, I at once enter within myself as I used to do in the old days and determine by sheer force of will to gain attention. One may acquire this power after years of experience with audiences of all classes and characters and in theatres of all sizes and degrees.

When young actors come to me complaining that they have not discovered the short cut to success, I advise them to join a good, sturdy stock company, and to travel for a few years on the road. It is not pleasant advice, but it is salutory. Those who succeed slowly, succeed longest.

Small cities offer the advantage of small theatres. I am always grateful for a small theatre, where one can give the small play without losing any of the fine detail work. The Pinero play, for instance, is not at its best on a big stage, where its *finesse* is dulled by distance.

Every man, I suppose, dreams of a *rôle* after his own heart. He wants scenes into which he can fasten his teeth. An actor, alas, is always in the hands of his *rôle*. Perhaps my favorite character is the man of the world with brains, the man who would be master of the destinies of those about him, and who eventually is overmastered by a relentless Fate.

A *rôle* of this kind carries conviction. It takes the audience into his confidence, and is an appeal both to the mentality and the emotions.

"TEA GRINDER" PICKING HER SHAMISEN.

THE REAL GEISHA

By Yone Noguchi

A SORT of reflection made me burst into laughter when the geisha girls in "The Darling of the Gods" sang a Japanese song. One of the nursery songs it was that I used to hear from Grandma's lap—yes! "Chocho, chocho, nanohani tomarey" (Butterflies, butterflies, won't you stop on the grasses).

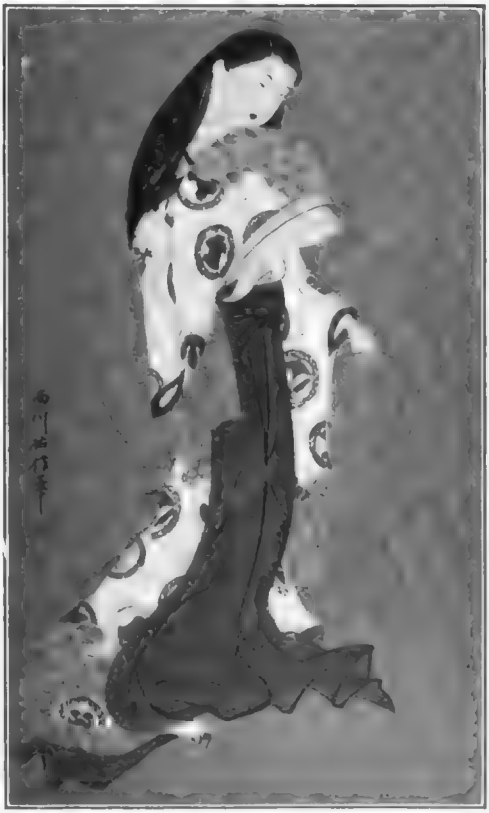
As if our true Japanese geishas could be—like those 'Merican copyists—say for even one night in their whole lives—

A JOMAYE GEISHA GIRL WHO IS HER OWN MISTRESS.

childish enough to sing an innocent song!

Geishas—"accomplished ones," literally, attendants to the saké, players of music and also singers—diffusers of gaiety, to be short. What tears are hidden underneath their simple laughter! What sourness and bitterness of the world they have tasted possibly since their fifteenth birthday! Fifteen is the age for many of them to make their appearance as hangyoku (half-fees). It will be a matter of some years—say three years—before they perfect their art and advance to the rank of full-fledged geishas. The life will be hardly bearable for some, condemned to be scullery-maids when they are prone for "tea-grinding." Poor ochakiti girls!

How many a night have I passed through a snug passageway of Shinbashi—the gayest spot in Tokio, with flowing saké — skirting the array of geisha houses. I hear "Pan! Pan! Pan!" Isn't that some Madam beating her tobacco box—perhaps to tame her temper—after throwing a piece of her mind over her Kakaye girls? (Kakaye are those who are bound to service for a certain term). I see an abrupt shadow of a tiny girl upon the front shoji—a girl practicing her dance. I see a girl by the door, unquestionably a tea-grinder, picking a shamisen's strings with her fingernails. Certainly the tune is ("Hayaku nenake, nushino so ba" (I wish my term to be quickly over, and to sit by my husband). Alas! How many girls can have



A "HANGYOKU," OR HALF FREE GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

THE MADAM OR MISTRESS OF A TEA-HOUSE.

their husbands ready when they become free? How many girls can even manage to make both ends meet? How much do they earn? How many "gyokus" do they get?

It would be proper to say, how many joss-sticks can they use in a night, since time is measured by their burning? One joss-stick, half an hour; twenty-five sen for their "gyoku" (fee). The whole evening is said to be four joss-sticks. One yen, then? They never receive it directly, but it will be written down on the tea-house bill. The tea-house settles with Madam at the end of every month. A tataki wake geisha (one who shares her earning equally with her mistress) will receive one-half. There is a jimaye. She is her own mistress. She will get all of what she earns.

But our geisha's income comes not from her gyokus, but from the gratitude of her guests. It is said some girls gather more than 100 yens a month.

What extravagance they display in dress when they take part in the yearly festivals of the local deity! They head the procession cars through the streets of their own district. They will not mind a bit placing their out-of-season dresses in mine uncle's charge to fill the gap. Reckless they are of their money. They are martyrs of show. Alas! The superficial in beauty is the whole thing for them. They will proudly promise a theatre curtain to their favorite actors when they have not even a penny on their household Konpira shrine. The shrine they deem a safe place to keep their money. How long does it stay there?

Here is a song indeed popular among Shinbashi geishas:

"Beneath the cherry blossoms sleeping
I dream all the weary night
That from the sky the snow comes creeping
Oh, white;
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.

A TATAKI WAKE GEISHA WHO SHARES HER EARNINGS EQUALLY WITH HER MISTRESS.

Ah Lord Love, 'twas not the snow,
But the flowers falling so.
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.
To-night the tree leaned low and said:
"My root shall pillow thy tired head,
And my petals be thy bed."
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.

O Lord Love, how the night-wind sighs;
Is it a song for a flower that dies?
May I not go with the wind that blows
Away?
What does it dream, what does it say?
Who knows?
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa.

O Love! Lord Love by the silver-lipped stream
I lie and I long and I dream, I dream.
Ah Love, Lord Love it is hard to keep
All one's dreams for sleep—
O the pity to be but the maid who waits
To win her joy from the jealous fates!
Yoi, yoi, yoiya sa."

Some one hundred years ago all the Samurai put aside their swords—the hilts being tied down. There was peace and peace. Day and night the Samurai were seeking after pleasure. Not only the Samurai. The merchants and artisans were in the same pursuit. Local fêtes and flowers of every season ceased to please. Alas! They were seeking the shadows of pleasure, outside of their own homes. (O Home!—sacred place of infinite delight!). They found what they sought in passing the nights in tea-houses, drinking saké in the company of young girls. There geisha girls began to appear.

Doubtless they will die away when Japan's national taste will be elevated, and "Home" the chiefest retreat.

The destroyer of the geisha business will be nothing but the American Idea.

A SONG OF THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

By Aloysius Coll

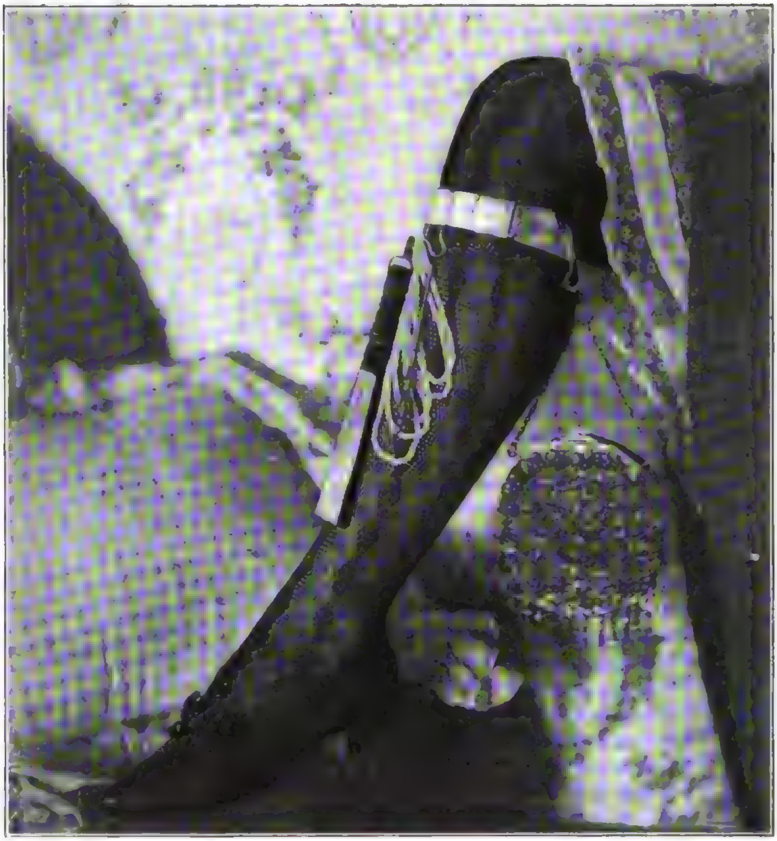
Sleep!—when the velvet touch of night
  Warm on your bosom lies,
Down-drawing from a clear cold height
  The glory of the skies,
To burn upon your golden hair,
  And deepen in your eyes?

Sleep!—when a dreaming bulbul thrills
  The night with song as sweet
As yonder purple rose that fills
  The open window-seat,
And climbs above the moonlit sills
  To ponder—and retreat!

Sleep!—when I lay my heart in tune
  To the music of your own?
Joy's shutters shall not close so soon,
  And dream away the tone—
Your breast is marble—but the moon
  Is burning on the stone!

Sleep!—when a wind-stirred petal slips
  Out of the roses there
To tint your blood-warm finger tips,
  And gem your hallowed hair—
Outrivaled by adoring lips—
  My lips that yearn—and dare?

Sleep!—when the velvet arms of love
  Lie warm upon my breast?—
Look to the burning stars above—
  Such wakefulness is blest—
The joy that we are dreaming of
  Is slumber, love, and rest!



GARTER PROVIDED WITH HOOKS USED BY SHOPLIFTERS.

TRICKS OF THE SHOPLIFTER

By Roger K. Binkie

THE shoplifters' season is now in full swing. From now on until the beginning of Spring the petty thief who makes the stores of the large cities the scene of her operations will be occupied reaping the harvest provided by the shopkeepers on their long lines of counters. Never before have there been so many shoplifters in the United States as there are at the present time. And never before has the professional kleptomaniac been so well equipped for her work. A number of new inventions, designed with the idea of making shoplifting easy, will aid her in her criminal calling. There is said to be a man in New York City who supplies the entire shoplifting profession with inventions of this sort.

One of the very latest of these inventions is a garter provided with hooks upon which to hang the various small articles she purloins. This garter is worn just below the knee and the professional shop thief finds little difficulty and attracts no attention in stooping

HOW THE SHOPLIFTER EMPLOYS AN UMBRELLA AS AN AID IN HER WORK.

down a bit before a counter and, deftly raising her dress a trifle, placing on the garter hooks the laces, fans, chains, bracelets, chatelaine bags, etc., which she has abstracted from the counter while a clerk's back was momentarily turned.

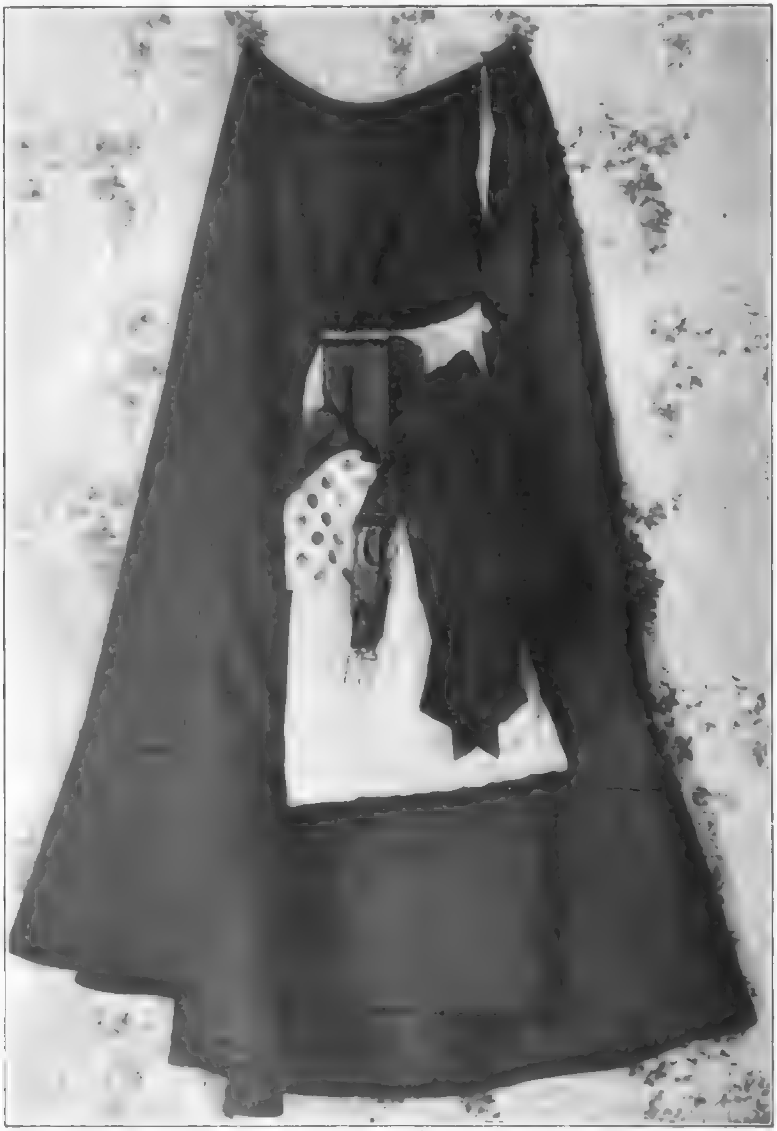
It is not so very long ago that shoplifting was the work of petty thieves only. To-day, according to an official high in the New York Police Department, it ranks as "one of the finest of fine arts in criminality." Captain McCluskey, the head of the New York Detective Bureau, declares that there are twice as many shoplifters in the United States to-day as there were a couple of years ago—and that notwithstanding especial attention given to this class of thievery by the police. Captain McCluskey estimates that there are to-day thousands upon thousands of shoplifters in this country —not including occasional stealers from the big stores, but numbering only the professional shoplifters.

It is said that shoplifters are the trickiest class of rogues in the world. That many of them are exceedingly clever is indisputable. Shoplifters are forever devising new schemes for pilfering from the stores with comparative ease and safety. Some of the schemes of these professional store thieves are extremely clever. Many are simple and require no "apparatus" whatever.

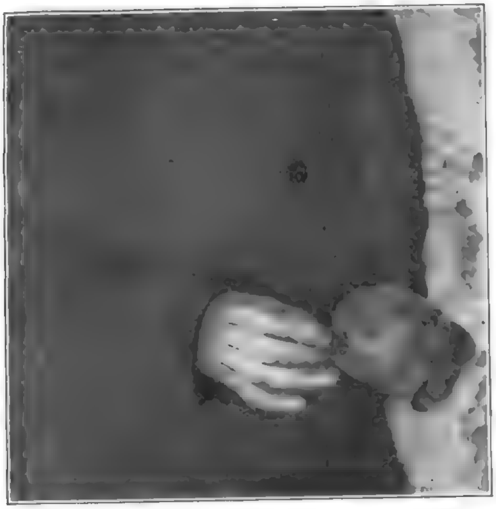
Everyone has heard of the old trick of the shoplifter who carries a baby in her arms and conceals the articles she steals under the infant's long clothes. That is a device having little favor among these thieves nowadays, for the reason that the trick is too well known.

The umbrella trick is more up-to-date. The shoplifter carries an umbrella that she has previously prepared for the purpose by fastening it in such a manner when closed that it is always a little bit open—open just enough to permit of articles being dropped into it. The shoplifters that employ this device are known in police parlance as "rainy day Lenas."

Another trick of the shoplifters is the slipping of jewelry and other small articles of value in the palm opening of a glove.



A SHOPLIFTER'S SKIRT TURNED INSIDE OUT AND SHOWING A HUGE POCKET IN WHICH MANY STOLEN ARTICLES ARE STOWED.



HOW JEWELRY CAN BE EASILY CONCEALED IN THE PALM OF THE GLOVE.

A very ingenious device is the shopping bag made with a false bottom—made, of course, expressly for the use of shoplifters. The bag cannot be told in appearance from any ordinary shopping bag. But in reality it is wonderfully different. The bottom of the bag consists of two flaps of stiff leather, which work upon hinges and have strong springs attached to keep the flaps closed. The shoplifter seats herself before the counter upon which are displayed the articles she intends purloining and holds the bag in her lap with the bottom tilted against the counter. When the opportunity is ripe she deftly abstracts what she desires from the counter and shoves it through the spring bottom of the bag. The flaps immediately close on the stolen goods, and the bag is closed. That is all there is to it.

Some few men are shoplifters. They confine themselves generally to operations with a cane made especially for shoplifting. This cane has a tiny hook at the end. With this they are enabled to take articles they want from the shelves behind the counter. It is such a common practice for men in the big stores and in the art galleries to point with their canes that any man doing so is generally unnoticed.

HOW THE CHRYSANTHEMUM CAME

On a mousme's gentle breast a snow-white blossom lay,
Its tangled petals blushing in the glow of dying day,
As dreamy music stirred the languorous, perfumed air,
And fragile cups, aroma-crowned, were passed by fingers fair.

A rude hand snatched the flower from the little mousme's breast,
While a burst of cruel laughter applauded loud the jest,
"We'll take the prize back with us to the land from which we've come,
And we'll garland football vict'ries with the chaste chrysanthemum."

So now far from the Orient the Son of Heaven knows
His sacred flower is common where the tide of Broadway flows,
On those wild nights of orgy when a "gridiron" battle's o'er,
And boys and girls all wear a 'mum if ne'er they did before.

K. E. M.

A FUGUE

All day a motive sweet, cometh my thought to greet,—
The motive: "I love you,—Beloved, I love you!"

The morning is so tempting and so fair!
Out in my garden breathing perfumed air
I sit and dream that you are close to me,
And that your ears are drinking eagerly
Each word my fond lips say:
'Twill be a perfect day!
No faintest cloud is hovering o'erhead,—
My fear of things seemeth forever fled,
And on this perfect day, how I love you!
Here in the bright sunshine, how I love you!

The night is dark and cruel and so cold!
Oh, the forebodings that around me fold
Their slimy wings, filling me with such dread,—
As if my being with dead hopes were fed!
No hope is anywhere!
All seemeth endless care!
And you,—you're standing yet so close to me?
And drinking in my words as eagerly!
Yes, on this cruel night, Dear, I love you,—
In spite of all these fears, Dear, I love you!

Now shall it rest,—this body,—it is dead:
Soon shall they place a stone above this head!
Oh, the kind stillness! Oh, the gracious calm!
Here am I safe from every grief and harm!
But you,—why are you here?

You sob: "I love you, Dear?"
In life was loving-time,—here all is chill,—
You still must listen? Stop then if you will.
During the loving-time, Dear, I loved you,—
Here in the grave, Dear, still I'm loving you!

For aye this motive sweet will come my heart to greet:
This motive: "I love you, Beloved, I love you."

—M. G. T. Stempel.

THE TWICE BORN

An Incredible Story

By R. Becerro de Bengoa

AS I was returning from a tramp across the mountains I arrived one August afternoon in the year 1870 in the village of Legutiano, just in time to catch sight of a procession of peasants, moving toward the churchyard. They were carrying to its last resting place the body of a child. It lay under a mass of flowers, pillowed in a cradle, which, after the customs of the country, an old woman was carrying on her head.

"Whose child is it?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," answered a peasant standing near. "It is the strangest thing I ever heard of. We found the child alive in that narrow pass over yonder. It was naked and about two years old. We brought him to Gusserandi's house. He began to shrink gradually, stopped taking food, and finally looked as though he'd just been born. But the most amazing thing is that his face is furrowed with wrinkles like an old man's, and his fingers are stained and discolored like mine from smoking a pipe."

This roused my curiosity. I fell in with the procession with the intention of having a look at the body. Before it was laid in the grave, while the women were crying and praying I had the opportunity. The peasant was right. The little creature was a most puzzling sight. Just fancy a newborn babe, with a sunburned wrinkled face, an expression of energy and intelligence in his half-opened eyes, and with the thumb and first finger of each hand stained like an old smoker!

The child was buried, the women made the sign of the cross, and I returned with the rest of the procession to Berunegui to spend the night at Gusserandi's inn.

I asked the proprietor what might have been the cause of the child's death.

"Ah, Mr. Richard," said Gusserandi, "there is certainly witchcraft in it. When we discovered the poor little fellow in the field, he ate cornbread, soup and smoked. Later he lost four teeth, stopped eating, didn't recognize us any more, and had to be suckled. But in the last days he couldn't even be nursed. At first he was fairly big. But he shrank slowly to half his size. The queerest thing of all was that he looked like an old man and seemed to understand everything we said."

"And you have no idea as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest. One day when we came from work we found him there naked on a heap of old clothes. We were sorry for him and brought him home. Under the clothes we found a roll of papers and a pipe."

"Where are they?" I cried.

"Oh, I have them in my trunk," said the proprietor.

"Well, fetch them; let me see them," said I.

"You shall see them. And would you have the kindness to read them to us?"

"Why, certainly, my dear Gusserandi!"

"Well, then, first we'll have supper," said he, rising from his seat.

And so we did in the twilight. When it was quite dark they lighted a candle and placed it beside me, while they all gathered closely round. I arranged the papers, which were in some disorder, and then read to my great bewilderment and to theirs the following odd story:

It was on the twentieth of August, 1785. I had just passed my eighty-fifth birthday, and was sitting in the kitchen of my handsome country house in company with Emanuel de Ursubil, a famous physician in the district, a learned man, and an intimate friend of mine from boyhood. My children and grandchildren who had come to celebrate my anniversary had gone home, and we were alone except for my housekeeper, an old woman. It was one o'clock in the morning. We had already smoked thirty-four pipes and drank five pitchers of cider. I was strong as an oak in those days, full of vitality and robust health. Still, the pipes and the cider had set my head swimming a trifle. The doctor, I am bound to say, was a little worse off than I. He talked steadily for an hour of all the diseases under the sun, clavicles, nervous systems, plasters and no end of stuff that I didn't know the first thing about. I listened in silence.

"Why don't you speak, man?" he asked.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Say something! What are you dreaming of?"

"Of my old age, and the short time I have to live."

"Short time to live?" he shouted, laughing. "Short time! Nonsense, you can live as long as you please."

"Indeed," said I, with almost a sneer.

"Indeed!" he echoed. "I know how to put off death indefinitely. But I'm afraid of the inquisition and the priests. If they heard of it, they'd take me for a wizard and make life a hell for me."

"John Emanuel, are you speaking the truth?"

"Nothing else. I'd give my hat if I could find somebody who didn't want to die."

"You'll find an army of them."

"That's where you're wrong. Men are peculiar in their ideas. They are afraid of death, but they're more afraid still of the operation. They know it would save them from death, but they prefer death to a few days of suffering. Blockheads!"

My head was dizzy. The learned man spoke with such absolute conviction that I began to think there was no such thing as death. We took some more cider. The room was clouded with the smoke of our pipes. The servant had dropped to sleep.

"Why don't you try the experiment on yourself?" I asked the doctor.

"Why? How am I to operate on myself, when I should keep a constant watch on my progress and my strength and keep a record of all the symptoms?"

For a time we sat in silence. My eighty-five years weighed on my mind. Here was a new life waiting for me. I made up my mind.

"I will not die!" I cried, suddenly jumping up. "I am at your service."

"Agreed!" cried John Emanuel, rubbing his hands with delight. "Eighty years hence, or 80,000 if you will, we'll get together on the twentieth of August and have some more cider!"

Saying this he rose from his seat, took me by the hand and said: "Come."

"Where?"

"To my house. This very night the thing shall be done."

"I'm ready."

And just as we were in our shirt sleeves, arm in arm in walked, none too steadily, to his house.

He threw open the door, and lighted a lamp at the foot of the stairs and up we went to his study. There he opened a drawer, pulled out a piece of apparatus made of wires, bellows, tubes and whatnot, tucked up his sleeves, shoved his bed from the alcove into the middle of the room, put a large copper kettle alongside and turned to me laughing, saying: "Lie down on that bed, and don't move an eyelash."

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, put it on the floor and stretched myself out. The doctor took his lancet, examined my left arm and then made a large cut in a vein. I heard the noise of my blood gushing into the kettle. Meanwhile the doctor was busily arranging his apparatus. A quarter of an hour must have passed. My blood continued to flow and I grew weaker and weaker. The effects of my heavy drinking passed away. Now and then the doctor would feel my pulse and murmur as he turned back to his work: "More, more!" A long time went by. Presently I became aware that I could not move. I felt thirsty. I could not utter a word. The monotonous sound of my blood dribbling into the kettle grew more intense. My sight became extremely keen. Then the doctor felt my pulse again.

"All right," said he. "A little more and we'll begin."

After watching me for a time, he dressed my wound, put his hand upon my heart, pushed a piece of wet cotton into my mouth with the handle of a spoon and forced it into my throat. He also stopped my nostrils with wet lint.

"So," said he. "Things are going splendidly. Breathe as little as possible. The heart must hardly move. We shall be one step of death but shall not die."

I was in an indescribable state. I felt no pain. I felt as though I had lost my body entirely. All the heat and life in me, and every five minutes when I tried to inhale some air through the wet cotton there was a pressure in my chest, as if all my ribs had snapped. My head was burning, and the slack infrequent beats of my heart throbbed in my ears and temples like the strokes of a hammer.

After watching me for a few minutes, John Emanuel took a long gulp of cider.

"I have to brace up," he said. "The hardest work is still to be done. Ah, my dear old fellow, oaks you have set out yourself will be centuries old when you burn them in your own fireplace. But, the priests! If any one should see me!"

He went poking about anxiously in every corner of the room, opened the door quietly and then shut it, and coming back to the bed, laid his hand on my heart.

"Now, you're within an inch of death," he remarked. "But you'll never get so near again."

He left the room. Before long he came back with his grandchild, a boy of four years, drowsy with sleep, in his arms. He laid the child beside me, made the sign of the cross, and covered my eyes with a piece of cloth. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and fell to talking to himself in a low voice.

"So far everything goes well. It is simple enough. My good friend's body is old, decayed with time. It is dying away. The bones will last for centuries. But the blood is all worn out. Therefore we renew the frame with vigorous blood. Good sap makes good trees. Life will not stay in a cramped, broken, withered body. You'll live old boy! I am a great man! No, I did not read books, nor did I attend a college, but—. But blood in motion is like the productive seed; exposed to the air it becomes sterile. It is like a fish. It dies in the air. The point is not to expose reproductive blood to the air. It must be conveyed pure and warm, from the heart of the child to the heart of the feeble old man on the verge of death. The old fellow is losing his blood. Here it is in the kettle. It looks dirty. It represents eighty-five years in a rotting frame. The boy must give him blood. That's all we need. For a few days he will be weak. Then he will live continuously and vigorously.

"Blood is fire. One drop suffices to produce new life. What are we all if not mere drops of modified blood? I know the doctors at Salamanca would laugh at my theory. When my friend here is two thousand years old, where will the doctors of Salamanca be then? Then it will be my turn to laugh."

He placed his hand upon my chest again. My heart was hardly beating. The noise in my ears, too, had become faint.

"It is time!" he exclaimed. "He'll feel nothing now."

So speaking, he took the cloth from my eyes. He grasped the apparatus on the table and fixed some of the wires at my neck. Then he fastened some others to the boy's neck as he lay motionless beside me. With that, he seized the ends of two particularly long and thick wires and pulled violently. Where they were fastened I felt a stinging pain in my neck as if I had been wounded.

Then I saw no more. A cloud lay over my eyes. I heard John Emanuel, rubbing his hands and saying: "It beats already! It beats already! Twenty years of study and work. The air does not affect it! The air is subdued. I shall subdue the priests and the doctors, too. How it beats! Here we have two bodies united in one, a youthful life renewing an old decayed life! Oh, joy! An hour and five minutes will do." Here he took another gulp from the pitcher.

Next day I found myself in the same bed. I opened my eyes and saw the doctor before me. I tried to speak, but I could not. The doctor put his finger on his lips and shook his head to keep me still, and said he:

"We are satisfied. You have within you the reproductive force and are beginning to live as if you were four years old." He examined my pulse carefully and went on:

"Terrible heat! The new blood pulsates in this body like a torrent in a dry mill stream. One hundred and eighty beats! Ah, this is life! The fever will last a fortnight. During that time you must be kept on a milk diet beginning the day after to-morrow. That apparatus is a wonder and my skill is a greater wonder still! My little grandson will be well within a few days, too, and regain all his usual heath and vigor."

* * * * *

He left to attend his patients. For several days he came every hour and gave me milk, felt my pulse and talked to me. All over my body I was as hot as fire. When inhaling I would be seized with a fit of trembling and a slight twitching in my chest; but in respiration I had no trouble. Slowly I began to speak and was able to sit up in bed. After twenty days had passed, I returned to my house, John Emanuel walking beside me. On the way he said:

"I believe that your life is now assured for a new period. But you must be careful not to destroy it. For even now you are, as you used to be, subject to every disease and every dangerous accident that can befall anyone. I have prolonged your days by renewing the cause, the source of your life. It behooves us to await the results calmly."

Some time passed. Both my strength and general health were enviable, except for a peculiar sensation in the chest when breathing. I was not quite convinced of the success of John Emanuel's experiments, and really considered the whole operation as a joke, perpetrated when we were both somewhat intoxicated. I expected death as all old men do.

Five years later my face had become rosier, my pulse stronger, and—strange to say—my bald spot had a growth of fine white hair upon it. I was astonished. My strength and my appetite had doubled and the hardness of my hands was disappearing. John Emanuel who was then seventy years old, was quite happy over the result. He spent hour after hour at my house, sitting, smoking and gazing at me with all the interest that a painter takes in his masterpiece.

"The only thing that troubles me," I said to him, "is that peculiar continuous pressure in my chest."

"Me, too," said he. "I have been thinking over the matter for the last four years, but I cannot find the cause. When a man moves to other quarters the new lodging seems a trifle uncomfortable for a few days, but finally he gets used to it and lives there comfortably. Well, confound it! After five years my grandchild's blood might have got accustomed to circulating in your body."

Three more years elapsed. My face had become fresher, my health better than ever. When I reached the age of one hundred all my surviving relatives met at my house. The doctor had grown very old. His vigor had decreased visibly, but his eyes were still bright with vivacity and contentment. The poor fellow would hardly touch the cider. I drank my fill.

One morning he came at an early hour to my house. He locked the door of my room and said:

"Are you convinced now?"

"I am perfectly convinced," I answered.

"Very well, if we wait any longer we may fail. I am growing weak, and I do not care to die with life in my reach. But the difficulty is that we cannot go on living here. They will persecute us. You must make a sacrifice for me. Let us go to France."

"To France?"

"Yes. There I shall initiate you into my secret. You will perform the operation on me, and if it is successful, we publish the method—in another hundred years."

"I owe you my second life and I shall follow you."

I took with me several hundred ducats I had saved, we bought two young mules, and under the pretext of going to fulfill a vow, we journeyed toward the frontier.

* * * * *

In Bordeaux John Emanuel began to initiate me into his secret. My memory seemed to improve constantly and I lost my short sightedness. My hair had gradually turned black. My appetite increased daily. John Emanuel was nonplussed. With my one hundred years I looked far younger than he; and his surprise reached a climax when one day I confessed that I had conceived a liking for Miss Bacourt, our landlady's daughter, and that I intended to marry her.

Nothing remains a secret long in this world and soon the whole city was excited over the report that a man one hundred and six years old was going to be married.

"We may have to pay dearly for your foolishness," the doctor said to me sadly. "I must leave you and die of grief unless you hear me."

The old man began to cry.

"Will you hear me?"

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Give up Miss Bacourt, forget this nonsensical love and let's get out of here."

"Where shall we go?"

"To some American country."

I took leave of the lady as best I could and we took passage on an English vessel for Vera Cruz.

During the voyage we kept to our cabin and discussed one subject over and over again.

"What I can't explain and what nearly drives me distracted," said the doctor, "is this complete rejuvenation going on in you. For as a result of my operation you should have preserved the appearance of old age indefinitely. Your sight should be as it was, and your stomach and the rest of your organs should not show this renewed activity. The new blood could only keep up the condition in which you were when it was administered. My God! If this goes on! If you grow younger and stronger and more vivacious all the time!"

"I am only troubled at that queerness in my chest," I replied.

"Don't you suppose I think of that, too? I puzzle over it every night until it sets me at my wits' end."

One afternoon, when I was having my after dinner nap, he came to me with his eyes wide open, asked me to rise and led me to a remote spot on the deck. There he seized me by the neck, and carefully examined the scar left by the operation. After a moment he fell almost fainting into my arms, and wiping off a tear with the back of his hand, he exclaimed:

"That's a nice mess!"

"What?"

"The confounded wine!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Terrible, terrible, a thousand times terrible! You'll be very unhappy, my friend."

"But what are you driving at? What have you discovered?"

"Come with me!"

Arm in arm we descended into, the cabin.

"At last," he exclaimed, "I have the explanation of your pain, your unusual condition, and your wonderful rejuvenation. Terrible! when on that fatal night I injected the blood of my grandson into you, I was—well, let us say a little—."

"Drunk, eh?"

"Yes, drunk. You were empty! Your veins and arteries after that great loss of blood were as flabby as a folded umbrella. That damn cider! I opened the arteries of my grandson, but for you I opened, and this is where the intoxication comes in—I opened a vein. In your veins now you have arterial blood, and venal blood in your arteries. Hence your rejuvenation. Hence the continual pain in your chest when you breathe. Your blood circulation is reversed. You are living in just the opposite way to most men. Let me calculate."

He began counting on his fingers. "We are mistaken, to-day you are not 106 years old, but only 64. You must count backward from the date of your operation. You are twelve years younger than I. Damn the cider! Both your heart and lungs act inversely; when you inhale it is as if you exhaled and vice versa. I'm going crazy! Forgive me!"

"But my dear fellow," said I. "What do you mean? I feel quite well. What can befall me?"

"Unhappy man! What can befall you? You will grow to be sixty years old, then fifty, then forty and so on!"

"And can't this be avoided?"

"Impossible! You are a case unheard

of before. No doctor or scientist would know what to do. You are a living wonder—an actual impossibility. Forgive me!"

"In other words—"

"In other words, you constitute a failure in my experiment. You operate on me without drinking any cider or wine. Do you understand?—after two days of drinking pure water. And then I'll see if with thorough observation I can find any way to cure you. But no, the thing's impossible!"

"What's to be done, then?"

"What's to be done? Weep!"

And a torrent of tears came from his eyes, and I, too, could not help sobbing.

* * * * *

One night when we were almost in Vera Cruz our ship was wrecked by a terrible storm. The doctor jumped into the sea with the box containing his instruments under his arm, and grabbed the plank I was clinging to. For two hours we were tossed on the waves.

"I'm giving out," the poor old man cried in despair. "I'm giving out!"

"Courage," I called to him. "You must not die now, just as you are about to gain new life. Courage! To-morrow you will be ashore and your name will become immortal."

"Impossible," he sighed. "Farewell! Take it," and so saying he forced the box upon me.

"Courage, there's time yet!" I cried. But at this moment we were both swallowed by an enormous wave. When I reached the surface again John Emanuel and his box had disappeared.

Not long afterward a bark from Vera Cruz picked up the shipwrecked passengers and crew.

The next day I was sitting in a tavern in the town, my pipe in my lips, my head in my hands, sad and pensive.

"Heaven have mercy on me," I said to myself. Here I am 106 years old, no, 64, and constantly growing younger, and John Emanuel and his secret are at the bottom of the sea. Alone in an unknown country! It is enough to drive one mad! The doctor is right. I live the reverse of other people. My mind and thoughts must be perverted. I'll consult a physician. But he would not believe me! Shall I return home? They would take me for a ghost!" Bemoaning my ill-luck in this fashion I finally fell asleep.

A few days later I joined a caravan of muleteers with whom I went to Mexico. Why, I knew not. Ofter when wandering along at night, with my fellow travelers singing and the bells of the beasts of burden tinkling, I grew sad and morose. And when the sun rose I wiped away my secret tears.

"Oh, the sun! Every time he rises I am a day younger! To-morrow will be yesterday for me, and next year will be the one just past."

In Mexico I bought a hacienda and engaged two servants. I lived there fifteen years, spending the time in reading and meditating.

When I reached the age of 49 or rather 121 the change I had undergone was complete. I had a fine black beard, my eyes were bright, my muscles had doubled, and while my Indian servants had been aging I had completely lost my oldish appearance.

Among my neighbors was a brunette about thirty years of age who overwhelmed me with kindness. From time to time we made presents to one another, and presently I discovered that we were fond of one another, that we were in love. I thought of marrying her; but I knew it could not be. For, I reflected, in a short time she will have reached my age and I hers, and it would not be long before my children would be older than I. If she knew my true age! But how old am I, anyhow? Must I reckon from my birth? How will this end? I must not love. I must not marry. I must not live. My existence is unbearable. I must put an end to it."

With my mind made up I joined the volunteers against the Indian insurrection and then led a hunter's life in the thick forests. The ignorant people took me for a very wise man. I betrayed my long experience and wisdom without revealing the secret of my life, and it amazed them. Still they looked upon me with suspicion. Every one had a nickname in that band, and soon I came to be called Yhoker Oytcho, "the big liar."

For twenty years I lived in the forests. The constant unrest of this life completely changed my character. My mind became more vivid as I grew younger.

Without doing any hard work I had earned about half a million pesos. But the money had no charm for me. One diversion still remained a pleasure to me, the habit of smoking my old greasy pipe which I used to have at Gusserandi.

Tired of my life in the forest I resolved to go to the United States and consult the best physicians. I would explain everything. I understood John Emanuel's apparatus and could submit myself to another operation. So I said goodbye to my companions and crossed north to the United States. On June 5, 1841, I moved into a handsome apartment in New York.

* * * * *

I was then counting in the direction of the Last Day 141 years old, but counting back, only 29. They referred me to Dr. Ph. R. Clerk-Maxwell, who pulled a long face when I laid my case before him. He examined all my body and the scar on my neck, and asked me to show him a drawing of the apparatus. Then he remained a quarter of an hour absorbed in gazing at me. Finally he asked me to call again the next day.

I called again and found two other doctors in his office, who scutinized me through their gold-rimmed eyeglasses. One of them took notes as I repeated my story. When I had finished they gazed at them in a state of great perplexity. The drawing of the apparatus was the chief subject of discussion. Dr. Clerk-Maxwell asked me to stay at his house so as to enable him to take observations and experiment on my case.

This lasted for fifteen or twenty days. He took blood from my arms three times and subjected it to numerous tests and analyses. Every day five or six other doctors came to see me. Finally Dr. Clerk-Maxwell invited quite a congress of physicians to whom I was exhibited like some strange antediluvian animal. He read an essay in which he said that my existence was a mystery and that I should in the interest of science be observed for a period of five or six years. His last words caused some commotion. The celebrated Dr. Stuart arose and made a refutation, reaching the conclusion that I was crazy, afflicted with an unusual mania. All my reminiscences were in his opinion the result of a morbid imagination.

Other physicians replied. For two long hours lasted the discussion. At last they took a vote, and decided by eight to five that both Dr. Clerk-Maxwell and I were insane.

I found the doctor's bill when I reached home. For consultation, treatment, board and professional services he charged $8,000. The attendance, advice and consultation with his colleagues amounted to $20,000. Unfortunately I had told Dr. Clerk-Maxwell that I was a millionaire. I paid the doctor's bill. I was now worse off than before, in a mood of extreme depression and reduced in purse. I took passage on a vessel sailing for Spain convinced that poor Dr. John Emanuel had known more than all these medical authorities put together. My only thought now was to die in my own country and my house at Gusserandi.

When I stepped ashore in the port of Spain I found myself surrounded by detectives who took me to prison. It seemed that a fellow passenger to whom I had lent some money on the trip had denounced me to the captain of the ship as a famous criminal, who was supposed to have fled to Spain with the money of an American banker. I protested my innocence, but having no one to identify me and being possessed of a considerable amount of money, justice closed or rather opened her eyes wide open, and I was suspected of being an embezzler and as such committed. I was detained for a seemingly interminable time.

I often considered writing home to ask some one who remembered me to come and identify me. But who that I knew was still living? And if some one chanced to be still alive, how was he to recognize me? The jailor held me in great suspicion. It was with difficulty that I obtained paper and ink to write my memoirs. The first sheets I wrote he submitted to the examination of the court. But as they were written in Basque, no one could read them. They were returned to me and the jailor was told that I was crazy. At that he increased his precautions, locked the door doubly and gave me my food through a grating.

I do not know to whom it occurred to visit me in prison. When they were shown my cell, the jailer uttered a cry of surprise and staggered back. He had locked up a man thirty years of age, tall, sunburned and bearded, and now he found a youth of barely eighteen or twenty without any hair on my face and wearing the rags of clothes much too large for me.

I was again haled before the judge. I learned that I had been imprisoned more than ten years. Not a cent was left of the money I had brought from America. Justice had spent it all in trying to ascertain the facts of the case. The result of this examination was surprising. The embezzler had escaped, they said, and left me in his place. The jailer was imprisoned as an accomplice. I was allowed to go free. Begging my way I at last reached the village where I was born.

I asked after all my descendants, without betraying my identity. I was directed to my grandchildren who were already married. I found my house and my garden and kissed the old stones. Filled with sadness and almost ashamed I fled. Had I asserted my identity who would have believed me? They would have put me into a prison or an insane asylum. I returned to Madrid and for twelve years became a servant, peddler, shoeblack, newsboy and whatnot. In the meantime I continued writing and smoking my clay pipe. My memory had remained keen, and is so still, but my penmanship is becoming worse every day, and in the end I shall no longer be able to write at all.

In the year 1863 I was 7 or 163 years old. To-day I am 5 years old, and I am shrunk to an insignificant part of my original stature. My old teeth have fallen out and child's teeth have appeared in their place. Beautiful blonde hair covers my head. My strength and my understanding are waning. After much wandering and suffering I have reached the place of my birth again. I tell the people I am a poor orphan and no one refuses me some bit of charity. But though a beggar I still feel contented. For it is a comforting thought to know that you live near the house where you were born.

Here the manuscript became indistinct and at the end was written in an almost illegible hand:

I can hardly hold the pen and trace the letters. I know not what is to become of me. I only ask the person who may happen to find me some day when I shall no longer be able to speak and to eat, to take me to Gusserandi's house, where I want to die. JOSEPH ANTON.

As I was reading this the women stood motionless about me, expressing their astonishment and terror by crossing themselves rapidly. When I finished all called out in chorus:

"Jesus! Jesus! Holy Virgin! It's incredible! Most incredible!"

The landlady lay fainting in her husband's arms.

"This creature was the very devil, sir," said Gusserandi, in his Basque dialect.

"No, my friend," I replied. "It was your great grandfather whom your wife suckled."

* * * * *

On December 5, 1875, I traveled from Valencia to Venta de Banos. In my pocket I had several French newspapers, and to my great astonishment I read in a scientific feuilleton of the "Journal des Debats" that the noted French physician, Dr. A. Guerin, had successfully performed an operation of transfusion of blood, not as was customary from a lamb or some other animal, but from a child. How strange! Without being a physician I had a whole year earlier performed a similar transfusion from the grandchild of John Emanuel into the body of the octogenarian Joseph Anton Gusserandi.

HOW THE AIR OF THE ROOM CONDENSES AS LIQUID AIR ON THE SURFACE OF THE TUBE CONTAINING THE SOLID AIR.

SOLID AIR

The Latest Scientific Discovery

By Edgar Stanton

THE latest scientific discovery in this marvelous age of wonders is solid air—air that comes in chunks like blocks of ice. It is the most powerful explosive yet known, and in this wonderful product it is likely that the long-hidden secret of magnetic force is brought to light.

To Professor A. L. Metz, of Tulane University, New Orleans, belongs the credit for the wonderful discovery.

At first thought it sounds almost preposterous to think of such a thing as grasping a piece of air and hurling it through the atmosphere. Yet that is exactly what may now be done.

It is only a few years years ago that air was looked upon simply as a gas. Then came the discovery of liquid air and now comes the solid.

Liquid air is so intensely cold that it boils upon coming in contact with ice. And solid air is colder still—infinitely colder. While no ordinary thermometer can record its temperature accurately, for the reason that the mercury freezes, yet a calculation has been scientifically made of the temperature of this coldest of all things.

Solid air is produced by the rapid evaporation of liquid air. Working on the old and well-known principle that rapid

THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW A HAMMER REBOUNDS FROM A PIECE OF SOLID AIR WITHOUT SMASHING THE AIR-ICE.

THE CHEMICAL THERMOMETER CANNOT REGISTER THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SOLID AIR BECAUSE THE MERCURY HAS RETREATED INTO THE BULB AND ITSELF BECOMES SOLID.

evaporation of a fluid causes a great lowering of temperature, Professor Metz discovered solid air. He employed a very ingenious apparatus of his own invention to bring about an extremely rapid evaporation. This apparatus acts by creating a vacuum over the surface of the liquid to be evaporated. The ease and rapidity with which he made the solid air is a salient feature of his experiments. It demonstrated the practicability of making it in large quantities if desired.

A twelve-inch test tube of liquid air furnished one inch of solid air. The product looked very much like ice, but was of an entirely different consistency. When the solid air was struck with a hammer the tool rebounded as though it had struck a piece of india rubber. It was evident that the tensile strength of the substance was very great. And when the piece of solid air was seized with a pair of forceps the latter stuck so firmly to it that it could not be removed. The forceps were, in fact, apparently attracted to the solid air, as though by magnetic force, and scientists think it is more than likely that it is this very same attractive power that is in operation at the magnetic north pole.

If the flesh is touched by the solid air

STEEL FORCEPS STICK SO TIGHTLY TO THE SOLID AIR THAT THEY CANNOT BE LOOSENED.

it is burned as though by a red-hot iron and an ugly scar is invariably left. The very faintest touch results in a bad burn. Indeed only the faintest touch with the bare hand is possible, for a continued application would result in death.

A steel rod more than a foot long held in the hand and applied to a block of solid air conveys so tremendous a heat to the hand that it is impossible to the unscientific experimenter to tell whether it is terrific heat or cold that is felt. If such an experiment is persisted in more than a moment a sense of paralysis comes over the whole body.

Professor Metz expects solid air to find an important place in the forces used by man. And it is generally conceded by scientists that it is a practically useful product. Its tremendous power has been proved beyond question. That it will be an untold benefit to coal miners and other underground workers is self-evident. With solidified air it will be possible to change the atmosphere in a mine that is filled with noxious gases.

The possibilities of solid air as an explosive are too startling to even consider. No such irresistible force as solid air has yet been produced. It is expected, among other things, that it will revolutionize modern warfare and that it will entirely supplant other great explosives.

The illustrations accompanying this article show some interesting experiments with solid air.

Professor Metz was born in Mobile, Ala., and has been an earnest scientist since early youth. His laboratory at Tulane University is said to be one of the best equipped in the world. He has

HOW THE LIQUID AIR SHRINKS INTO SOLID AIR UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A VACUUM.

made many important scientific discoveries in late years, but none which, it is believed, is as important in value to the world as his discovery of solid air.

"WHO'S THE SKIPPER?"

Fierce rolls the sea that's big with fate,
  Rough rocks the lab'ring Ship of State.
"But one can save," shout those that mark her,
  "And that's a man whose name is——."

But hark! Who's this with thund'ring mien
  That quickly dominates the scene?
To take the helm he's every ready,
  He's doing it now. He's Captain ——.

G. E. B.

CONFLICTING CONVERSATIONS

Scene—Foyer of the Opera, first Entré acte of Parsifal.

Tall, Long-haired Gentleman to Ditto Ditto with Beard—"You are right, my dear sir, Parsifal is the ultimate expression of the music drama. As Wagner himself said——"

Short, Stout, Bald, Florid Gentleman to Young Ditto Ditto—"It's a rattling good show, but 'Babes in Toyland' beats it a mile. There's one girl in the front row with a pair of legs and——"

T. L. H. G.—"Six consecutive thirds violating every established rule of harmony, yet in itself allowable by reason of——"

S. S. B. F. G.—"A net loss of five points, which was damned lucky considering how——"

T. L. H. G.—"The motif is repeated by the strings while the pedal points of the trombone indicate——"

S. S. B. F. G.—"——A rotten headache next day, though what can a chap expect after the sweet stuff they serve as champagne. Fatty Shiland was awfully sick, and all he could say between gasps was. 'Where the deuce is——' "

T. L. H. G.—"——Kundry in the second act, which you will easily perceive is the legitimate forerunner of——"

S. S. B. F. G.—"——A twenty horse-power Mercedes, and the way he turned corners was a caution. We landed in the police station eventually, and it cost me just——"

T. L. H. G.—"——Ten bars till the entrance of the wood wind which Weingartner himself admitted is a radical interpretation of——"

S. S. B. F. G.—"——The fifth race, Cap and Gown was the old skate's name and it's running yet. But that's not as bad as——"

T. L. H. G.—"——A Gregorian chant, which is significant of that period of Wagner's life spent at the grand ducal court of——"

S. S. B. F. G.—"——Jack's at half past three; and I've been a dead one ever since. My sister dragged me here to-night and of the rotten shows, this is the worst. If you see me in a joint like this again, you can——"

Trumpeters—"Ta ra ra—ra—ra ra."

All hasten in.

Curtain.

Montague Glass.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY AND BACK AGAIN.

A MERRY LITTLE MAN

By George Stillwell

"KEEP on the sunny side of the street" is the advice of Marshall P. Wilder. This maxim has guided his own footsteps, and the value of it has been impressed upon him so thoroughly that he has it written in large-hand upon a fair sheet of paper hanging in a conspicuous position in his "den" when he is at home.

It is not necessary to particularize who Marshall P. Wilder is. "The Prince of Entertainers and Entertainer of Princes" is the legend upon his letter paper and cards, and since he used to be a favorite with King Edward VII. when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, he is clearly entitled to associate himself with royalty in his advertisements. The present Prince of Wales is also a friend of his, and "Marsh" has a laughing acquaintance with pretty much the whole British peerage.

His bubbling fun is always on tap. Diminutive in size as he is, you never think of that after the first greeting unless he himself reminds you of it by some jocular reference. When he is seated in his office chair, telling anecdotes with a perfectly straight face—save as he contorts his visage comically to emphasize some point in his story—you are sure to be convulsed with laughter, forgetting everything but the cleverness of the raconteur.

Mr. Wilder was in the midst of the confusion incidental to packing up for his globe-trotting tour (from which he will not return until next July) when I dropped into his New York home a few weeks ago. He told me that he intended to visit Japan first, where he was invited to the court ball at Tokio. He would meet the Mikado, he said, and expected to have a pleasant time.

"I don't know many Japanese words," he said, with his infectious chuckle, "but I can say 'How do you do?' in that tongue. It is all conveyed in the single word, 'Ohio.' I suppose if you want to bid any one good-night you say 'Philadelphia.'"

One of his campaign stories which he

HE GETS A LETTER.

used on the stage in Washington and elsewhere this fall was as follows:

A school teacher was examining a class of her brightest pupils in the presence of the School Commissioner, and in the course of the proceedings said:

"How many boys in this room would like to be President of the United States?"

Every hand went up except one. It was that of a little boy in the back row, who was sniveling piteously as he watched the other pupils eagerly indicating that they would like to occupy the White House some day, most of them being fairly certain that they would get there, too. The Commissioner noticed the unhappy imp and ask him kindly:

"What is the matter, my little man? Would you not like to be President?"

"Yes, sir; but I can't," whined the youngster.

"You can't? Why not?"

"Because I'm a Democrat."

Marshall Wilder's expression as he tells this story is inimitable You can see the whimpering lad as plainly as if he were present, while his piping voice is reproduced as faithfully as if it were phonographed.

President Roosevelt was so tickled by the story that he wrote to the little humorist thanking him, and telling him that he had laughed heartily over it. The President is a great admirer of Marshall Wilder.

Talking about what may be called the technique of a humorous monologue, Mr. Wilder remarked that it is essential to hide the point of a story so carefully that it comes as a complete surprise when it is sprung at last. Here is an example:

A colored gentleman entered a hardware store and told the clerk he wanted a razor. The clerk, young and "fresh," asked him, jocularly:

"What do you want the razor for? Shaving purposes?"

"No, sir—social."

The clerk sold him a razor that weighed nearly two pounds.

It is the experience of professional humorists that they can get a laugh anywhere if they keep their eyes open. Mr. Wilder says he finds material for his stories as he walks along the streets. As he expresses it, human nature is funny wherever you find it, and the funniest

FROM HIS WIFE, OF COURSE.

"I'LL BET SHE WANTS MONEY."

humor is that which is unconscious. For instance, he was walking through a retail business district lately and observed a sign at the side of a crockery store, reading:

"Don't go elsewhere and get cheated. Come in here."

In the window was another sign, which was explicit enough in all conscience. It announced:

"Grand Opening Sale—Corkscrews, eight cents."

One of Marshall Wilder's best sories is that told in the series of pictures illustrating this article. The man with the letter in his hand is, of course, Mr. Wilder himself. It shows splendidly the versatility of his facial expression.

He gets a letter, and we see him puzzled as to who it can be from. He soon makes up his mind that it must be from his wife. Moreover, he has no doubt that she wants money. Wives generally do when they are away from home. He wonders how much or how little will satisfy her. You can see what is passing in his mind as you look from one picture to the other. He opens the letter slowly, and discovers that it does not contain a demand for money, but conveys the news that his mother-in-law is ill.

Now, it is a sad commentary on the sentiments of a husband that he should smile when he finds that his mother-in-law is not in her usual health. He ought to feel sorry for the dear old lady. Evidently it is not so in this case. You cannot see the husband's face in these pictures and feel that he is convulsed by grief, no matter how hard you may try. On the contrary, the expanding of his features as he reads down the page and realizes that the sufferer is too sick to pay him a threatened visit is a phantasmagoria of mirth. Whatever may be the moral of the pictured tale, you cannot help laughing at it, and that is the aim of any humorist, professional or otherwise.

"I was in a bird store the other day," said "Marsh" casually, in the course of conversation, as he winked at Mrs. Wilder, who had just come into the room. "I was thinking of buying my wife a canary. While I was dickering with the proprietor an Irishman came in.

"'I want soom sade.'

"'What?'

"'Sade. Phwat's the throuble? Can't yez ondherstand U—nited States?'

"WHAT'S THIS? MOTHER-IN-LAW ILL?"

"TOO BAD TO LEAVE HER ROOM."

" 'Oh, you mean seed.'

" 'Sure. For me cuckoo clock.'

"That Irishman was not so slow, at that," added Mr. Wilder, as he sat back in his chair, with that irresistible chuckle of his. "I shall buy my wife a canary in the Canary Islands."

It may not be generally known that Marshall P. Wilder is a dexterous sleight-of-hand performer. His hands are muscular as well as lissome, and his "palming" was once pronounced by the late "Herrmann the Great" to be as good as any he ever had seen. It is a common amusement of the humorist to take coins from his elbow, lighted cigars from somebody's collar and billiard balls from nowhere. He seldom does these things upon the stage, but when he is the center of a laughing party in a parlor or drawing-room he often introduces a few feats of magic to vary his regular entertainment.

The great virtue of his fun is that it is always effervescing, no matter where he may be. His stage performance is only an incident. I have seen him sitting in a box in a music hall with Frank Daniels, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper and two or three other star comedians, all of whom were roaring with laughter at the little man's sallies. And, let it be remembered, professional funmakers are not easily provoked to mirth. The jokes must be of good wearing quality or they will not be acknowledged by anything more than a perfunctory smile. Wilder would feel that his jokes had missed fire if he did not drive his hearers to the verge of apoplexy.

One of "Marsh's" stories is about a Chinaman who had been bitten by a dog, and who appeared in court to testify against the owner, charged with setting the dog on him.

The Judge asked the complainant what kind of a dog it was. In reply the Chinaman babbled in his own tongue, and smiled blandly upon the court. His honor, with some irritation, motioned to the complainant to sit down, and sent out for an interpreter. That functionary, who was a Chinaman with a fair knowledge of English, came in and asked the complainant, in a series of sentences of five minutes' duration, what kind of a dog had bitten him. The answer was a yard or two of Chinese which occupied ten minutes in the telling. The interpreter responded with another ten minutes

"THEN SHE CANNOT VISIT US FOR A WHILE. HA, HA!"

of questioning. Then the complainant let loose a flood of vowels that seemed as if they never would end, and the Judge showed impatience.

At last the explanation and gesticulations of the dog-bitten Mongolian ceased, as the interpreter clapped a hand over his mouth.

"What does all that talk mean? What does he say?" thundered the court.

"He says," answered the interpreter, meekly, "He says it is a yellow dog."

"Well, thank the Lord it was not a black-and-tan," observed the judge, fervently.

FOR A WAR FUND

SENATOR FAIRBANKS has a colored coachman who has been in his employ so long that he is under the impression that he is essential to the political career of the Senator. John in an interesting character and well known in Washington to many people. He is under the impression that the Government is interested directly in all of his acts, and he has a habit of prefacing many of his stories in the following manner: "As I was tellin' you, me and the Senator and the President was out driving yestahday, and the President says to me: 'John, wot you think of the present political outlook?' "

When John moved from Indianapolis to Washington he became so high-toned that his wife could stand it no longer and she secured a divorce. Shortly after this a friend of Senator Fairbanks, knowing nothing of John's matrimonial troubles, inquired after the health of his wife.

"I ain't got no wife no moah," responded John. "She don see fit to get a divorce and you don't see no mourning on me, does you?"

"What was the trouble, John?"

"Wasn't no trouble—it was jus' this a'way. Mah wife she ain't stylish enuf to meet the requirements of mah social position, and I don tole her so. So woman-like she gets a divorce."

"Did you have to pay alimony, John?"

"Certainly not. I don't pay no alimony to that woman."

"Do you mean that you don't pay out anything from your salary each week?"

"Oh, that's wot you mean. Now, that I come to think of it the President tole me to send four dollahs each week to the Secretary of the Treasury—I suppose they needs it for a wah fund."

A COMMERCIAL ROMANCE

By Rudolph Raphael

I HAD noticed the new millinery shop for the past three mornings on my way downtown. Its up-to-date window fixtures and rich lace hangings might not have attracted me, had I not been fascinated by the name painted in gold letters across the broad plateglass window: "Riley & Hortense."

The combination was unique and striking and haunted me for some days.

One morning as I passed the shop I saw a vision of beauty in the shape of a charming girl, standing in the window busily engaged in placing some hats on tall brass stands.

Just as I reached the window, one of the hats fell out of her hands, and I unconsciously reached forward as if to pick it up.

The girl saw the action, and the ludicrous attempt struck her as being so natural and at the same time so ridiculous, that she blushed and smiled, and as my eyes met hers twinkling, I raised my hat and smiled as well, and passed on with a light step.

During the strenuous life of that business day, the vision of beauty occupied an unnecessarily large portion, while an engrossing problem disturbed my equanimity:

"Was she Riley or Hortense?"

An artistic temperament is at all times a burden to the ordinary man, and the idea that she might be "Riley" caused a ridiculous sense of discomfort in my æsthetic bosom. "Hortense" suggested pleasing possibilities—but "Riley"! !

In my quick passage by the window, I had noticed that the "vision" wore one of those ravishing transparent waists, perforated to a distracting extent, and revealing a fascinating tracery of pink ribbon.

Surely no one of the name of Riley could be associated with anything so dainty!—yet what should it matter to me after all? In vain I looked at the window for the next few days, but the "vision" did not appear.

I began to take an unnatural interest in millinery, and studied the various hats I came across until I felt almost competent to express a timid opinion, while at the same time I recalled, with regret, that I had lately neglected a favorite sister, who lived in Brooklyn. Why not buy her a hat of the latest type, and there you are!

With this noble resolve in my mind I left the office early one afternoon and sauntered casually into the millinery shop, with a fine assumption of indifference, which I was far from feeling.

There was no one in the showroom as I entered.

From behind the screen, which probably divided the workroom from the showroom, there came muffled sounds of surly mutterings, while a sweet voice called out: "Keep still, Riley!" which had the effect of silencing the grumbling sounds.

Finally the owner of the sweet voice emerged from the recesses of the mysterious screen and smilingly greeted me.

It was undoubtedly the "vision"—lovelier than ever.

We diplomatically ignored the obvious circumstance that we had ever seen each other before and I really think I carried it off remarkably well, though I fancied her eyes twinkled mischievously as she addressed me:

"Something in a stylish hat for your wife?"

"No, not exactly," said I, somewhat lamely; "in fact, it is for a sister—ahem—I have no wife just at present," I added.

"Ah, indeed," she smiled sympathetically, "and your sister, no doubt, lives out of town and you want to surprise her—now, is she fair or dark?"

It seems highly improbable, but I could

scarcely answer the question with any intelligence, and to save my honor, I could not have taken an affidavit whether my sister was fair or dark.

However, with considerable presence of mind I said: "Really, she is about your height and has the same kind of hair and eyes."

"How fortunate! So I need only try the hats on myself and you can make a selection."

For half an hour this charming creature tried on hats of every possible shape and size—and to my utter dismay she looked ravishing in any hat she placed on her dainty head—flat or high crowns, wide or narrow brims, flowers or feathers—nothing looked out of place when she put it on and walked up and down the little showroom.

At last in sheer desperation I decided that a large velvet hat with sweeping ostrich plumes would probably meet all the requirements of the case.

I must have unconsciously gasped when she mentioned the price, for she hastily said: "Of course, you can easily see that the velvet is of the finest Lyons quality, and as for the plumes, the value is evident—"

I quickly disclaimed any intention of bargaining over the hat, and instructed her to hold it until further notice and paid her price without a tremor.

"I thank you very much for all your trouble Miss—Miss Riley," I said, tentatively.

"Miss Hortense," she interrupted with a merry laugh. "I am sure Riley would feel highly flattered if he knew you had mistaken me for him."

"Ah, I beg your pardon; but of course it was quite impossible for any stranger to know that Riley on the sign was a gentleman or a lady."

Miss Hortense laughed heartily as she replied: "Yes, especially as Riley is neither—Here, let me introduce my partner—Riley, Riley!" she called, and in answer a low-browed bulldog with the bandiest legs I ever saw, came up and sniffed suspiciously at my trousers.

He had one ear missing and was otherwise scarred—but around his neck was tied a broad band of pink ribbon, terminating in a huge bow.

This incongruous decoration gave him somewhat the appearance of a tough street gamin attired as little Lord Fauntleroy.

Miss Hortense patted him fondly on the back as she smiled at my surprise. "Yes, this is Riley, my partner."

"Well, I can congratulate you on having a sense of humor at any rate," I said.

"Oh, I assure you this is no joke. Riley is my partner, and, in fact, he put the capital in; he is a profitable partner, too, I can tell you, for he draws his dividends in the form of boiled liver, and never kicks nor growls about it, either."

Riley wagged the stub where his tail formerly grew, with amiable acquiescence and showed his teeth with a self-satisfied smile. I lingered for a few moments, in the hope of hearing some explanation of this humorous co-partnership, but the "vision" bowed me out very sweetly, after promising to hold the hat subject to my further directions.

As I passed out, I involuntarily glanced at the sign again, and there it was sure enough, "Riley & Hortense."

I am afraid I neglected my business sadly during the next few weeks, and spent sleepless nights in the endeavor to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion regarding the strange co-partnership.

The great thing, however, was that she was not "Riley" and that "Riley" was not a man.

It was also very evident that she had a prodigious sense of humor, an attribute notoriously rare with the sex, and none less fascinating on that account. Her merry twinkling eyes kept me awake for many nights, while the memory of her musical voice, impaired my appetite to a dangerous extent.

I had yet to call at the shop to give the necessary instructions for the delivery of the hat to my sister, so one afternoon on my way home I stepped in, my heart beating in a very unbusiness like way.

This time Riley met me at the door and evinced quite a friendly interest in me, while his amiable bark was the signal for the appearance of Miss Hortense from behind the screen.

After a friendly greeting on her part, I gave the necessary instructions; Riley wagging his stump in a highly commercial spirit, as if soliciting the favor of my future patronage.

"I really think your partner here could almost sell me a hat; he seems to take quite a proper interest in the business."

"Yes, indeed; I sometimes think the dear fellow actually knows his name is on the window, but I see you still think the whole thing is a joke," she added, laughingly.

"It's a good one at any rate," I replied.

"But, really, I see I will be obliged to tell you the story," said Miss Hortense.

"Is there a story?"

"I should think there was, but it won't take long to tell it—it just happened this way:

" 'One afternoon, last summer, as I was looking out of my hallroom window meditating on the uncertainties of life in general and the dreary monotony of typewriting as a foundation for accumulating a fortune, I saw an elderly woman with a dog coming across our street.

" 'In a moment a butcher's wagon had run over the dog and narrowly missed the old woman.

" 'The poor dog's howls pierced me to the marrow and I rushed downstairs to find the old lady sitting on our steps and weeping most dismally as she fondled the moaning animal in her lap.

" 'I hastily examined the injuries and saw that one of its feet was badly crushed. I consoled the old lady as well as I could, and re-entering the house, I got some crude materials for a bandage and bound up the poor dog's foot as well as possible.

" 'The tearful old woman thanked me in such a wistful manner, and she looked so heartbroken that I invited her to come to my room for a cup of tea, in the meantime disposing of the dog on a comfortable rug in the vestibule.

" 'My guest proved to be ridiculously grateful and persisted in making a samaritan of me.

" 'She was Irish and invoked the blessings of every saint in the calendar on my head, while she asked me all sorts of questions, in the most childish manner, which I answered as amiably as I could.

" 'Finally she departed, carrying the dog in her arms, and I never saw her again.' "

"Is that all?" I cried.

"Well, no, not exactly," said Miss Hortense, with a smile, as she continued:

" 'I had almost forgotten the incident, when a few months ago I received a letter from a firm of lawyers downtown requesting me to call on a matter of importance to me.

" 'One of the firm received me with a mysterious smile and asked me if I was acquainted with a Mrs. Riley, lately deceased.

" 'I looked somewhat blankly at him, as I denied any knowledge of the person in question.

" 'Well, at any rate, she knew you all right,' he said, with a smile, 'for she has bequeathed to you her dog Riley.'

" 'Her dog Riley!' I exclaimed, 'why, what can you mean?'

" 'It then transpired that Riley was the dog whose foot I had bandaged, and in gratitude old Mrs. Riley, who had no one in the world but her dog, whom she had named after her late husband, had legally bequeathed the dog to me.

" 'The lawyer evidently enjoyed my astonishment, as I mentally wondered what I was going to do with Riley in a hall bedroom for the balance of my life.

" 'At last the lawyer said:

" 'Young lady, take good care of Riley, for he has money. Mrs. Riley left all her savings, amounting to $4,000 to Riley, and as she left Riley to you it can easily be seen that it will require no extraordinary legal process to put you in possession of the money, for inasmuch as the money belongs to Riley and Riley belongs to you, why, it's all very simple.'

" 'I simply gasped in astonishment, and when the lawyer finally assured me that no relatives or any other obstacle intervened between me and the $4,000 I could scarcely believe the whole affair, until he made out a check for the amount and handed it to me together with the present address of the dog Riley.

" 'To make a long story short, I called for Riley, quickly invested the money in this shop, on which I had had a hungering eye for some time, and here we are—'Riley & Hortense.' "

I laughed heartily as she finished, and looked with increasing respect at the financial partner.

It became customary for Riley to watch for me in the morning as I passed the shop on my way to business, and occasionally I would give him some dainty, until quite a friendship sprang up between us.

I was not quite sure whether dogs were fond of chocolates, but one day I handed Riley a pound box of them, neatly tied up, and he promptly took it in his teeth and disappeared inside the shop.

I did this regularly, until one day Miss Hortense caught me at the door in the act of presenting Riley with the usual box of candy.

She looked at me demurely and blushed as I raised my hat.

Well, that is really all there is to tell, except that the firm of Riley & Hortense went out of business one day and took to housekeeping.

My wife still pays Riley's dividends regularly, but the poor fellow has been quite upset since Baby arrived.

A DAMPER ON SPORT

Now we go smashing, plashing,
O'er the gridiron and the links,
As deep into the miry sod
The heel or elbow sinks.
For this is gay November time,
When th' country-side's aflood,
And a game of golf or football
Means a battle in the mud.

Yet little cares the golfer,
As he strikes off from the tee,
And nothing rocks the "tackle,"
As bucks the centre he;
For rain or snow have terrors none
For those who yearn for fame,
And who cares a cuss for weather
If he can but win the game?

F. M. T.

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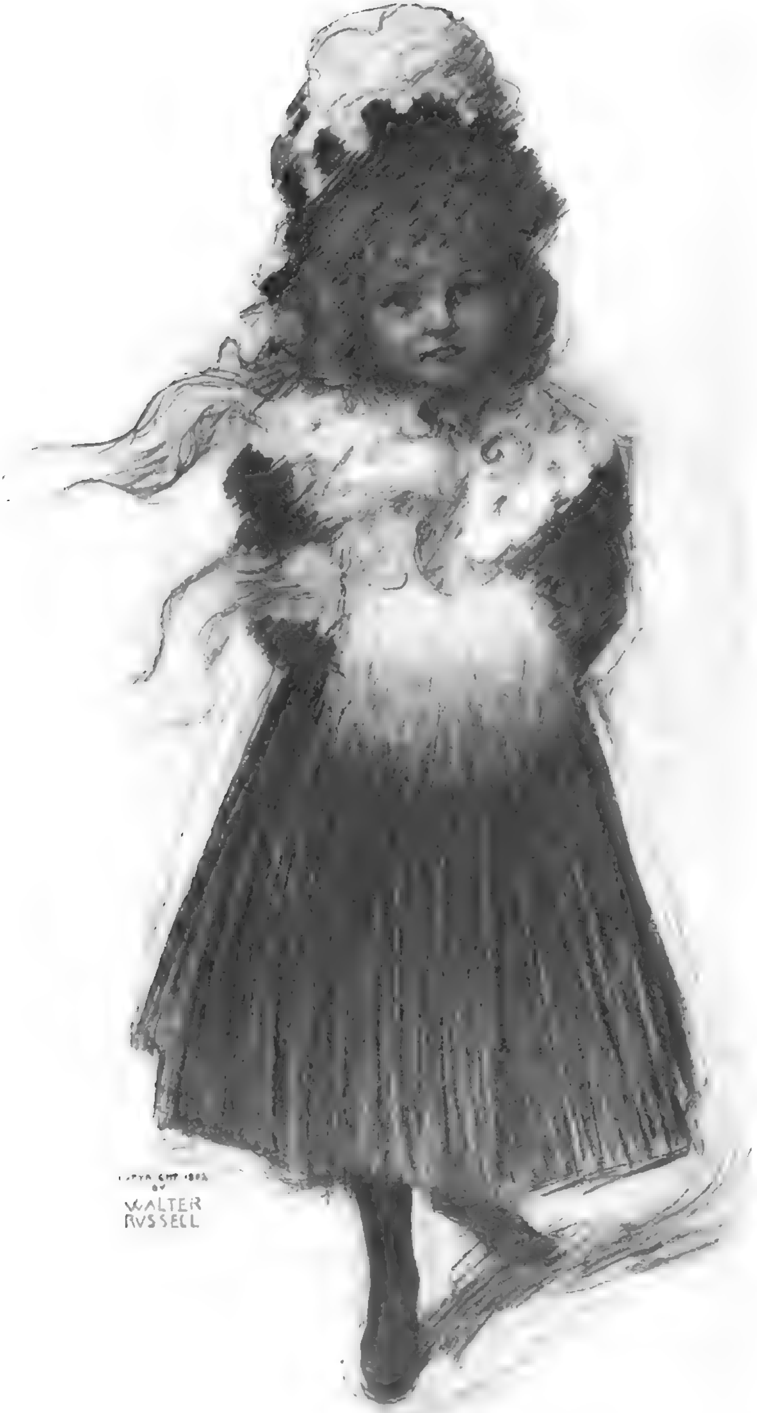
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DEMURE AND MISCHIEVOUS.

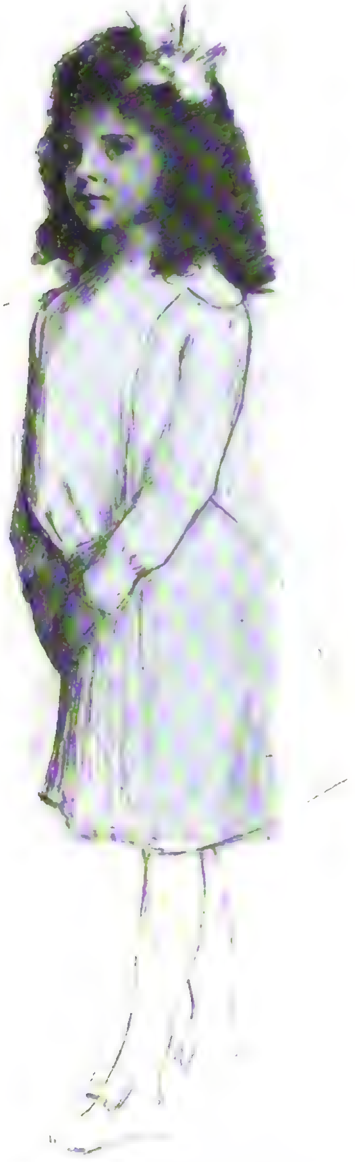
WALTER RUSSELL, PRE-EMINENT AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

THE CHILD AND THE PORTRAIT PAINTER

Illustrated with Reproductions of the Author's Most Celebrated Portraits.

By Walter Russell

CHILDREN cannot pose. It is absolutely foreign to their nature. They are natural little beings like puppies or kittens and are intuitively resentful of conventionalisms of any sort and degree. As soon as a child is conscious of itself the soul shuts up tight. An artist who would transfer to canvas in outline and color the indefinable charm of one of these little beings must realize once for all that the child cannot and will not consent to artificial methods of revealing and exploiting the sacred prerogative



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From a painting by Walter Russell.

INTELLECTUAL AND SERIOUS.

of childhood. The painter must know and feel this beautiful reticence and purity of the young soul. He must be a child himself, at least in spirit.

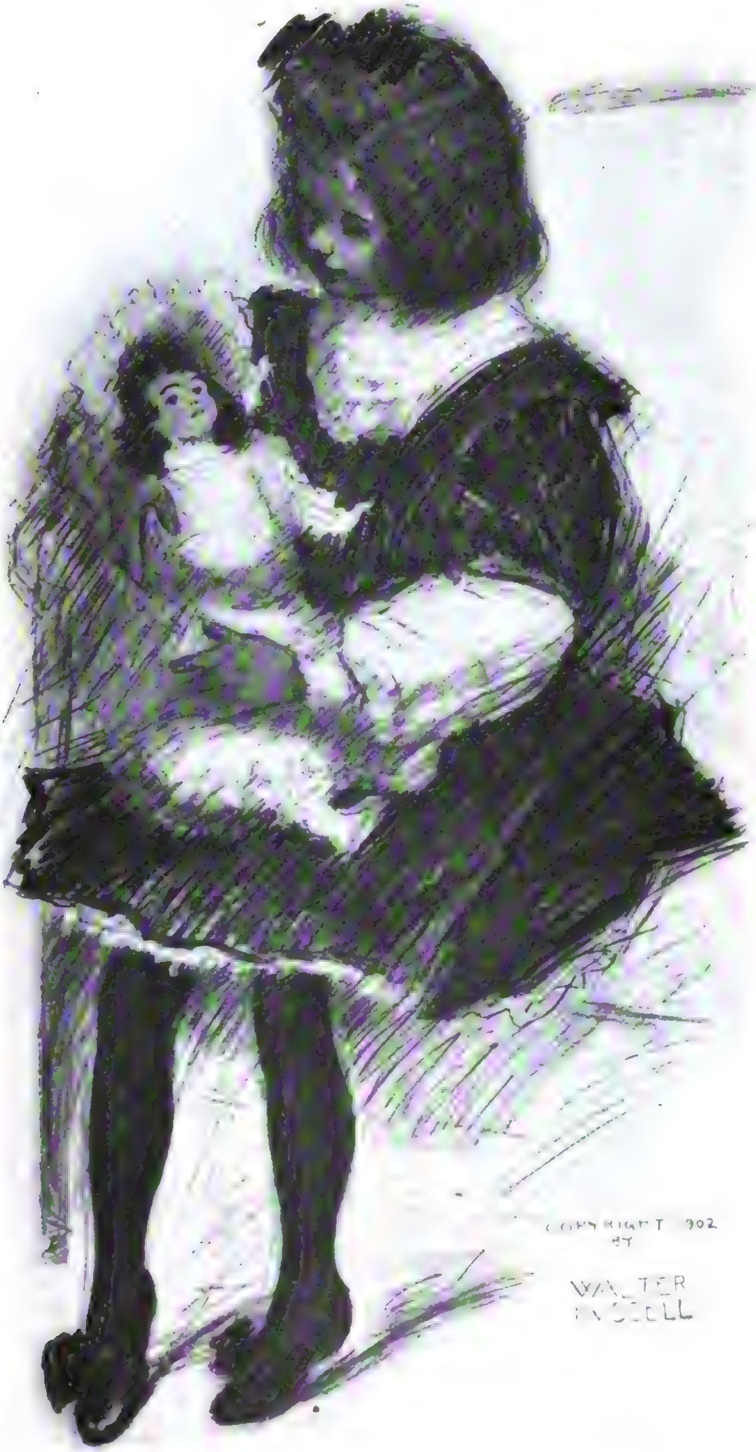
Great care should be taken to conceal from the little one that it is having its picture painted. The whole process must be a game, a surprise for mother or some other such event that will appeal to the little one. In fact, a child with its pet kitten or doll in its arms will remain happily and unconsciously in the most charming of natural poses, impressed with the thought that "kitty" or "dolly" is taking a picture. A restless boy will feel likewise toward his pony or even his wooden hobby horse. An appeal of some kind must be made to the imagination or to those lovely budding sentiments of which childhood is cognizant.

One can readily imagine the amount of child study and child knowledge involved in working under such circumstances. I doubt—in fact I am certain there can be no real success in the result achieved, if there is not an equal percentage of child love and sympathetic comradeship.

When a little one is brought to me for a portrait, I seek to win its friendship with an ardor that might appear exaggerated or slightly amusing to the uninitiated. I chat to it, tell it stories, play with it, and in the midst of our frolics I take mental notes. As far as possible, I make an effort to draw and paint from memory, using the little sketches taken during our games. My idea is simply this: to become so familiar with my subject that when I begin the actual painting of the portrait, the child has so taken hold of my faculties, that it stands before me with the vividness and clearness of life. All that I have to do is to paint what I see.

If the physical beauty of the child is its pre-eminent charm and the mental or spiritual is subservient or does not make so strong an appeal, the artist should accentuate the former by every possible richness of line and color. By choice of position by which the most subtle and lovely moulding of feature and rounded limb are brought out; by choice of light, disposition of shadow; by composition and coloring in order that every detail of the decorative environment may enhance the beauty and interest of the central object, the child itself and its infantile loveliness of form and feature.

If the spiritual or intellectual quality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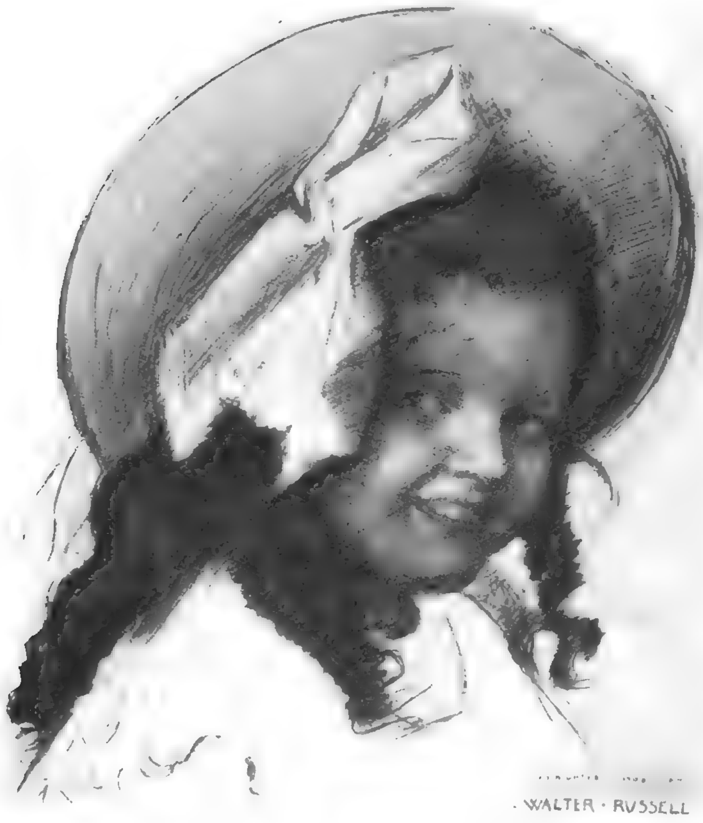
A CHILD OF MATERNAL INSTINCTS.



From a painting by Walter Russell.

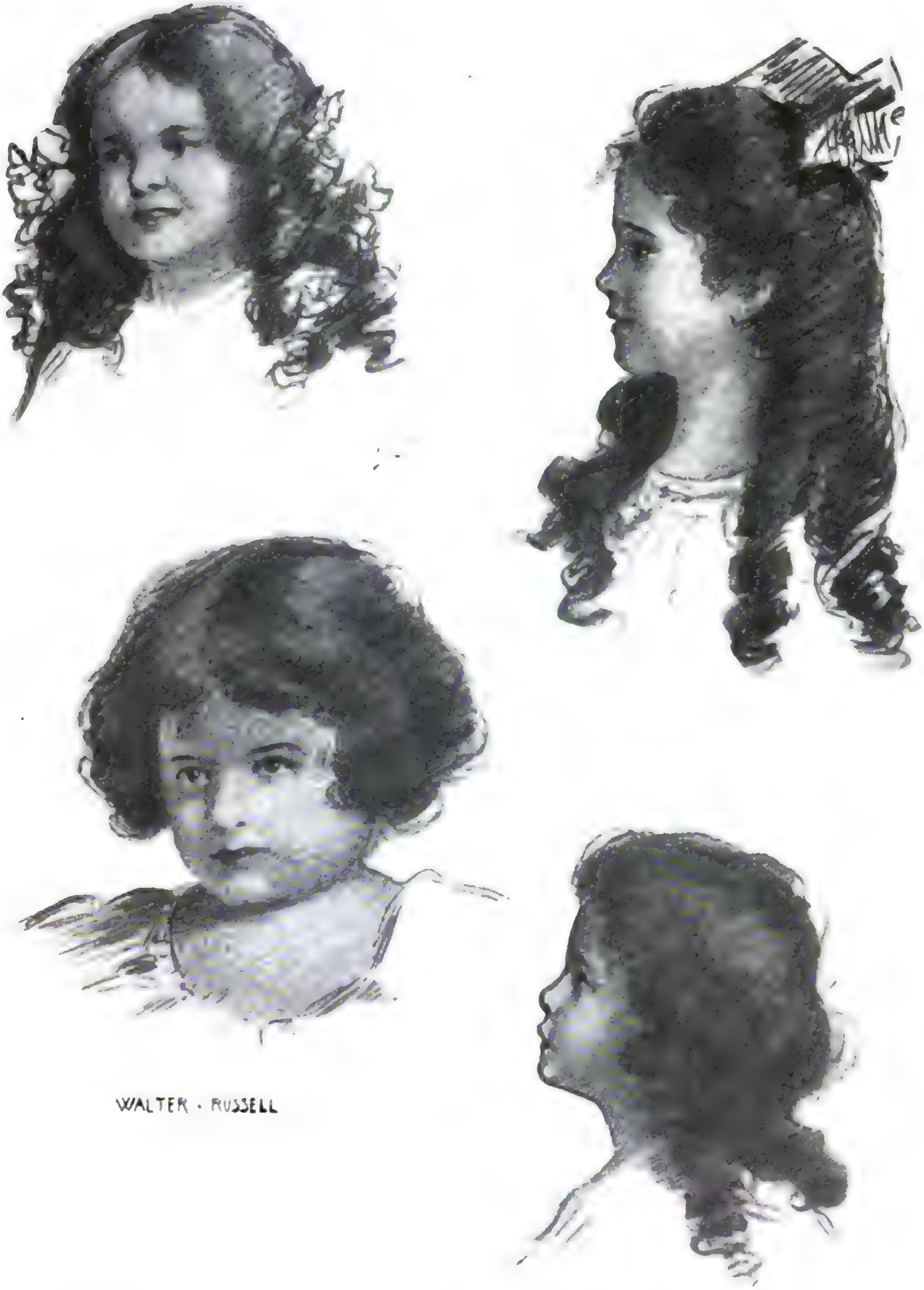
A TYPE OF CHILDISH BEAUTY AND MERRIMENT.

is pre-eminent, one should aim to bring out the special appealing characteristic. To sum it up, one might say that a careful study and thorough understanding of each separate child should suggest almost intuitively to the artist that special trait or characteristic that will uplift his work from mere portraiture into a touching and beautiful revelation.

One must approach with reverence and silence the sanctuary of a child's inner self. Illuminating the unfolding bud of its sweet and fragrant coyness, is a dominating essence of individuality—the something that makes this child mischievous and courageous, that other grave or perhaps sad. Another still has the dreams of a mystic, while yet another seems tiptoeing this rude earth like a fairy sprite awaiting some mysterious signal to vanish into mist before our syes. No two children play the same game alike; no two smile or weep in the same fashion.

A child has a curious way of taking knowledge of its own finished portrait and is intensely sensitive to a hair's breadth misinterpretation of its tiny self. I tremble and grow confused at the clear, luminous look of a little child upon my daring and stumbling efforts to reveal what it has permitted me to gaze upon.

Among the photographs which I have selected for this homily on child portraiture, I have chosen the one that appeals to me from the intellectual viewpoint, one from the poetic, one from the decorative, besides several from the purely physical, all of whom appealed to me as children, and as children had to be


WALTER · RUSSELL

A SERIES OF PRELIMINARY DRAWINGS BY MR. RUSSELL, **SHOWING HIS METHOD OF SKETCHING A CHILD FOR A PORTRAIT.**

interpreted and typified. But any one of these qualities which I have noted as characteristic of a type in a general way, are as nothing compared to the absolute necessity of bringing out the indefinable and elusive essence of child nature itself.

The special charm of any portrait painted by the old masters, whether of child or adult, is the wonderful genius with which the greatest of them grasped the essence of a subject and eliminated the outer hulk as valueless. Like the few drops of delicious fluid in the grape—the precious vintage of it rare and distilled—are these *chefs d'œuvre* of the ages—the inspiration and delight of the artist and the art lover.

The average modern portrait is alas, too often a square of canvas on which is crowded the ugly realism of the whole vineyard! The good and bad of it—the sour and the sweet—seeds, skin, leavings of every description, all are thrown pell mell into the wine press, and when bottling day comes (to continue the metaphor) the result is a beverage bitter and acrid to the taste.

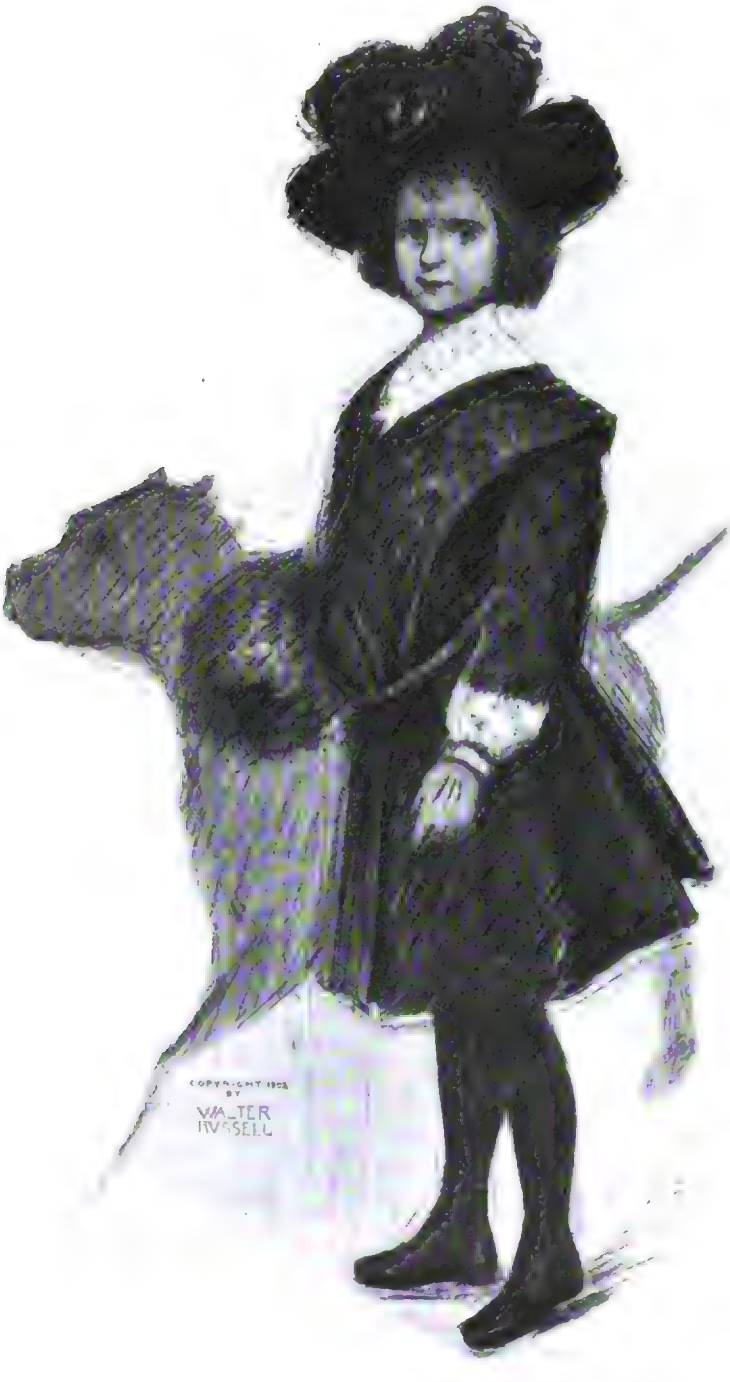
It is the pure essence alone that must be retained. All else must be discarded as unnecessary and worthless. It is this quality of selection that, after all, passes the final verdict on an artist's degree of greatness or mediocrity. Selection is more than elimination—it is interpretation.

I have occasionally been asked in what way an American child differs from that of other countries. This is a comparison which I have not been able to make with any serious knowledge of children abroad. I would say, however, that the children of the Eastern and Western coasts, especially the Western from San Francisco to Seattle, have impressed me as very much more beautiful and healthy than the children who are born in the Middle States. I do not know why this is so, or even that it is so—the impression, however, is very strong with me.

I imagine every man works according to his individual temperament. It is difficult for me to attempt analyzing my own methods. It seems to me that I work all the time, whether standing at my easel or riding in the country or any other pursuit of pleasure or business. Any pleasant face or striking effect that I come across impresses itself upon me, and sooner or later is revealed in my work. In hours at my easel, I actually work but six hours a day—from nine to four. I work hard during those hours and find that I can do very much more work in six hours of work and three hours of play, than I could in nine hours of steady work. I do not believe the human mind is capable of concentration upon any one given subject for more than six hours a day. Every morning finds me on the bridle path for an hour before breakfast and usually from four o'clock to six in the afternoon. I find that such outdoor exercise as horseback riding, or tennis, besides being a relaxation, is greatly conducive toward good health, and the resulting mental and bodily vigor.

My calling came to me as a revelation. For years I had made a specialty of marine work. After a child I love the ocean; but when I began sketching my own children, I discovered I had found my true vocation. All my previous work had been a sort of apprenticeship awaiting the sounding of this my hour of destiny.

Nature, in some instinctive way, fits each man for a special walk in life. To some she has but to whisper her commands and they obey, while others turn a deaf ear, or realize that to carry out her admonition would entail too much hard work, covering a long period of weary years. Success in anything, especially the arts, means years of self-denial, years of intense concentration of the mind, and the very hardest kind of work, possibly years of struggle against adverse conditions which seem to come up to make one's task more difficult. It is a question of the survival of the fittest. Success comes to so few of the many thousands who start out for it. I do not wonder that many shrink from the necessary apprenticeship and prefer a calling that insures them a good living, rather than run the great risk of adopting a profession which has for its greatest pleasure the satisfaction which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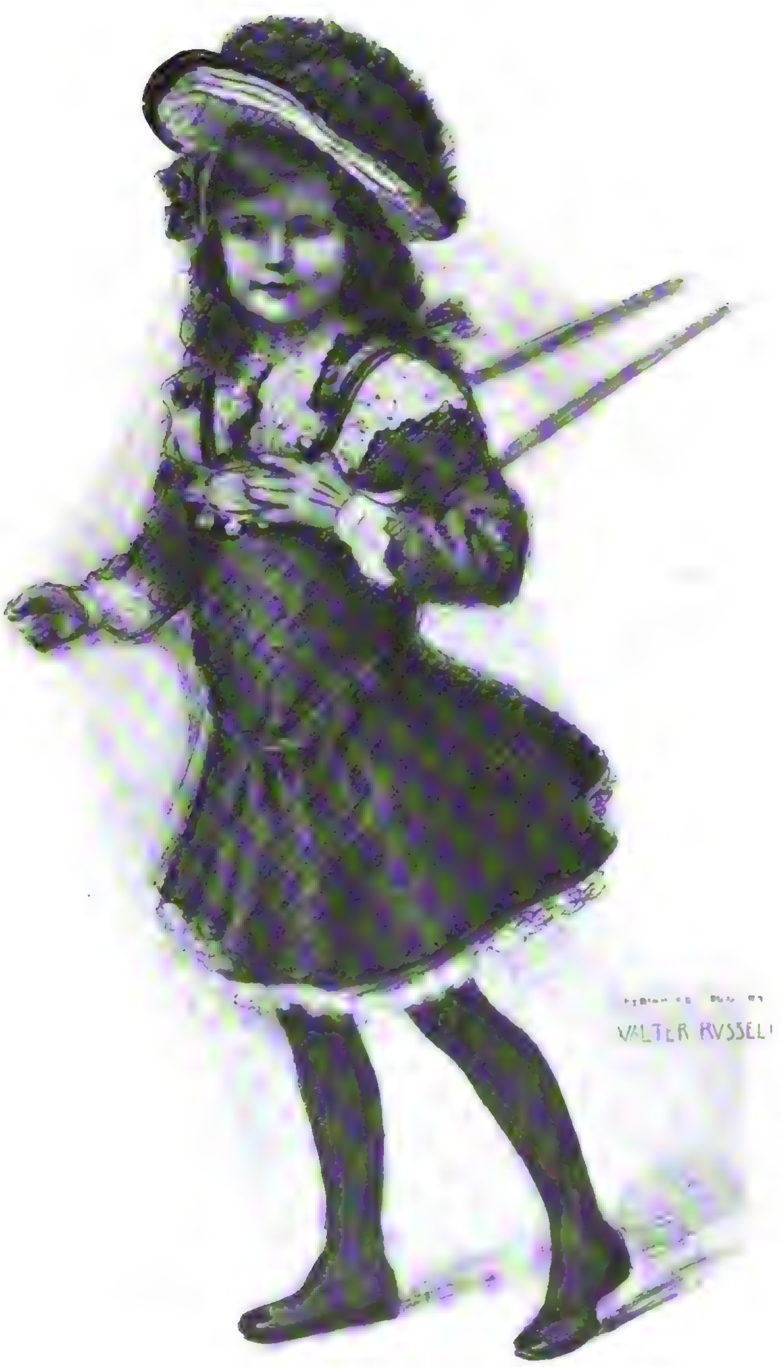
A TYPE OF CHILDISH COMPOSURE.


VALTER RVSSEL

From a painting by Walter Russell.

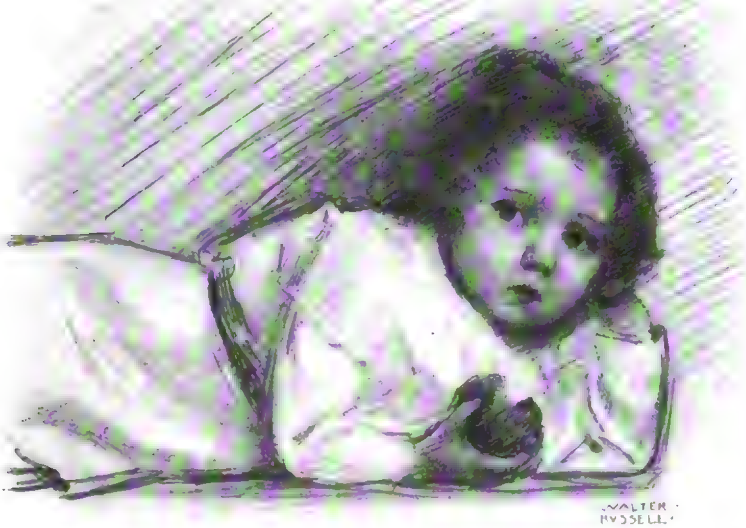
FOND OF FUN AND FAIRY TALES.

the soul demands and can receive from nothing else.

I love children with a deep and yearning tenderness. I have never quite outgrown my childhood, and it is perfectly natural for me to make merry with a crowd of little ones. The coming of my own children accentuated this natural fondness, and from the advent of the first one, my sketches were so numerous and began to be so well liked, and were so much superior in quality to anything else which I did, that I very soon found myself giving my entire time to the portraiture of children, until for the last two years I have painted nothing else.

Somehow or other people have found this out, to such an alarming extent (due as I know to the fact that the true nature of motherhood and fatherhood is present in all of us, and all recognize the child nature which I have been fortunate enough to grasp), that I have received letters from China, Zanzibar, Australia, and other out-of-the way corners of the globe, from rich Americans and Englishmen guaranteeing me a season's work at good prices if I would but go there. But I cannot. I have all that I can do, and more right here in my own country.

I do not hesitate to admit that I rejoice mightily that I have taken some steps forward toward the goal toward which I have set my face. Each round of the ladder has been won at the cost of infinite labor and courage. If I look down I see many toilers below me looking up to where I stand with anxious, appealing glance. To these I give a helping hand. As I look upward and watch the throng above I seek, in my turn, for inspiration and strength. I realize, too, with humility, that I have but started on my journey. The ladder of fame is high, its top rung reaches into the very heavens. I dare not pierce behind its closed portals.



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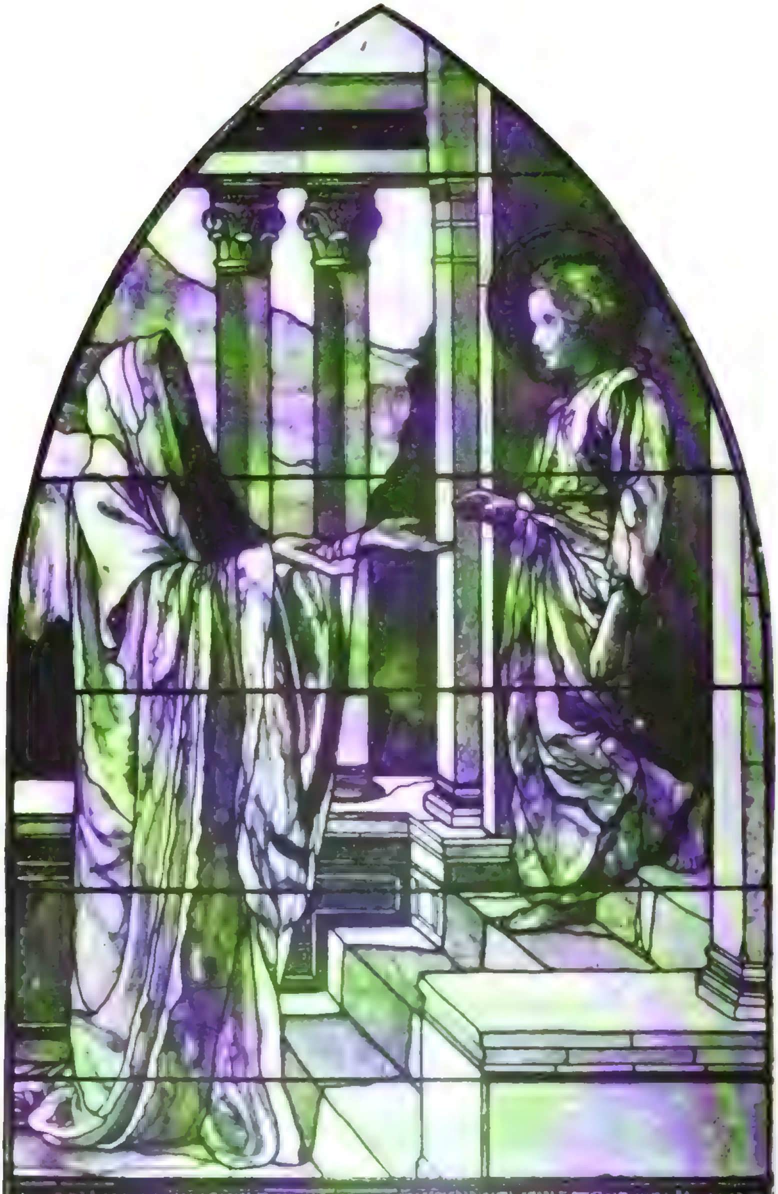
A STUDY IN INFANT PSYCHOLOGY.



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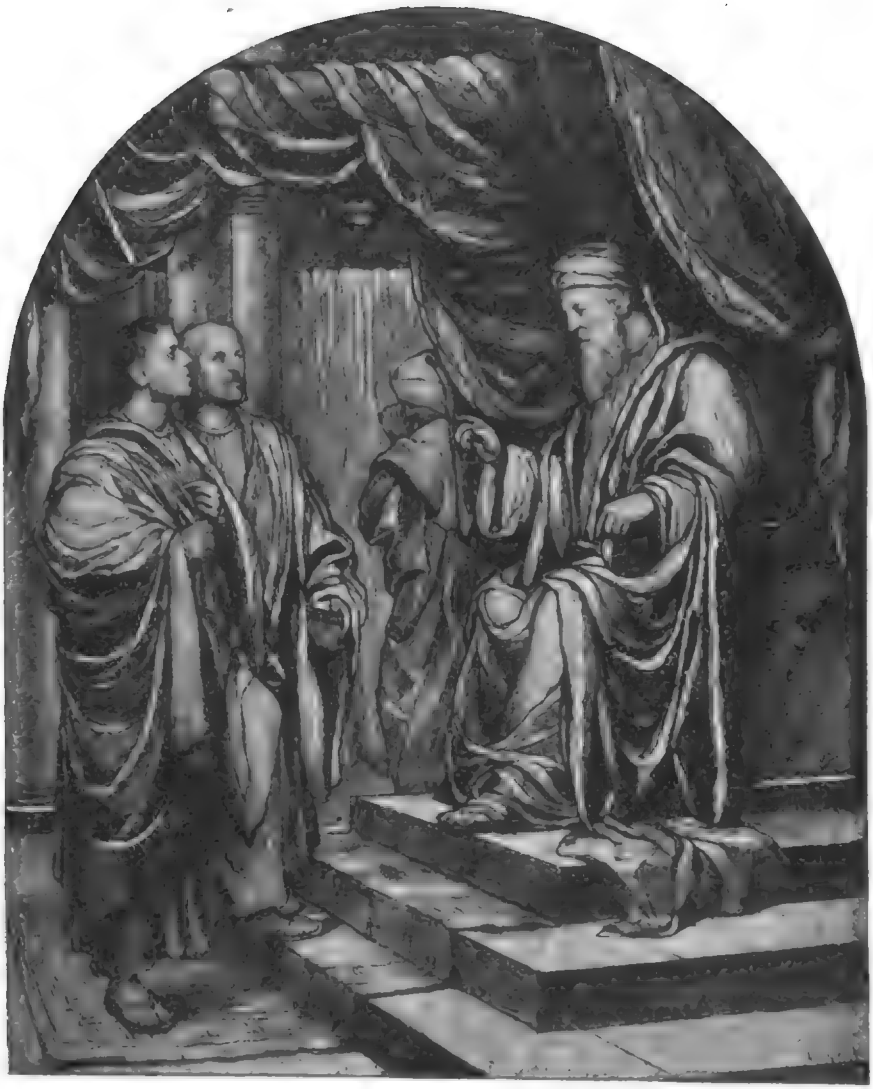
WATSON WINDOW, BUFFALO, N. Y.



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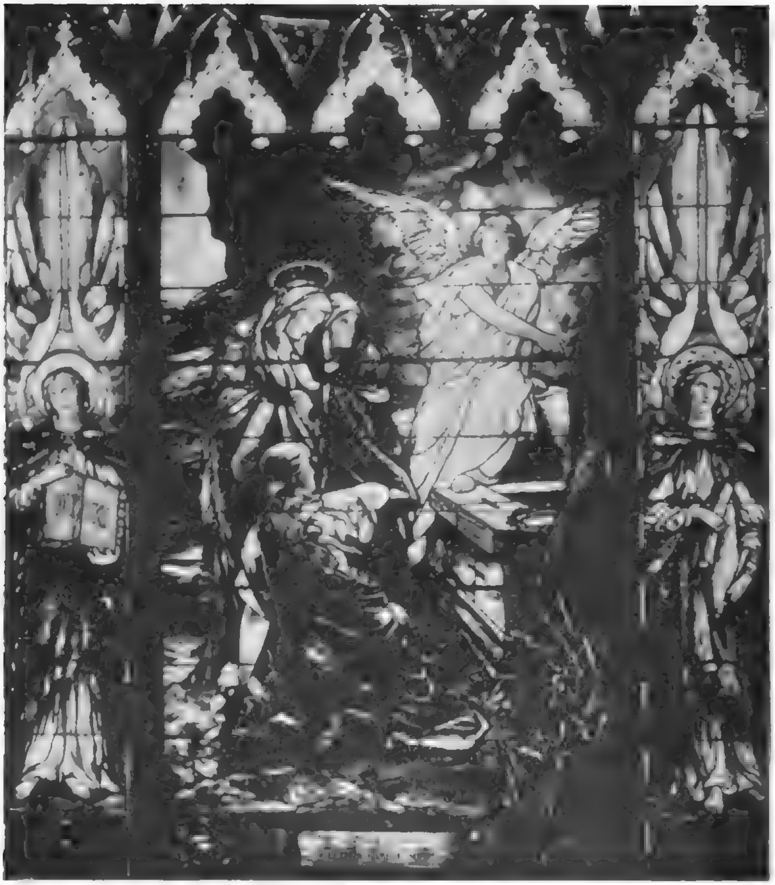
PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Quigg Memorial Window, First Congregational Church, Ithaca, N. Y.

STAINED GLASS WINDOW ART IN AMERICA

By Francis R. Lowe

WITHIN recent years American artists have won from other competitors important recognition in the art centres of the world, through their marvelously beautiful and successful productions in stained glass. The artistic value and decorative quality of their work, united to a profound religious feeling and understanding of Biblical subjects,



Copyrighted by J. & R. Lamb. *J. & R. Lamb, artists.*

THE RESURRECTION.

Chancel window in St. John's, Norfolk, Va.

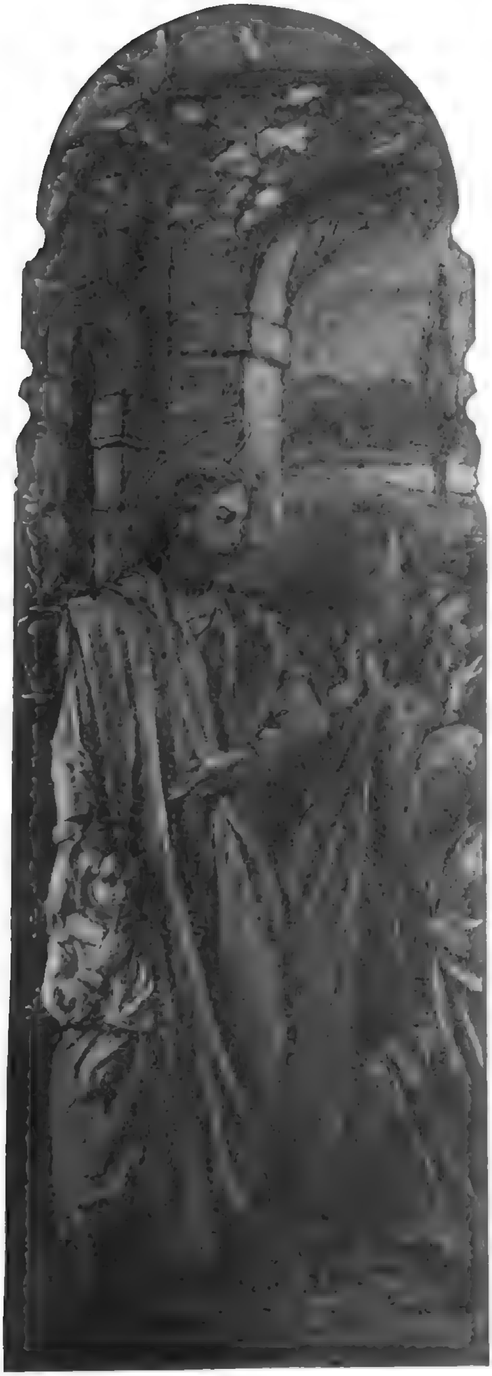
are such that to-day the American artist in stained glass stands without a rival in modern religious work of this genre. Indeed, one may even go a step farther and announce him as the creator of a new school, since it was our own John La Farge who discovered the secret of staining glass, an art that had been lost since the thirteenth century.

The principal reason for this unqualified success arises from the fact that the American artist has had the courage to break away from those beaten tracks in which his foreign contemporaries have been working ever since the middle ages.

Under the inspiration of such artists and artisans as La Farge, Tiffany, the Lamb brothers, and among women Miss Tillinghast and Miss White, the stained glass window has become a crystal canvas glowing with color, rich in imagery, presenting a wealth of new possibilities and beauties never dreamed of in the past.

It must be admitted that our men owe something of their success to the material with which they work. Our American glass is of infinitely superior quality to that employed in foreign *ataliers.* Opalescent glass, now so largely used in the manufacture of stained windows, is an American invention, the result of years of investigation and experiment on the part of Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany.

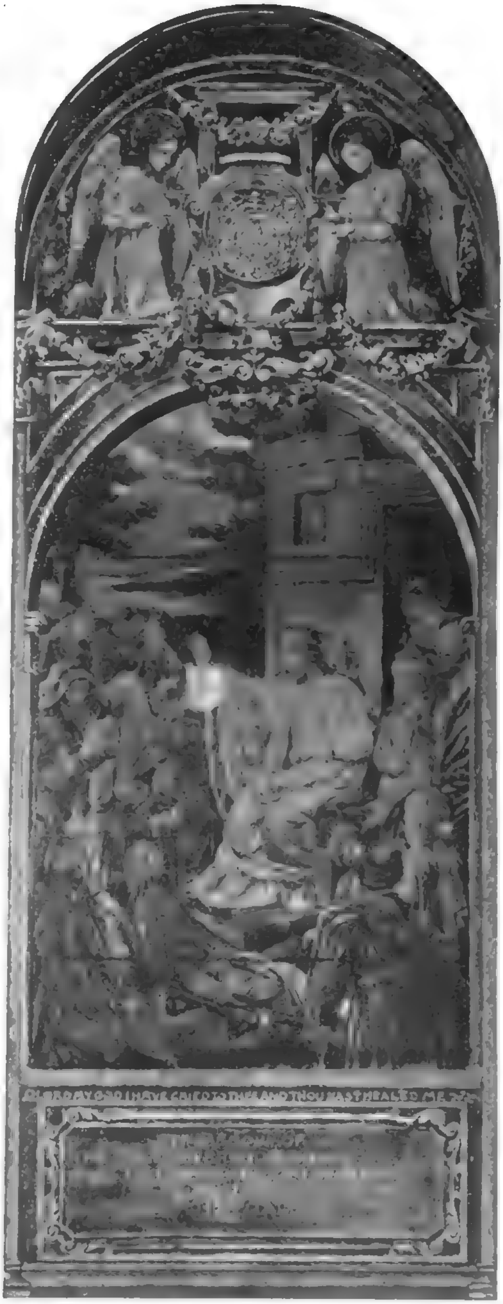
The Favrile glass with which Tiffany & Co. obtain their marvelous effects, is



Copyrighted by M. Tillinghast.
Mary Tillinghast, artist.

CHARITY.

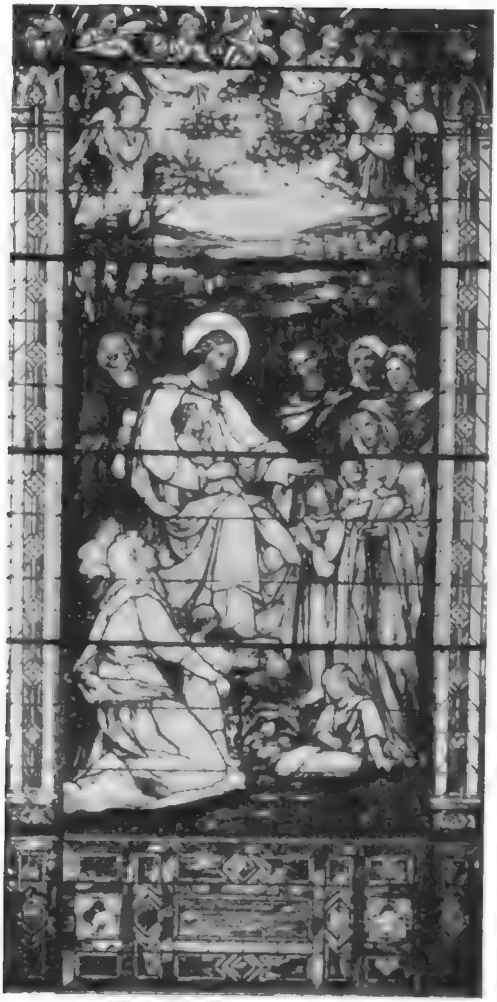
Helen Gould window presented by Mrs. Russell Sage to Home of the Friendless, New York.


O LORD MY GOD I HAVE CRIED TO THEE AND THOU HAST HEALED ME

Copyrighted by M. Tillinghast. Mary Tillinghast, artist.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

Centre panel of window presented to St. Vincent's Hospital by Mrs. Eugene Kelly, in memory of her uncle, Archbishop Hughes.



Copyrighted by J. & R. Lamb. J. & R. Lamb, artists.
CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.
Window in Christ Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

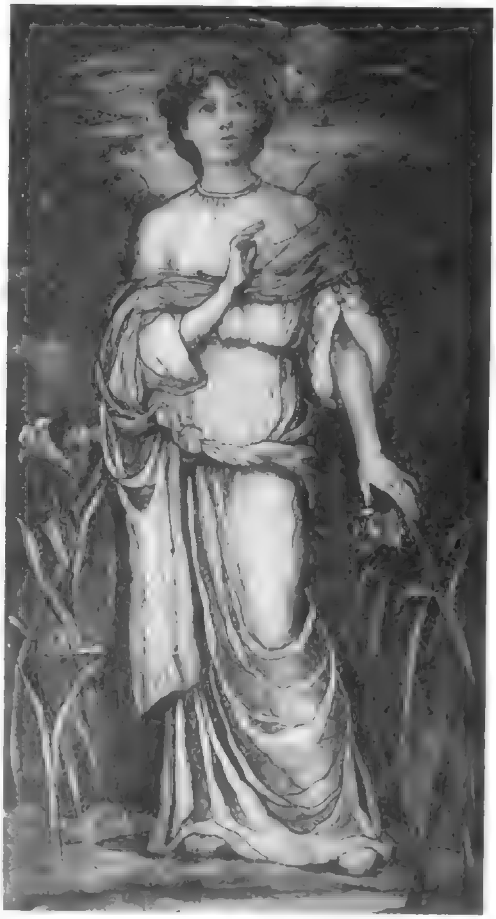
a production of their own. In range, depth and color it has never been equalled. Its manufacture is kept a secret. It cannot be used by any other artists, nor can it be obtained from other makers.

With its wonderful glow of color, and the depth of tone of which it is capable, running from the most brilliant spots of transparent light, through every gradation of opaque and transparent shadow, it produces results which cannot be excelled by any other material used in art. Paint is no longer used in American stained glass, the effects being entirely produced by the coloring in the glass.

In Alumni Hall, at Harvard, is shown the first window in which the opalescent glass was used.

It is by John La Farge and rivals in size the great windows of the French and German cathedrals. It represents a score of young Greek warriors armed with spears and shields, arrayed in royal magnificence. A crimson flag held by a standard bearer floats above their heads. The whole design is a magnificent piece of splendid coloring.

What is conceded to be one of the finest stained glass windows in the world adorns St. Paul's Methodist Church in



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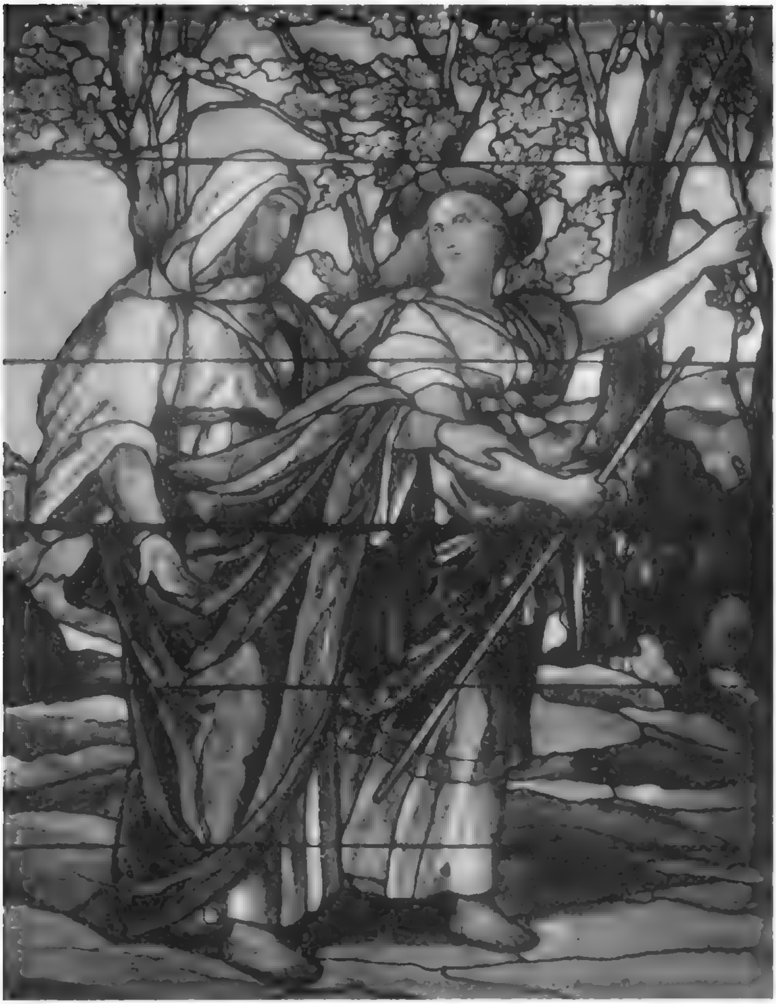
Frances White, artist.
ANGEL AND CHERUB.
Woodlawn, N. Y.



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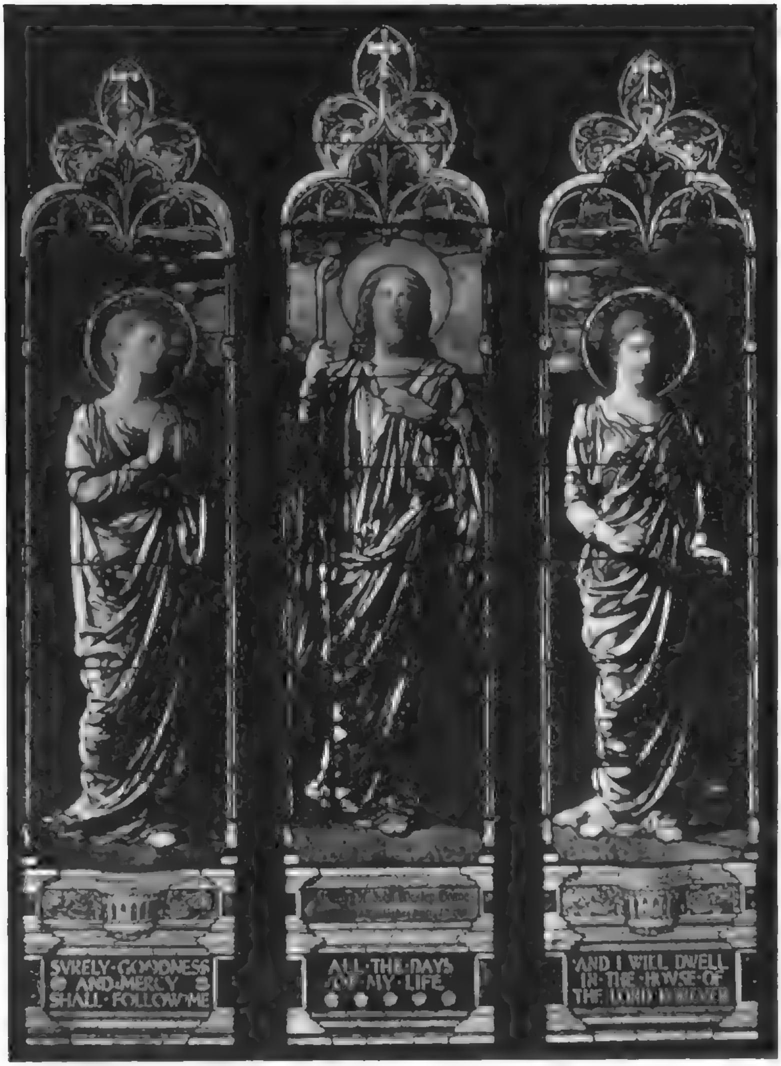
RUTH AND NAOMI.

In the Baptist Church, Newport News, Va.

Newark. It was worked out by Mr. F. S. Lamb from designs furnished by Walter Crane. The window is thirty-five feet high and twenty-five feet wide. It represents St. Paul at Athens preaching to the multitude on Mars Hill. The coloring is a marvel of richness and brilliancy, and the deep green foliage of the trees appears with a faithfulness to nature never before attained in glass work. The window took fully a year to complete, and is a vast and stupendous piece of artistic worth, filling the otherwise gloomy church with light and radiance. It is a work that will become more and more famous as the years roll by.

One of the finest windows ever produced by the Messrs. Lamb was specially made and designed to represent American glass at the Paris Exposition. John La Farge, Tiffany & Co. and Maitland Armstrong were also invited to exhibit specimens of their work, but the Messrs. Lamb were the only ones who showed a new composition. The subject is Religion, and represents a seated



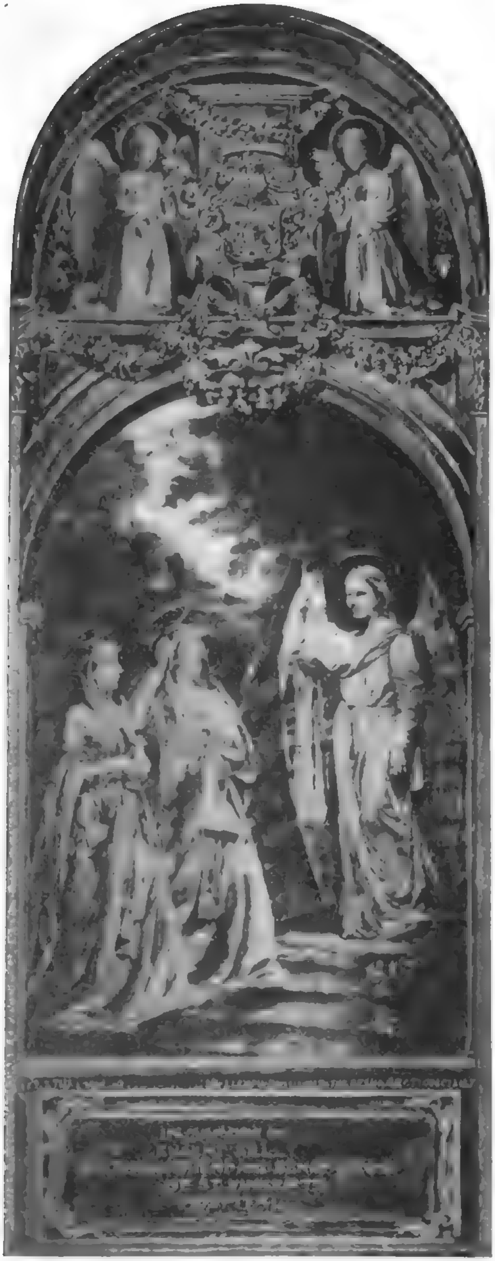
Copyrighted, John La Farge. *John La Farge, artist.*

JOHN WESLEY DOANE MEMORIAL WINDOW AT TRINITY CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

figure in a chair of elaborate Gothic treatment. The design of the chair is especially made to suggest cathedral architecture. Religion is executed in tones of white and holds the Bible as a symbol. On the right stands a figure representing the church militant. It is an angel in armor carrying a sword and shield. On the left is the church triumphant, an angel figure bearing a lily as the symbol of resurrection. The colors of the church militant are deep and rich. The upper portion of the window is filled with foliage of the tree of life. The combination of colors is so arranged as to concentrate attention on the central seated figure of Religion.

This window received medals, as well as marked attention and recognition, from the most artistic nations in the world.

The subject of picture windows is a very large one, demanding the exercise of diverse faculties and artistic perfec-

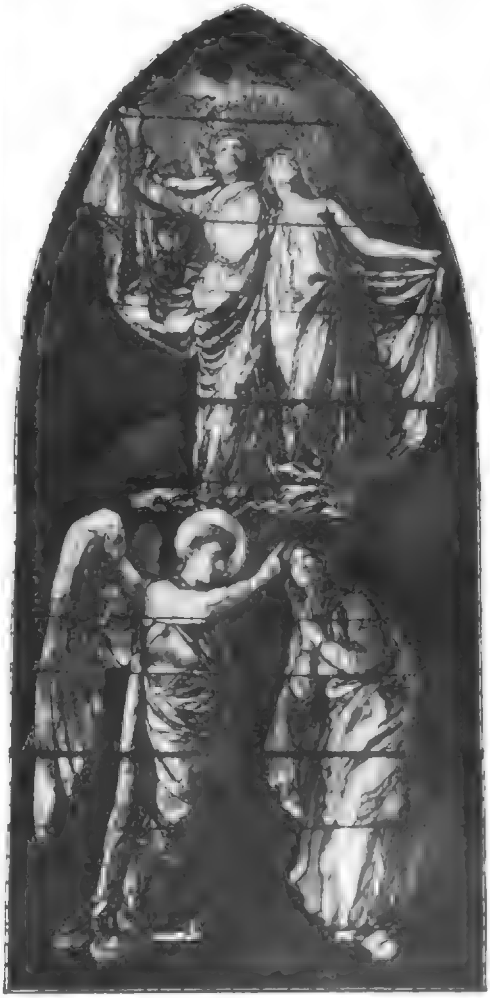


Copyrighted by M. Tillinghast.
Mary Tillinghast, artist.
THE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

tion. Often, though the designs are beautiful and filled with deep religious feeling, they are far more suitable for the canvas than for glass. This is where the artist of the German school fails.

Another point where American art is in advance of that abroad is in the use of leading. This leading is practically the drawing of the figure, though it serves the double purpose of holding the glass together and outlining the design. Because it was done in the thirteenth century the foreign artists still continue to cut up their figures with straight lines of lead, running across the arms and heads of the central design.

The worker in stained glass in America comes much nearer the reali-



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John La Farge, artist.
CABLE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

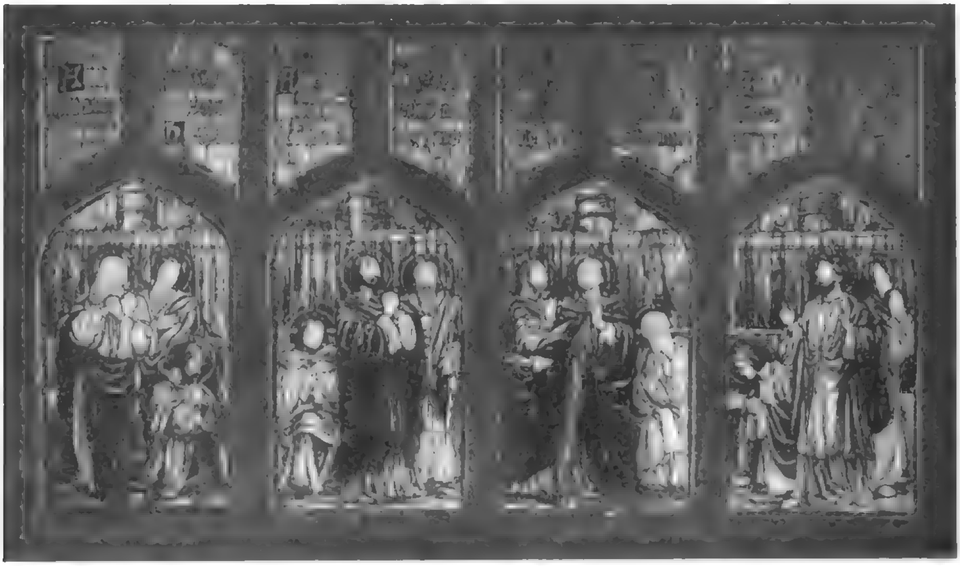
zation of natural form than those of the Middle Ages.

The American is too much of an artist to imitate the works of the past, no matter what their beauty may be. He keeps himself in touch with his age, and there is always a certain originality permeating his work. It is a creation, not an imitation.

Of all materials used in the decorative arts, stained glass is the one *par excellence*. It is a sensitive vehicle for the expression of artistic conceptions. It possesses a radiant beauty unknown to marble and color. The artist can strain and filter, as it were, the sunlight, so that it shapes itself at his bidding into such pictures as he will.

It must not be forgotten that the artist who designs a window is rarely the artisan who does the actual work of selecting the bits of colored glass, and in this way recreating the sketch in added richness and luminosity. This is done by trained men who are more than mechanics, since an unusual aptitude for the finest gradations of color is necessary.

In the old days the artist plied his colors on the sheet of leaded glass as though it were so many yards of canvas. He produced in truth a "painted window" opaque and dull. The secret of staining glass, the lost art of four centuries, was revealed by an American, John La Farge, and to this revelation we owe the supremacy of stained glass window art in America.



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PENTECOST.

Dwight Memorial altar window, Church of the Holy Spirit, Lake Forest, Illinois.

THE LITTLE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

By Troy Allison

"SHE is coming this afternoon," Mrs. Ware said, perplexedly. "It's rather an awkward situation."

Her brother cut off the end of his cigar and lit it in a meditative way.

"Haven't you seen her since you adopted the baby?" he asked.

"No; that was the agreement. She wasn't to see the baby for four years. Sometimes I wonder if I did right to take her child from her, but she was so young and helpless, and—Bob, you don't know how badly I wanted it."

"Yes, I know," he answered, with the quick sympathy that made the big fellow beloved by all who knew him.

He remembered getting his sister's letter when he was in Europe, telling him of her intention to adopt the baby. She had lost her husband and baby in a few weeks of each other, almost five years before, and having been ill herself, the doctor had sent her to the mountains of North Carolina as soon as she was able to stand the trip. It was there she found the girl widow and her baby.

"How old is she, Margaret?"

Mrs. Ware tied the bows on the dainty pincushion she was fixing for her guest's room as she answered:

"She was fifteen then. I never was so shocked in my life as I was when the landlady told me that child was the baby's mother. A mother and a widow before she was sixteen years old; but I found that it was nothing unusual in that section. The hotel was in the wildest part of the mountains and the little widow was helping hang out the hotel wash when I first saw her."

"Did she give up the child willingly?" Bob Stuart could not imagine just what degree of maternal instinct a fifteen-year-old mother would possess. It seemed so preposterous to him.

"You never can tell what those mountaineers feel," answered his sister. "They are not the least bit demonstrative. The girl was so much of a child that she seemed to expect to do whatever she was told to do. She had married a man sixty-five years old because her dying father wanted to leave her in someone's care. Then the husband died and left her with this baby that was just six months old when I saw him. The child was so much like my little Robert."

Stuart was lying on the couch in lazy comfort, and he reached out and took his sister's hand with a warm grasp that told her he understood all about it.

"I agreed to send her to school until she was fitted to earn her living, and to find her a position when she left school. The only condition was that she should let me formally adopt the child and that she should not see him for four years. You see he doesn't know that I'm not his mother; now, I told her that she could spend a month with us every year after this, and could see her baby as often as she liked.

"I should think her position among the schoolgirls would be somewhat peculiar," said Stuart, reflectively.

"The principal of the school arranged that," replied Mrs. Ware. "He suggested that it would be best for no one to know her story except himself and wife. In the mountains she was called 'Ben Campbell's daughter "Lize,"' but she was introduced to the girls as a country girl, Elizabeth Campbell, and they never even dreamed that she was a widow, and that she owned a baby would have been an idea that would have seemed a fairy tale to them. Every year when I send the money for her expenses, I include enough for her clothes. Mrs. Dempster, the principal's wife, is a very capable, motherly woman, and seems to take quite an interest in the girl. She selects all her clothes, and in fact, takes complete charge of her. Mrs. Dempster writes me once a year, and always tells me that she is making wonderful progress. Her last letter said that she was quite a favorite with the girls, and was always invited to spend the holidays at some of their homes."

Stuart got up and threw his cigar in the grate.

"Is she pretty?" he asked.

"A man's interest in a woman always includes that question," smiled his sister. "She was very little, dark and slender when I last saw her. I can't forget the way she looked when she left the baby. He was such a big, fat baby that she could scarcely hold him with her slender arms. She looked straight into his face with the largest, most pathetic black eyes I ever saw. He gurgled and clutched his chubby fingers in her hair which she wore hanging down her back like the child she was. She unclasped his little fingers, kissed them, and then turned to me with the face of a Stoic and said she was ready to go with me."

When Elizabeth Campbell got off the train that night Mrs. Ware's footman met her with an apology for his mistress' absence. The train was three hours late, and she had not been able to wait any longer. She had waited at home as long as possible and had rushed off at the last minute to keep a dinner engagement.

The girl felt relieved rather than otherwise. She had not seen Mrs. Ware since the day she had been left at school, four years ago. The many changes in her life and in herself had made her first fifteen years seem almost a dream. For a few weeks she had sobbed herself to sleep every night from the very strangeness of things. She had missed the baby as the only thing that loved her and that really was her own, but the girl friendships she formed, and constant mental occupation had made it a memory that seemed more like a story she had read than a reality. There had been no love affair in her young life, and when she had once realized that the baby would have more advantages than could have ever been possible otherwise, she began to think of it as Mrs. Ware's and not her own, and entered into her school life with a lighter heart than her little body had ever carried. She had taken up the broken thread of her childhood.

When the maid took her into the pretty little guest chamber Mrs. Ware had left in readiness, she told her that her hostess would see her before breakfast next morning.

Mrs. Ware tapped at her door Christmas morning and found Elizabeth dressed and waiting.

"Why, my dear child!" Mrs. Ware exclaimed, in astonishment; "I never could have believed one could change so entirely."

The girl had on a red morning dress that was simple, soft and clinging. Her eyes were dark with excitement, but she met Mrs. Ware with a grace of manner that showed Mrs. Dempster's training.

"It is your own handiwork," she answered, the soft tones of her voice intense with feeling; "without you it would have been impossible."

Bob Stuart was already seated at the breakfast table when his sister came in with her guest. He astonished the butler by dropping his knife on the floor, but that worthy man's astonishment was nothing compared to Stuart's own feelings.

He greeted the girl with an embarrassment of manner that his sister had never known him show before, but—good heavens! how could a fellow help feeling rattled when he has is absolutely proven to him that the age of miracles is not past, regardless of any preconceived ideas on the subject. Turning water into wine would be a mild achievement compared with changing a little heathen into this beautiful, self-possessed girl.

The child, a sturdy little man, was brought in and introduced to his "new auntie."

Stuart watched the girl turn pale, then red, and finally look at the boy with eyes full of blank astonishment. The last link of the past was evidently gone, for this child of almost five years was a stranger to her, and something her memory failed to recognize.

Her two weeks' holiday were almost over. Mrs. Ware had found it easy to entertain this girl; she had evidently been well coached in the little ways that are pleasing in a woman. Mrs. Dempster had been told to prepare the girl so she could earn her living as a companion or nursery governess. Mrs. Ware did not know what means she had employed, but the result was marvelous.

It was the last night of her visit, and Elizabeth and Stuart came in from an afternoon's skating. They found the library deserted except for the boy, who lay on the rug in front of the fire, looking at the wonderful pictures in his Christmas book.

The girl was radiant and sparkling as she laid aside the furs which had been Mrs. Ware's Christmas gift.

"These two weeks have been so lovely," she said. "I'm going to-morrow—I thought I was happy at school, but these have been the happiest weeks of my life," she finished with a little sigh that perhaps covered many memories.

The boy got up from the rug and took his book with the wonderful pictures.

"I want you to stay f'rever and ever, Auntie Lizzibeth," he said, climbing in her lap. "I'll give you my book wiz the buful pictures if you will stay wiz me always," he pleaded, patting her face with his little hands.

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears, and the child turned to Stuart, who had been watching them with a painful thumping at the heart that had troubled him for several days.

"What will you give her to make her stay f'rever and ever, Uncle Bob?" the boy asked, his voice full of the hope that she might be sufficiently tempted.

"Everything I am and have," said Stuart, his voice trembling with earnestness, and holding out both hands to the girl, "if you will stay with me forever and ever, Elizabeth."

WHEN CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RUNG

By Walter Beverly Crane

May Peace, Good Will and Charity,
By reason of their rarity
At other times—be sung
With genuine rejoicing
And universal voicing
When Christmas bells are rung.

For not the gift that, wearily,
Cold Custom gives uncheerily,
Makes glad the heart and tongue;
But that of Love's gentility,
Sweet-tempered with humility,
When Christmas bells are rung.

Hark! listen to old Trinity—
There swells a sweet affinity,
Each bell a separate tongue—
Chime Faith and Hope and Charity,
Thank God! the last no rarity
When Christmas bells are rung.

To those to whom Christ giveth
The knowledge that He liveth
I fain would dwell among;
The beauty then of living
Is knowing all forgiving
When Christmas bells are rung.

God grant me then the charity
That knoweth no disparity,
And may this song be sung:
To all men, dead and living,
Be Christ-like in your giving
When Christmas bells are rung.

A CHAT BETWEEN CUBS.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE REAL CHORUS GIRL

By Campbell B. Casard

"The real chorus girl."

What a wealthy of meaning these four words contain—wine suppers, handsome gowns, diamonds galore, and a life of idleness—all this and more besides does the imaginative outsider consider as part of this happy creature's existence.

Nor is the public to blame for this erroneous idea, naturally based on the girl it comes in contact with in restaurants and places of amusement, or reads of in the newspapers, for, like the theatrical profession in general, the chorus shows only it's brighter side to the public. In

THE AVERAGE CHORUS GIRL'S SALARY IS FROM EIGHT TO FIFTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK.

all the vast volume of literature dealing with the stage, this same brighter side is invariably depicted.

It has been truthfully said that, "one has to live with people to know them," which wise saying applies admirably to the chorus girl—you have to work with her to know her.

The stage is in some respects the great leveler, and a theatrical company, no matter how large, is one family; that is, excepting the star and more important members of the cast. These are in a class of their own.

The stage hand in most cases meets the chorus on a footing of equality, with possibly a few occasional exceptions.

Not until I went as assistant property man with a large extravaganza or musical show, correctly speaking, did I gain my first glimpse of the real chorus girl during her workaday existence, which fills the greater part of her time.

We had between three and four hundred girls of every nationality and creed with the show, which gave me an excellent opportunity to become familiar with every type.

As nearly every girl used a property during the performance, they all visited the property room at one time or another. I soon knew them all.

It is a peculiar thing what a lot of abuse a girl in this business will submit to. This fact was impressed on me from the start. Our stage manager was considered one of the best in the business, a man whose reputation extended over the entire United States, and for that matter a greater part of Europe as well. Yet he would employ language when reprimanding the girls that a Bowery hoodlum would blush to use to a woman.

It was at the second rehearsal that I first heard him reprimand a girl. The victim was a pale little creature whose

REGISTERING THE EXACT HOUR OF ARRIVAL.

appearance suggested a well-developed case of consumption. She had failed to infuse enough spirit into a certain dance step to suit him.

"Stop! stop!" he shouted, running out to the center of the stage. Music and dancing came to an abrupt halt, while every girl stood pale and trembling in nervous expectation, fearing lest she had unwittingly been the offender. But their suspense was of short duration.

"Miss H——!" he bellowed, "come here!" and as she fearfully approached, fairly tottering in her fright, it was a sight pitiful in the extreme. But the worst was still to follow. After he had scowled at the unfortunate girl for a moment, he abused her in language so vile that I could hardly control myself. And all this in front of a stage full of people.

I afterward learned that the poor girl was suffering from consumption at the time.

The rehearsal is one of the great burdens of the chorus girl's life. Especially true is this with the large productions where the chorus is sometimes rehearsed as long as fifteen weeks before the opening. All this time they have to work without a penny of salary.

The members of dramatic companies have the advantage in this respect. They can generally secure some of their salary in advance from the manager after the first rehearsal. With the large extravaganzas this is an impossibility. The management cannot afford to advance salaries to the three or four hundred people in the company, neither can they in justice favor one without the rest.

The novice who fondly imagines that rehearsals end with the opening performance is very apt to be badly disappointed. During the six months' run of the "Beauty and the Beast" at the Broadway Theatre we had a rehearsal every day, Sunday included. It was the same with "Bluebeard" at the Knickerbocker.

During the performance, the keen-

A LUCKY GIRL WITH A FEW LINES.

eyed stage manager and his assistants stood in the wings scrutinizing every move of the company, and the least little error, even if unnoticed by the audience, was sure to be the signal for a rehearsal next day.

Nor were errors the only pretext. If an actor fancied the chorus supporting him was not just as it ought to be, he would complain and the inevitable rehearsal would result.

Sometimes the rehearsals would last the greater part of the day, starting at nine or ten in the morning and lasting until six or six-thirty in the evening. In the latter case the girls would have just one hour to hurry home, bolt their dinner and return for the evening performance. By the end of the show the girl had worked a total of fourteen hours.

And at the preparatory rehearsals (that is the ones previous to the opening of a new production) the hours are even longer. During the week prior to the opening of the "Beauty and The Beast" at the Broadway, I had only ten hours off, and the greater part of the time the chorus was working.

Just think of working all these hours for from eight to fifteen dollars a week salary (the average chorus girl's salary in the city), while on the road they rarely receive more than twenty-five. Still there are plenty of young women filling positions in the commercial world with hours about half the length, who would gladly exchange places with the humblest show girl.

It would naturally be supposed that this constant strain on the girl's nerves would shatter them as well as her spirit. Apparently its effect is quite the reverse,

A MOMENT'S RESPITE.

and some of the lively times the girls have in their dressing-rooms before and after the show seem to prove this.

From the moment the first two or three enter, the babble of feminine tongues commences and never ceases until the call boy is heard calling their cue. Tales of conquests, new gowns, social affairs, and very often the character of some absentee, are all discussed in the high-pitched key so popular with stage folk.

The noise can be imagined with ten or fifteen girls in a room, which is usually the case. Nor does talking constitute their entire fund of pleasure. Every night one of the dressing-rooms gives a party.

The girls all contribute an equal amount of money toward its general expense, and after selecting a list of edibles dear to the chorus girl's heart, such as club sandwiches, fruit, cake, ice cream, olives, to say nothing of the soda water, and, I am sorry to say, oftentimes much stronger drinkables, they bribe the call boy or one of the clearers to slip the refreshments past the watchful doorman and stage manager to their dressing-room. (This bringing refreshments on the stage is against the rules.) After this is accomplished the fun begins. The feast is spread on the make-up tables, and the banquet is ready.

The favored girls from adjoining rooms are invited and the jolly time that follows make the girls forget, while it lasts, their troubles. There is only one thing to mar their fun—the ever watchful stage manager, who is often near to reprimand and fine them.

And these fines; they are the bane of the girls' lives. The most trivial offences are punished by fines so extortionate that if they are not very careful, their pay envelope at the end of the week is nearly empty. If they are a minute late for a rehearsal or performance they are fined. It is the same for missing either a call or a cue.

There is another fine for chewing gum or talking on the stage, also for soiling or tearing a costume, no matter where the blame may lie. Another fine is imposed for smiling at a friend in the audience, others for going on without a property, for making the slightest mistake, for leaving the stage before the encores are all received, for—but why enumerate further; there are dozens of other fines for offences equally unimportant and absurd.

In "Bluebeard" the girls were fined two dollars if caught talking to the opposite sex in any part of the theatre, during the performance. This rule was enforced even in the basement, as far removed as that part of the theatre was from the stage.

Very often the girls were fined in a most unjust manner. On one occasion a girl was explaining to me that her armor needed repairing. As I was armor man, this was strictly a matter of business, so when the assistant stage manager passed, we continued talking. Our surprise can be pictured when on the following salary day we each received a two dollar fine. There was no possibility of our disturbing the play, as the armor room was in a remote corner of the basement, away from the stage. The girls were even fined for not staying in their dressing-

STUDYING HER LINES.

rooms, though goodness knows the latter were unattractive enough.

How amusing it is to a person familiar with the stage to note the picture drawn by newspapers and magazines of the chorus dressing-room. Invariably they have it a commodious, finely appointed affair, likely to inspire envy in the stage-struck girl's heart.

But the real room, the one found in nearly every theatre, is very different from this ideal of the press. Usually situated on the fly-gallery floor, up four or five flights of steep, dusty stairs, or else in the damp, unhealthy cellar, it is anything but attractive or convenient.

And as for its size and furnishing, well—but why continue? I'll draw you a pen picture of it. Take a long, narrow room, say fifteen by seven feet, with low hanging ceiling, build a plain pine shelf around three sides, while on the fourth, drive a miscellaneous assortment of old nails and hooks. Add ten or fifteen worn out deal chairs with an equal number of soiled and broken mirrors, litter the floor with discarded clothing, fruit skins, grease paint and various other bits of unsanitary refuse. Next stop up all means of ventilation and put in one young woman for each of the ten or fifteen chairs, and the picture of the average chorus girl's dressing-room is complete.

The ten or fifteen girls dressing together are not always the most congenial in the world. In fact they are generally the reverse. There are, in nearly every instance, one or two girls who spend their time making it unpleasant for the rest.

I have seen two or three girls engage in a rough and tumble fight, in which it required the combined efforts of the stage manager and his assistants to separate them. On these occasions their profanity was terrible, sounding more like that of a river man than a woman.

It is a peculiar thing the way the girls contract this disgusting habit of using profane language as soon as they get on the stage. I've noticed new girls stand horrified on hearing for the first time some of the older ones swearing. Inside of two weeks' time, I have heard those same new girls use language that caused the older ones to blush in their turn.

But swear and fight as she will, the chorus girl will always be found a good fellow, ready to fight her professional sister's battles, ready to share to the last penny her scanty earnings with one less fortunate.

I recall the case of a little woman in "The Beauty." I had known her for some time, and was aware of the fact that she received a good-sized check from home each week during rehearsals while she was receiving no salary. I was naturally surprised when she asked me for a loan a few days after she had gotten her check.

"You must be investing in diamonds, Blanche," I laughingly said, as I handed her the money.

She made no reply, but I learned a month or two later from one of the other girls that Miss Blanche had supported three of them during the entire time of the rehearsals.

At another time, a clearer's wife died. He was out of a day position at the time, and was nearly destitute, his only income being the four dollars he received each week at the theatre. One of the girls happened to be in the room while he was telling the property man of his affliction. Without a word she picked up a "prop" basin and dropping a five dollar bill (one-third of her weekly salary) into it, left the room, carrying the basin with her.

She returned in a few minutes with it half full of bank notes and coin which she had collected from the other girls and stage hands. When it was counted we found it contained over one hundred and fifty dollars.

If some of the writers of jokes concerning the length of time required by a woman to dress, could witness some of the rapid changes the chorus girl makes during the performance, I am sure they would weep bitter tears of regret and shamefacedly retract all they had ever written on the subject.

And indeed it is marvellous. Some of the girls make eight or ten changes during the performance, which means three or four to each act. Besides the actual work of dressing, they have to run up and down the several flights of stairs between their rooms and the stage.

The outsider will naturally suppose that each girl has her own maid to assist her. This idea is, however, entirely erroneous. There is only one maid or dresser to a room, though the girls generally lend a helping hand to each other.

If their costumes are scant at times this lack is amply repaid at others. Especially true is this when the victim has to wear a suit of armor.

I have seen girls strapped into suits of armor weighing as much as twenty to thirty pounds. These consisted of breast plates and backs, gauntlets, shin caps and collars. To prevent their rattling, they had to be fastened on so tightly that very often the buckles would cut deep into the wearer's flesh. All parts were fastened with these buckles, except the collar, that fastened with a snap button and fitted under the chin in a most uncomfortable manner.

Nor was this the complete suit. Besides the above, there was a gigantic helmet and spear or sword for her to carry. Is it any wonder that the girls sometimes fainted? And speaking of fainting reminds me of an incident typical of the hardships the girls have to endure.

There was a delicate-looking little girl with "Bluebeard," who always appeared on the verge of collapsing. I used to stand in the wings during rehearsals watching her, wondering how she kept up, so frail did she appear.

Day after day, she struggled through the fatiguing work required of her, and each morning seemed to grow paler. But she kept on, never missing a day for the entire eleven weeks we rehearsed. On the opening night, when I fastened her armor on, I noticed that she was trembling violently.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Are you ill?"

"I don't feel very good," she answered.

"Better not go on," I advised.

"I'll try and stick it out," she said; "I'm afraid they'll fine me if I miss a turn on the opening night."

I felt uneasy about her after she had left the armor room, and as soon as I had finished the other girls, I hastened to the stage and watched her. She stood among a crowd of girls at the top of a huge platform erected at the rear of the stage. I noticed that she was ghastly white. She seemed hardly able to bear the weight of her heavy armor.

Her position was at the very edge of the platform which was at least eight feet from the stage floor. She began swaying as if about to faint, and before anyone could reach her, she tottered and fell to the stage below, striking on her head, where she lay unconscious.

A physician was quickly summoned. After a hasty examination, he turned to the stage manager. "Why, this women is starving to death!" he cried.

And so it proved. For eleven weeks she had existed on a loaf of dry bread each day, with the occasional addition of sandwiches distributed at rehearsals.

There was another case at the opening performance almost as pitiful, though tinged with humor. One of the girls came into the property room, weeping as if her heart would break. After a bit she controlled herself sufficiently to tell her troubles. The stage manager claimed that she was too stout for the costumes and discharged her. She certainly had reason to feel wounded. After rehearsing twelve weeks to be discharged for such an absurd reason.

There is another phase of the chorus life too horrible to be dwelt upon, and that is the temptation to which a pretty, attractive girl is subjected.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and these same exceptions are pointed out, with pride, as shining examples by the other members of the profession.

Very few girls realize this fact at the beginning, however, and nearly all of them will tell you that their aim is higher than the chorus. I personally know one hundred or more girls, who started years ago filled with this same spirit of enthusiasm, and who are to-day in exactly the same positions as when they started. No! not exactly the same. They have been shifted from the front row to the rear as their beauty failed, for beauty is their stock in trade, and when it fails, their career in the chorus is ended.

And what is the end?

Unfitted by her stage life for any of the more useful walks in life, nothing remains for her save some minor position about the theatre. Mayhap dressing other chorus women, or as Kenneth Herford so truthfully pictures it, "Become a charwoman—a character that in her youth she deemed never to assume—and find employment scrubbing the very stage that once she ornamented."

Nor is the position of the chorus girl improving. Like all other positions in the theatre, the managers are seeking to reduce salaries. To further this end, one of the largest firms has opened a training school for chorus girls, its object being to create an over supply of trained girls, with the ultimate object of secure them at its own price.

As it is the girls can hardly exist on their salaries. Unlike other professions, the chorus demands that its members be smartly gowned at all times. In order to meet this demand, the girls must spend the greater part of their slender incomes for clothes. After they have supplied themselves with these essentials, there is little left for board and room.

Their home, if such it can be called, is generally a bare little hall bedroom in a cheap theatrical boarding-house, for which she has to pay an exorbitant rate. As much, in fact, as in a first-class place.

THE REAL CHORUS GIRL.

Why don't they go to the latter? Because chorus girls, thanks to their unsavory reputation, are barred from other than theatrical boarding-houses.

In many instances the girls rent a flat on the co-operative plan. The ones who live thus are more fortunate than their hall-bedroom sisters; they at least have companions to cheer them in adversity, as there are generally three or four girls to a flat. Then they are independent of the boarding mistress, who sometimes makes it very uncomfortable for the hall-room girl, especially when she owes a little bill.

Another advantage of this co-operative housekeeping is, that if a girl becomes ill or out of work, she at least has a roof to protect her until she can pull through. The other girls always help her.

Of course the apartment is not furnished in an elegant manner. But be the furniture plain as it may, there will always be found an abundance of toilet articles scattered about in a promiscuous manner—face powders, fancy soaps, lotions, grease paints, rabbits' feet and a miscellaneous collections of odds and ends of feminine attire.

Their attempts to decorate the little flat and make it homelike are sometimes pathetic. The walls are nearly always covered with theatrical photos, glaring lithographs, old programs, a broken looking-glass and a lot of other bits of finery, the greater part of which was ready for the garbage pile ages ago. But no matter how humble it may be, it is still a shelter.

But if the chorus girl's life is hard while she is working, it is doubly so in the summer when she is idle. It can readily be seen from the foregoing that she is rarely able to save much out of her salary.

With the close of the season, the slender store she has been able to put away rapidly disappears, and in a very short time she has not only used up her savings, but has pawned every little trinket and bit of jewelry she possesses. At last starvation threatens her. It is at this time that in her desperation she signs contracts at ridiculously low salaries to get work to keep her from starving. Better this than the only other path open to her.

Still with all this before them, young women from every part of the country are swarming to the ranks of the chorus. A faint idea of the number in this profession can be gained by the amount of unemployed chorus girls in New York City alone, which counts up to a total of over ten thousand, and God knows where it will end.

IN THE GLAMOR OF AN EVENING PERFORMANCE.

THEIR CHRISTMAS VISITORS

By Horace Seymour Keller

Close to the ruddy coals that glowed
He sat with bended head,
And pictured in the firelight
The faces of the dead.

And close by sat the goodly wife,
The only one to cheer
His heart grown weary with the strife
Of many a vanished year.

"I think I see the gentle lass
Whose eyes were soft and blue,"
He murmured lowly in a breath,
"She was so sweet, my Sue."

A wrinkled hand steals to his own,
A voice it whispers low:
"God took her, dear, and He alone
Does what is best, you know."

"And was it best that Hal, our boy,
So proud, so grand, so brave,
Should go away—and only find
An unknown soldier's grave?"

Then trembling with a grief as deep
As his, a voice replied:
"God has him safe within His keep—
The boy who fought and died."

"And Kate, the bonny and the kind,
Your helper, was it best
That she should go, be laid away
With babe upon her breast?"

"Yes, all is best, God wills it so—
For heaven's gates are wide
To welcome mothers who must go
With baby close beside."

And while the Christmas bells afar
Peal forth their silver chimes,
The aged couple hear again
The voices of old times.

And 'round their knees the prattlers come
To touch their wrinkled hands—
The children who are gathered home
Again from shadow lands.

And in the rosy light that gleams
And dances on the floor,
They picture there the olden dreams
And faces gone before.

"Perhaps 'tis best; I loved them, dear,
But ah! I miss them so!"
A voice it whispered in his ear:
"God's will is best, you know."

DECK OF GRAND BANKS CODFISHERMAN, DISPLAYING FISH AT WHARF.

COD FISHING AND FRESH FISHING

How the Business is Carried On in New England

By William S. Birge, M. D.

ONE of the most important industries of New England is the fisheries, the two most important branches of which are cod fishing and fresh fishing. Probably no branch of this industry has gone through so many changes as has cod fishing. In the early days the vessels were small, some of them pink, or sharp sterns, and carrying only about five or six hundred quintals of fish. These vessels made two trips a season, which generally lasted from March to October. The fishing in those days was all done with hand lines, and the crew fished from the vessel, standing watch and fishing half and half, one part catching while the others dressed the fish. The crews in the old days were mostly citizens of the place the vessel hailed from, and each man was paid according to the amount of fish he caught. The business, however, was carried on on a very small scale at first, but in the early part of this century it had grown to be one of the principal industries. The war of 1812 and 1814 was a check to the business, but after peace was declared it was pursued with renewed activity. Some of the older citizens, to-day, remember when the Welcome Return, Widow Wadman, Yazo, Bion, North Cape, Abbathule and the old Billy Gray were crack vessels of the fleet. It is told of the Billy Gray that in coming home from Labrador with a load of fish, during a heavy gale of wind the schooner was drugged by putting an anchor over the stern and riding out the gale in that way, never shipping a drop of water. The reason the

SPREADING SALT FISH ON THE FLAKES TO DRY.

crew did so was because the vessel was so much sharper aft that she rode the seas better.

There has been no great change in the handling of the fish after the vessel has returned home with a fare. The fish are brought ashore in boats, or landed on the wharf, where they are thoroughly washed and then spread on flakes to dry. Some, however, at present are put into butts with a strong brine or pickle. These are called pickle-cured fish and lack that dry, white, clean appearance of the fish that are sun-dried upon the flakes.

The first decided change in the cod-fishing business was the introduction of dory fishing, each one of the crew having a dory and, pulling away from the vessel, anchoring and fishing with hand lines. Old experienced fishermen claim, to-day, that a fare of fish could not be taken in the old way from the vessel. Trawls were also used on the banks, which for the benefit of the uninitiated, I will say means a long line, in some instances over a mile in length, with hooks fastened to short lines about three feet long, and fastened to the long line at equal distances—about six feet apart. The expense of this mode of fishing has caused the almost total abandonment of it in the Grand Banks fishery. During the Civil War this industry made a rapid stride onward; the high price of fish during those years and the years immediately following gave the business such a boom that it was known as the "flush times." New and larger vessels were built, and crews numbering between twenty and thirty men were carried. Dry fish sold for five and six dollars a quintal (about one hundred pounds), and in some instances for seven dollars and upward. The captains and owners of the vessels would assume all the risk and ship crews, paying them from two hundred to as high as five hundred dollars a man, according to his known qualities as a fisherman. The fleet at present engaged in this industry is composed of some of the finest vessels afloat, of from one hundred and twenty up to two hundred tons burden, although the number of vessels comprising the cod-fishing fleet has largely diminished in numbers during the past few years, owing to the great increase of the fresh fishing business. They sail like yachts, and are thoroughly seaworthy, standing any amount of bad weather, and are capable of going to any part of the world. This fleet cruises from the South Channel off Nantucket to Cape Sable off the Nova

"HAPPY JACK," OLD-TIME GRAND BANK FISHERMAN AND BEACH-COMBER, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

CODFISH DRYING ON THE FLAKES, PROVINCETOWN.

Scotia shore; the time taken on these trips rarely extends over two weeks.

The fresh fishing vessels carry large crews, generally from eighteen to twenty-four men, who work on shares. The vessel and gear draw a certain proportion, perhaps one-third of the gross stock; the food, bait and ice bills are deducted from the "fare," or amount for which the fish are sold fresh in the market; and the rest is divided equally among the crew, the captain receiving, besides his share, which is the same as the rest, two per cent on the gross stock.

When a fresh fishing vessel arrives on the "grounds" the dories put out, two men in each, and set their trawls. The hooks are all baited before leaving the vessel, and neatly coiled up in tubs made for the purpose. The line is gradually run out over the stern of the dory, which is rowed along until it is all out. The trawl line is kept from sinking by means of cork floats. After the trawl is set the fishermen may light up their pipes and wait half an hour before beginning the return trip. The line is hauled in as the dory is propelled back toward the vessel, and the fish that have been caught are taken from the hooks and thrown in the bottom of the boat. Sometimes the dory will be loaded down with fish, consisting mostly of cod and haddock; at other times only a small number may be caught.

On reaching the vessel the fish are thrown on board and put on ice in the hold. The trawls are again baited and the man and dory once more start out.

A vessel carrying a crew of twenty-three men will have ten dories; the captain, cook, and perhaps one man remaining on board to care for the vessel, and pick up the men if necessary, which is often the case in thick or foggy weather, when the vessel is lost to sight a few

FRANK JENNINGS, SMALL DEALER IN DRY SALT FISH.

hundred yards distant. Each dory is always provided with a box of hard-bread and a jug of fresh water, for it sometimes happens that the dory and its occupants are lost in the fog for a day or two, and are finally picked up by some other vessel and carried into port, or if fortunate, restored to their own craft on the grounds.

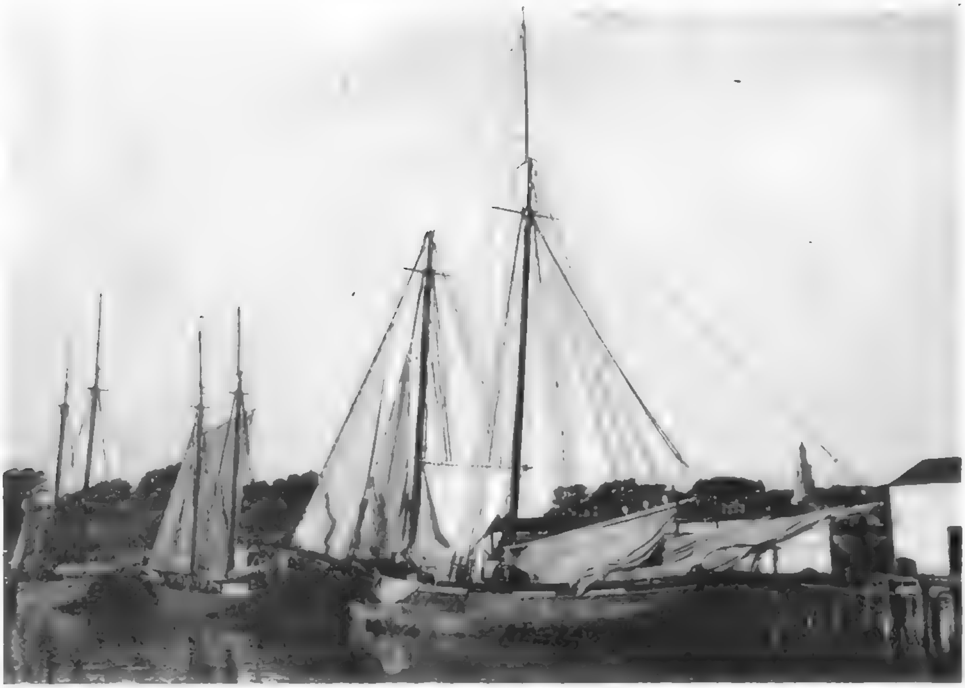
A settlement is made at the end of every trip, in fresh fishing. The trip may have been but two or three days, and occasionally as many weeks. It takes the captain but a short time to dispose of his "fare" once he is alongside the wharf. There is no dickering in this business. Every morning the wholesale buyers set the price that will be paid for fish that day. Of course, when fish are scarce, and few vessels are in, the market is higher; when a large fleet arrives on the same day prices drop. The consumption of fresh fish is increasing all the time, for now, with refrigerator cars and the increased facilities for shipping, fresh fish may be found in almost every city market, no matter how far distant from the seaboard.

Oftentimes the crew of the fresh fisherman will find that for the season's work they have shared five hundred, six hundred, or even more, dollars, clear of all expense; with, likely, a month off during the year while the vessel is repairing, painting, etc.

The crew of a "fresh fisherman" are more on an equality than in any other form of sea-going; part of the crew sleep aft in the cabin, and part in the fo'castle. All eat at the same table and of the same food. The living is excellent. Being in port so frequently there is no difficulty in procuring fresh food, and in keeping it so, even in the hottest weather, for every vessel carries plenty of ice to keep the fish in good condition until they reach

FRESH FISHING VESSELS HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS. DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY THESE VESSELS USUALLY HAUL UP FOR REPAIRS, PAINTING, ETC.

TAKING ON BAIT BEFORE STARTING ON A TRIP.



FRESH FISHERMEN.

CARRYING SALT FISH TO THE FLAKES TO DRY.

the market. There are some vessels that have never made a poor season since they were launched. Commanded by the same captain, and manned by the same crew, with an occasional exception, year after year, they are as confident as any one can be that the season will be a successful one, and they can estimate to a nicety what their earnings will be for the year.

Some of the trips made by these craft seem almost incredible. The Rosa Cabral, one of the high flyers, left Provincetown Harbor one morning bound for the fishing grounds; arriving there she secured a large "fare" of fish, started for Boston, and arrived there early the following morning, the whole time consumed on the trip being a little short of twenty-four hours. Another vessel, the Julia Costa, sailed from Gloucester at six o'clock in the morning, arrived on the fishing grounds about fifteen miles northeast of Highland Light, caught fifteen thousand pounds of codfish, and was in Boston, at the wharf, at eleven o'clock that night, having sailed over one hundred miles in the meantime. A great deal of rough weather is experienced by these vessels, much more so than any other branch of fishing, for they ply their vocation right through the dead of winter, and off the treacherous coast of Cape Cod, but taking into consideration the large number of vessels, and the hundreds of men required to carry on the business, the fleet has been exceptionally free from disaster.

WRECK OF "DAWSON CITY," A FRESH FISHERMAN, ON CAPE COD.

Photo by Burr McIntosh. MISS EDNA MAY.

WHO IS NOW STARRING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AND WHO WON A NEW YORK AND LONDON TRIUMPH THROUGH HER CHARMING IMPERSONATION OF A SALVATION ARMY LASSIE.

PERSONALITY AND THE STAGE

By Edna May

PERSONALITY, when applied as the attribute of an actress who has had the good fortune to succeed, cannot and does not mean any special quality that can be named and defined. Sometimes it is the charm and freshness of youth; at other times it is a series of mannerisms—a smile—a shrug—an eccentricity of intonation—or even a coquettish wink. Camille Clifford merely walks across the stage as the Gibson girl; she does not utter a word; yet when I left the other side, all London was enraptured over her grace and beauty. Sara Bernhardt—the great Sara—has a personality that thrills; Eleonora Duse charms; Annie Russell is appealing; Richard Mansfield commands. When all is said and done, personality is nothing more nor less than magnetism.

Upon the stage it is the gift of gifts, for allied with art it is the quality that makes a rôle seem human and possible. It is an invisible current of understanding—of good fellowship—kept in constant vibration between the actor and audience. When one is *en rapport* with one's audience there are no footlights, no drop curtain. It is as though one were holding the hand of a friend and speaking quite confidentially.

While it can be readily understood that without magnetism the greatest of art falls short of its goal, how much more must a success that depends only upon a pleasing or charming personality be short-lived and unstable! Fortunate indeed is the actor who possesses the quality of magnetism that draws; but more than unfortunate is one who has tasted the sweets of an ephemeral success, and who places his or her faith on a foundation so fragile that, like a house of cards, it may fall into ruin before the passing of a season.

I remember that when I won my first little success as Violet Grey, the Salvation Army lassie, in "The Belle of New York," there was a drop of bitterness in the wonderful surprise and joy of it. It seemed to me that too much emphasis was laid upon my personality—too little upon my work. I had served my apprenticeship, and I knew I had "made good," because I had the knowledge and wit to make use of an opportunity when it came knocking at my door. It was more than a mere accident of youth and perhaps a pleasing manner. I am willing to admit that I was a little bit shy when I found myself before a first night audience, occupying the centre of the stage, but if I had not had a few years of good old-fashioned routine work back of me, this shyness would have meant awkwardness, stage fright and a fiasco. I would not have "made good" in spite of the opportunity. This is the story in a nutshell of many and many a failure.

I speak in this plain fashion because I hope that my work in "La Poupée," in London, and my sweet, sweet success not only in England, but in New York, as the "School Girl," prove that my aims are serious and are not based altogether upon "personality."

A London audience, especially the gallery, is pretty frank and brutal. A New York success does not help an American actor to win an English welcome. If you do not please you are interrupted and jeered at by a chorus of "boos" and the gallery does not hesitate to make sport of your lines by impromptu lines of its own, that are horribly to the point and uncomplimentary. But once an English audience takes you to its heart, it is loyal to the end of your days, and oftentimes remains faithful when an actor has lost the best of his art.

In New York it is not the least bit difficult to guess when you have failed. There is a silence that is infinitely worse than the "boos" of an English pit or gallery. In this country, too, each season, each new play must create a new record for the artist. He or she is forced continually to fresh effort if a place of honor is to be held.

I somewhat resent the statement so

Photo by Burr McIntosh.

MISS MARGARET MAY, EDNA MAY'S LITTLE SISTER.

often made, that I was taken from the chorus, a handful of raw material, so to speak, and whipped into shape by an extraordinary amount of ingenious training on the part of the stage manager.

As a matter of fact, I was never at any time in my career a member of the chorus, although I should not have hesitated to have accepted that position if I could not have obtained a better. To tell the truth, I had as a young girl the ambition to sing in light opera. Now that my singing voice is a thing of the past I have no hesitation in saying that nature bestowed upon me the gift of a sweet, flexible voice. I studied for over two years at a New York conservatory of music and when Mr. Hammerstein was preparing his opera of "Santa Maria," I applied for a position. I made my début in this opera in the little role of "Teresa," singing a solo in the trio with Camille d'Arville and Marie Halton. The opera remained on the boards for only a short

A LONDON PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MAY.

time, and I joined the company of Caroline Miskell Hoyt.

At the end of two seasons on the road, I was anxious to appear in a New York production. It was then I asked Mr. Lederer for a chance to sing in "The Belle of New York." It was arranged that I was to rehearse with the chorus so as to become familiar with the music until it was decided for which of the parts I was best fitted. Of course I was too insignificant to expect more than one of the minor roles. I was finally assigned to "Fifi," the little French soubrette. I refused to undertake it, as I realized my total unfitness for the part.

In the meantime we were awaiting the announcement of some big name for the role of Violet Grey, the Salvation Army lassie. While the decision was pending I was told to understudy the part, in order that the rehearsals might not be delayed. For some time I went through these rehearsals, with the idea that at any moment the "star" might drop from the firmament and I be relegated to the background.

As the days passed it began to be taken for granted that I was to keep on with the part; no stress was laid upon the matter, and I received no more instructions from the stage manager than are usual under the circumstances. I knew it was a good chance. I liked the rôle and I determined to do my best. It was an all around surprise, when it was discovered the morning after the opening that the "Salvation Army lassie" had made good.

Of course I was delighted. Why should I not have been the happiest girl in New York? But I never for a moment imagined that it was anything more than a success of hard work. If I have a personality that pleases I rejoice in this gift, but I realize full well the limitations of

EDNA MAY, IN "LA POUPÉE."

rôles that are adapted to a few pleasing mannerisms. Before an actress knows what she is about she becomes a sort of imitation of herself in a certain rôle—the rôle that made the hit—and then at once her art becomes stupid and artificial.

I am now, as always, a hard student. My ambitions soar so high that if I were to confess them I should be considered presumptuous; but I do not hesitate to admit that, while I rejoice at the possession of any charm or mannerism that may make my path easier, I realize that art and art alone will stand the test of time and popular approval.

AT THE OPERA

By Florence Waterton

My lady, all blazing in jewels and lace,
With a tired look on her beautiful face,
As she bows here and there with nonchalant grace,
  To the "Golden Horseshoe" is led.

"The opera is really a bore, you know,
But it's something to which we all must go."
And then she denounced the whole thing as "slow,"
  As she tossed her haughty head.

* * *

In the gallery shadows under the roof,
Far from my lady and fashion aloof,
Frowning at chatt'rers in gentle reproof,
  Cecilia sits in a thrall.

Her heart at the feet of great Wagner she lays,
Homage to Mozart and Gounod she pays,
And ling'ringly leaves as the last measure plays.
  My lady? She's gone to a ball.

JULIET IN TOWN

By Minna Irving

Through a curtainless window afar to the night
Behold her, a golden-haired lass,
Equisitely slender, alluring and tender,
Admiring herself in the glass.
Now posing to show what roses and snow
The ruffles of chiffon conceal,
Now lifting her skirt with a coy little flirt
An ankle of silk to reveal.

She is wishing, I know, for an arm to embrace
The ravishing curve of her waist,
And a moustache to sip at her pouting red lip,
Its honey and roses to taste.
Such charms, they were meant for a true lover's arms,
Nor intended to blossom alone;
And she eagerly yearns for a bold heart that burns
With a passion akin to her own.

She kisses her hand to the shadows without;
Does she spy me below in the cold?
O, who could resist when she waits to be killed!
Not a lover of Romeo's mold.
There is nobody near, and a fire escape here,
And the window is not very high—
I can climb, if I will, to the broad granite sill,
And, by Jove, I am going to try!

MISS JULIA MARLOWE, A CO-STAR WITH MR. E. H. SOTHERN IN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS.

"GRANNY," WITH MRS. GILBERT AS THE STAR.

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

THEATRICAL success is largely a matter of locality. We have had an emphatic illustration of this in the cold reception accorded by New York to "Bird Center," a rural comedy which was received with calm approval in the West. New Yorkers, who see Chicago papers occasionally, know that a series of cartoons of quaint cleverness, purporting to show the daily life of a country town called "Bird Center," have been running for some time, and that therefore they are as familiar to the people of Illinois as are "Buster Brown" and "Foxy Grandpa" to residents of New York, New Jersey and contiguous States. From these "Bird Center" cartoons, Glen MacDonough built up a stage fabric.

The trouble with "Bird Center," the play, is not so much with the work itself as with the materials of which it is composed. Mr. MacDonough won his spurs as a playwright long ago. It is necessary only to recall that he gave us "Babes in Toyland" to be satisfied that he did all that was possible with the "Bird Center" cartoons in the way of making a satisfactory footlight reproduction of their peculiar humor. Unfortunately, there was not enough universal humor in the pictures. The fun in them appealed to Chicagoans, but had no striking application to conditions existing elsewhere. Therefore, in spite of a good company, including some comedians, like George Richards, well known for excellent work in the past, the thing fell down from the beginning. It was declared futile by most of the critics of the metropolis at

MR. NORRIS AND MISS DEYO IN "THE CINGALEE."

its first presentation. The worst of it was that it did not lend itself to that common process applied to weak-kneed plays, "building up." There was the usual work of this kind on "Bird Center," and possibly it may be continued on "the road" with success. It is not unusual for entertainments flouted by Broadway to perk up amazingly when they get to other and smaller towns.

It is announced that Charles Frohman has completed his "first series" of productions of new plays in New York. Out of all that he has given us, only one or two have failed. Clyde Fitch's unlucky "The Coronet of a Duchess" was one of them. The remarkable thing about the announcement is that one manager should actually put on so many new plays that he is obliged to apportion them into two or three "series." Already Mr. Frohman has made so many new productions that, were he not so energetic and far-reaching, he might easily be content with his achievements for one season. But he has a number of other offerings in abeyance, which all will be seen before the spring. Meanwhile, he is moving his various attractions from place to place, like the skillful theatrical chess player that he is, so as to give each locality the particular thing it seems to want, and at

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON, WHO IS TOURING IN AMERICA AFTER A LONDON SUCCESS.

the same time keep faith with his stars and with other theatrical managers to whom he has made promises.

Edna May and "The School Girl" have given him much trouble. Strangely enough, the underlying cause of his perplexity has been nothing less than the great success of the charming young woman and the musical comedy of which she is the main feature. As will be remembered, "The School Girl" opened at Daly's at the beginning of the season. Hardly had it got firmly settled when it was lifted out of that theatre bodily and placed on the stage of the Herald Square, five blocks up Broadway. It was intended that it should go on tour in time for "Nance O'Neil" to go into the Herald Square. But this would not do, it was discovered. New York would not consent to lose its Edna May, so arrangements were made for Miss O'Neil to go to Daly's on November 28, sending "The Cingalee" to "the road." "The School Girl" will stay until after Christmas.

This one little game of switching attractions is an example of what the "big" manager is called on to do perpetually. Not alone Charles Frohman, but other producers of many new plays each year.

HENRY MILLER AND MISS HILDA SPONG, IN "JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

Henry W. Savage, for instance, has to arrange his schedule so that one production shall not clash with another, either in New York or elsewhere. But then, that is a manager's business, and, if the public does not give him full credit for it, why, what can he expect?

New York has bade farewell to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert—for the present. She has been with us in a poor play prepared for her farewell staring tour, and the star has proved strong enough to make her audiences accept her flaccid vehicle by Clyde Fitch. It is not worth while talking about "Granny," the comedy. It is not attractive, from its badly-chosen title to its unpleasant story and none too skillful treatment. But Mrs. Gilbert, as the charming old lady who dominates the performance, is always in evidence, and she has actually overcome the disadvantage of being placed in inadequate en-

A SCENE FROM "THE DOLL HOUSE," WITH MME. REJANE AS NORA.

vironment to so large an extent that, taken as a whole, with her in the leading rôle, "Granny" is a success. The box office told a satisfactory story throughout the New York run, and reports from other cities, where Mrs. Gilbert is meeting thousands of old friends every evening, are to the same effect—that no seats can be procured for love or money after the time for the curtain to rise.

When will the torrent of musical comedies be stemmed? That we are surfeited with them can be denied no longer. If it were possible for composers and librettists to produce worthy work, there would not be such a strong feeling of resentment when each new production of this kind is announced. But it seems as if musicians and lyricists have written themselves out, or else that those who could do something worth while have retired from the business. Lillian Russell was quoted lately as saying that there is not a really capable writer of lyrics in America. She might have gone further, and said that they were almost as scarce in Europe. Certainly few of the lyrics sung on the stage in musical comedy deserve to be remembered after one steps out of the theatre, and few of them are.

Perhaps if "The School Girl" had not been seen at Daly's earlier we should have liked "The Cingalee" better. There could not be a handsomer scenic and sartorial investiture than has been provided for this George Edwardes spectacle, and it is easy to understand why it has run for many months in a London theatre to large attendance. It is a delight to the eye, while its music is generally soothing to the ear. The stage management is excellent. The grouping of the tea girls of Ceylon is in most instances stamped with originality and thought. Only occasion-

JOHN DREW, MISS MARGARET DALE AND FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK, IN A SCENE FROM "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE."

ally do we get long lines of girls swaying their bodies and arms, and jerking their heads, in the exasperating fashion set by Lederer in the old Casino days a decade ago, and followed by most producers since.

When Lederer did it he had reason for it, and it was new. He wanted to break up the wooden lines of chorus people, and he did it effectually. But he did not bargain for the "business" he devised in the early nineties to remain intact in dozens and scores of comedies up to and including 1904. In "The Cingalee" we see that chorus girls can be made to act if directed intelligently. It is true that much of the grouping recalls Gilbert and Sullivan, but a producer of comic opera or musical comedy hardly could choose a better model. If the action of the piece calls for the young ladies to lie about the floor in graceful postures, why should not they do it? Anyhow, they do it in "The Cingalee," and as they are furnished with dreamy, Indian-flavored music, to deliver as they recline languorously under palms and vivid tropical blossoms, the effect is all that could be desired.

The most satisfactory character in "The Cingalee" to me is a certain native nobleman, who would be called Pooh-Bah if he were in "The Mikado," from which he seems to have escaped, excellently played by Hallyn Mostyn. I have admired Mr. Mostyn's work for years, as that of a studious, as well as conscientious, actor. In his present character he achieves the distinction of being the only principal who enunciates distinctly enough for the audience to know what he is singing about. It is a pleasure to listen to him, not only because his voice is good and well-trained, but because you get the story as well as the music of each of his numbers.

"Parsifal" in English seems not to be wanted by a large proportion of the theatre-goers of Manhattan. Henry W. Savage gave us an English version of Wagner's last music drama, with the original music and a fairly good cast of singers. Some of them can act, too, but that is not essential in "Parsifal." But the attendance was poor, comparatively. Probably the length of the ponderous performance had something to do with the sparse audiences. Certainly the generally heavy nature of the production had.

W. H. CRANE, IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

Mr. Savage is quick to see when he has a white elephant upon his hands, and a week was enough to show him that, whatever vogue "Parsifal," by an English-singing company, might obtain in such cities as Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland, it had no place on Broadway. Besides, "Woodland," another comic opera, was booked to come into the New York theatre, where "Parsifal" was playing, on November 21, so that the departure of "Parsifal," Kundry, Klingsor and the rest of the weirdly-named folk in the sacred music drama, became a necessity. It is not likely that New York will see "Parsifal" in English again, although you never can tell.

After giving Julia Marlowe the opportunity to be the real star in two Shakespearean productions, E. H. Sothern has come into his own as Hamlet. It is not unpleasant to play Ophelia, I should say, but certainly that watery part gives but few opportunities to an actress, no matter how clever she may be. Julia Marlowe is a sweet Ophelia, of course, and that downward droop of the corners of her lips, which is one of her fascinations, has plenty of reason for being. She is one of the most convincing Ophelias we have to-day, or have had for a generation.

Mr. Sothern's Hamlet is so well known that it need be only said it is the same scholarly interpretation it was from the

Photo by Burr McIntosh.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER, THE HIT OF "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY."

"FANTANA."

first. There are features of the Sothern version of the play I do not like. For instance, I never could understand why the famous advice to his son given by Polonius, when Laertes is about to set forth on his travels, should be eliminated. The garrulous old chamberlain talks so much nonsense that it seems a poetic injustice to cut out one of the few speeches in which he proves that he is not without discernment and wit. Still, that is only a matter of opinion. The "Hamlet" as a whole is a treat, and nothing less.

Julia Marlowe as Juliet and Beatrice is simply delightful. She had played those characters many times when she found herself a co-star with Mr. Sothern, and probably it mattered little to her that one of the most distinguished classical actors of the day was her Romeo or Benedict. In comparing "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing," one cannot but be influenced by his preference in general in deciding which of the two he liked the better by the Sothern-Marlowe combination.

It does not appear that this co-star arrangement has created a great sensation, so far. In each play put on at the Knickerbocker one of the two principals has been the star for the time being. The only obvious advantage in having Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern in one company is that it permits the management to give a diversity of plays with a celebrity in the leading rôle, such as would be impossible otherwise.

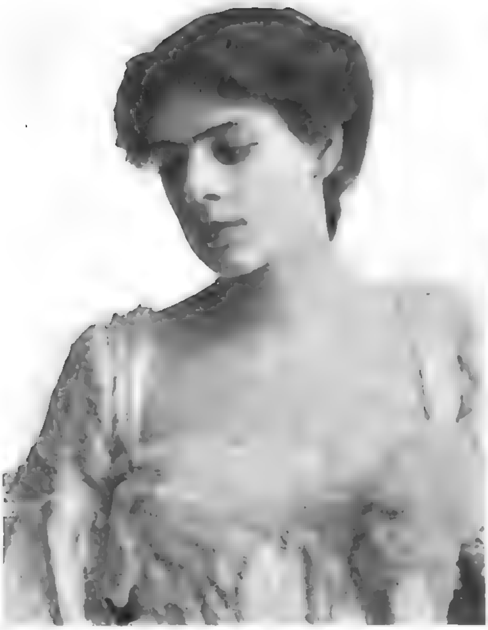
May Irwin is on the stage again. When she left theatrical life "forever," less than two years ago, her friends smiled. Perhaps the jolly comedienne smiled slyly herself. She had been before the footlights—never mind how long—although I could come pretty close to the date of her début in Detroit, or thereabouts—until she found it difficult to keep out of the spot-light for more than a few months at a time, and it was only natural that she should return in due season. Her new comedy, by George V. Hobart, is called "Mrs. Black is Back." It might be anything and make no difference to the welcome Miss Irwin got when she opened her season at the Bijou on the

Photo by Burr McIntosh.

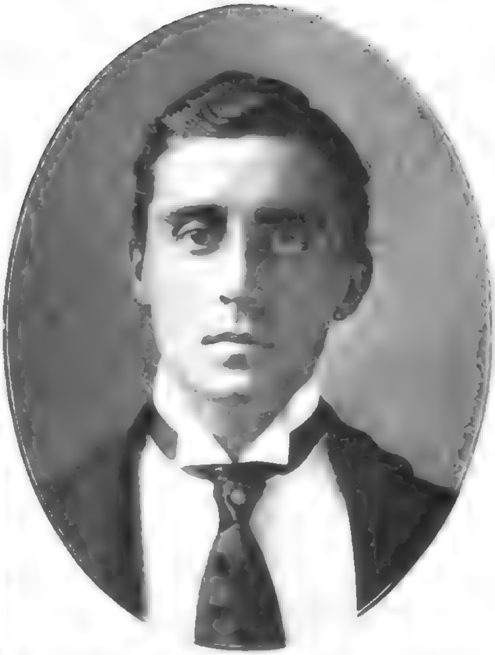
EDNA WALLACE-HOPPER, WHO WILL MAKE A NEW YORK APPEARANCE IN A NEW MUSICAL PLAY.

7th of this month. Her play does not enter seriously into her scheme of diversion. She sings coon songs as only she can do it, and she takes the audience into her confidence with winks and nods in the true May Irwin manner, regardless of what the author may have written. May Irwin is an institution for laughter, and the play is only a secondary consideration. "Mrs. Black is Back" is as good as anything she has had. It is a peg to hang her songs and sayings upon, which is about all that is required.

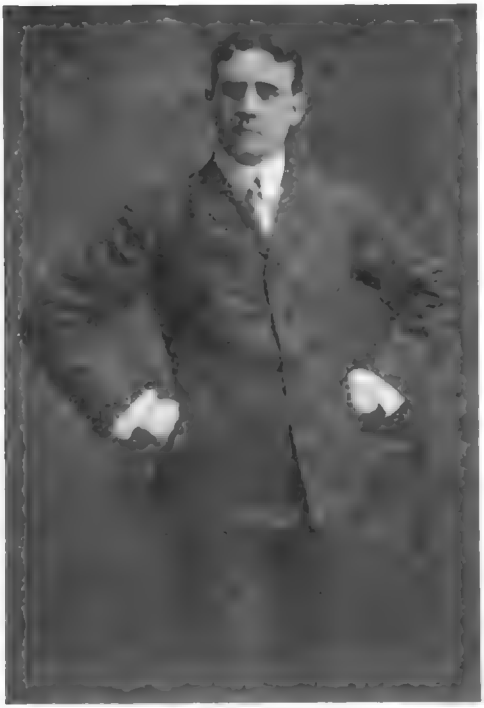
"Humpty Dumpty" has made itself known at the New Amsterdam. The Drury Lane pantomime idea has taken root in this country in the last few years. This "Humpty Dumpty" is something different, however, in that it includes the old-fashioned "harlequinade," comprising Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine, and is a combination of the British



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS STARRING IN "SUNDAY."



E. H. SOTHERN, CO-STAR WITH MISS MARLOWE IN SHAKESPEREAN DRAMA.



ROBERT DROUET, LEADING MAN WITH MISS ANGLIN IN "THE ETERNAL FEMININE."

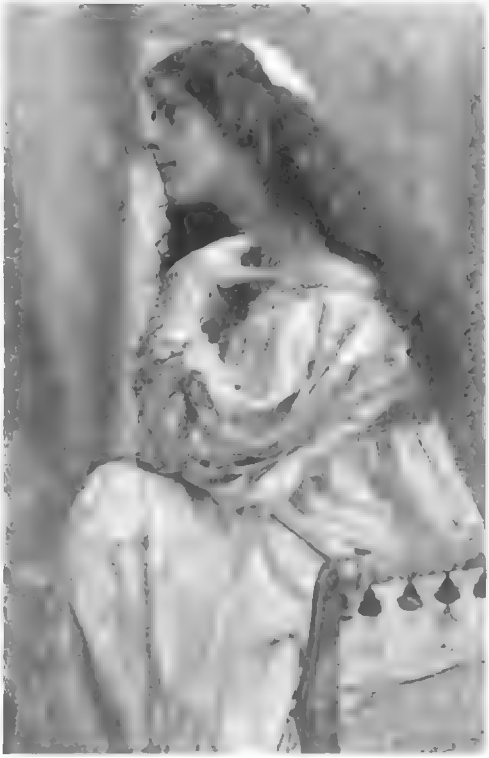


Photo by Davis & Sanford.
MISS EMILY SNOWDON, WITH HAMMERSTEIN'S VAUDEVILLE.

EUGENIE BLAIR, IN PINERO'S GREAT PLAY "IRIS."

pantomime and the entertainment given by George L. Fox and Tony Denier in a preceding generation. It is a gorgeous spectacle, of course. Klaw and Erlanger would not be sponsors for it otherwise.

Sir Charles Wyndham is another of the English actors who has been thwacked over the shoulders with a royal sword that Broadway makes obeisance to. He is as great a man in his way in London as Sir Henry Irving himself. A younger man than Sir Henry, he is as able an actor, and his name is guarantee of excellence whether in England or Australia. He is at the Lyceum Theatre, with his full London company, including Mary Moore. Their opening play is "David Garrick," but we shall doubtless see them in something new before their engagement is ended. The character of Garrick is one of Sir Charles's favorites, and it is natural that he should decide to take his warming-up gallop in New York in something that is entirely at his command from long use.

Ethel Barrymore, after a long trip about the country in "Cousin Kate," is in New York again, with her new comedy, "Sunday," which made a great hit in London, and which was believed at one time to be destined for the use of Maude Adams. I do not know how it would have fitted Miss Adams, but assuredly the title rôle is one that Ethel Barrymore finds to her liking. Charles Froh-

CHRISTIAN DE VOSE, TENOR IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S ENGLISH PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL."

Photo by Aimé Dupont.

MISS ADA REHAN, AS LADY TEAZLE.

man saw the piece first in England, and he reached for it at once, well knowing that he had several leading ladies in America, any one of whom could do justice to the girl who is the leading figure.

Fay Davis, in "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton, is at the Criterion, sending W. H. Crane on the road with his adaptation from the French, "Business is Business." Mr. Crane has a part that he does well, but it does not engage the sympathies of his audiences as thoroughly as do some other characters in which he has been seen. Why does not some one write him another comedy as good as "The Senator"?

From all that has been written here it can be seen that there is no lack of theatrical entertainment, both in New York and in what it has become the fashion for New Yorkers to call "the provinces." On the whole, there have been very few complete failures, and not many productions which have been too weak to live more than a few weeks. Now that the election is over, the theatrical business should become still brisker, in accordance with tradition, although it has been so good that it hardly needs a fillip of any kind. The coming month promises to be more than usually rich in the production of new plays.

A VAGARY OF LOVE

By Alfreda Burleson

UNDERLYING the uniform quiet of her husband's manner, she saw calmness of despair. In his eyes she read hopelessness. When a golden-haired (her own hair was fair) child crossed their path, she turned from him with tragic shrinking and a sickening fear of the thought she had come to believe lay uppermost in his mind.

Just when the idea took possession of her cannot be said. They had been married five years. She was an enthusiast and a dreamer, as beautiful and wrapt as a Joan d'Arc in her ecstasies. He was an artist. An architect—daring, courageous, practical. A builder in stone and granite.

A warm imagination made almost any situation possible to her. What to other women of colder temperment was but a possibility, to her became at once and without proof a palpitating reality. Her husband was not aware of this vivid nature and the mazes into which it led her. Not unfrequently he had watched her pass through a length of pictured land as unreal to him as it was real to her.

But his practical nature wearied in its effort to follow. An affectionate tolerance had succeeded the painful puzzling of their early married days, and when not too intense her attitude would sometimes amuse him. Although he recognized with some regret the tragic tendency of her latest mood, the disturbing elements of this phase not being new to him, he awaited its development with his usual patience. He would have saved her the conflict of that fierce inner life had he been able, but he knew that it must beat on to a finish and could be stopped by no word of his. Little by little the causes and their baselessness would be revealed to him, but he had learned that no argument of his could control the rush of her feeling. The discovery that she considered him the prey of a secret and poignant unhappiness was hardly a surprise. But it was long before he could even guess upon what she rested the assumption.

One afternoon during a walk in the woods where the trees arched cathedral like above their heads, the revelation came. The environments pleased her fancy for even in her own mind she never approached this subject without metaphorically taking off her shoes as though about to tread on holy ground. With hushed voice she told his sorrow to him and whispered the way to rid himself of its monstrous shadow. Notwithstanding a certain stolid preparation on his part her words amazed and shocked him and he could not restrain the quick exclamation, "Are you mad, Miriam?" With eager passion she plead his cause for him, until his habitual patience yielded to amusement.

"When am I to begin this Holy Quest?" he enquired. His tone might have hurt her had she been less absorbed.

The humor of the situation was upon him and he did not spare her. "Before this hypothetical maiden falls at my feet, ready for this phenomenal sacrifice, it would be well to study the criminal laws of her country, or, better still, Miriam, shall we return home and go over the plans of the new hospital together? He had faith in her artistic intuition, and often consulted her in his work.

She regarded him with serene eyes, even though she listened to his flippant words.

"On the whole, it wouldn't be a bad idea to take along a lawyer warranted to extricate a fellow from any morganatic relations he might enter into with this supernal being," he continued. "In any event," he added, "he might be handy in picking out an orphan should you abandon your original scheme and agree to a compromise."

But she was proof against his ridicule. She walked in a glory of her own making, wearing the crown of self-abnegation as saints wear theirs.

"But your own flesh and blood!" she murmured in a rapt way. No martyr of medieval times could have been more sure of the justness of her cause. To combat this spirit with cold argument and plain facts was, he knew, useless. The absurdity and lawlessness of her position could never be made plain to her while her present exalted state of mind lasted. sure of the justness of her cause.

They continued their walk in silence until the gathering darkness hid the pure outline of her face. An angry impatience of her vagaries seized him and was in turn followed by a real fear of the whirlpool into which unsound thought and feeling must inevitably carry her.

Dinner passed in silence—she regarding him with large eyes of content—he, gloomy with foreboding. After dinner came the opera, but he was stopped at the door by a telegram. "This is important," he explained briefly, "I must see Giles, and, if possible, join you later." With his usual care he placed her in the carriage and then returned to the house more disturbed than he had been for years. Passing into the dim drawing-room he threw himself upon a couch to await the arrival of his man of business. The condition of his wife pressed upon his heart and mind.

From this brooding he was aroused by a sudden flare of light and the appearance at the farther end of the room of a young woman in full evening attire. She had turned on the electric lights and was now shaking hands with an imaginary person at the door. He stared through the draperies of his alcove, at first suspecting that Miriam's fancies had turned his brain, and that at last he had entered her world of shadows. But the apparition was evidently real and slowly progressing toward him, bestowing gracious or condescending or haughty bows upon the persons with whom she had evidently peopled the room. Now and then she would pause, listen apparently to something said to her, respond with a soft laugh or shake of the head and pass on. All her motions were careful, even studied. When possible she observed her own actions through the aid of the mirrors. Assuming a wearied air she approached the alcove—and then she saw him. The blood swept over her face and neck. Half turning she seemed about to rush from the room, but her strength failing, she dropped to her knees sobbing wildly. He had risen at her approach, and now stood looking down upon her.

"Oh, sir!" she cried between her sobs, "I didn't mean any harm."

This was more mystifying than explanatory, but her distress was real, so he said, soothingly: "Tell me what troubles you and who you are."

"I didn't think missus would mind," she went on brokenly. "I only wanted to see how it felt to be a lady and have everything beautiful." It occurred to him now that he had seen her before and that his wife had employed her in some capacity. It was evident that this pretty young girl had been masquerading in his wife's clothes.

"No harm has been done," he said. kindly, "and don't worry," he added. hastily, noticing the deadly pallor creeping over her face.

By a supreme effort she struggled to her feet and then fell forward. It was easy to catch her but not so easy to steady her again, and to his dismay he discovered her limp and unconscious in his arms. Laying his hand on her face he found it cold and clammy. Bending to feel her breath, he could discover none. Her heart had apparently ceased to beat. Unaccustomed to fainting women he imagined her dead and stood horror stricken.

At that moment, a slight exclamation attracted his attention. Miriam stood in the doorway. "Miriam!" he exclaimed, almost joyfully, "this girl—"

But Miriam, throwing out both hands with an agonized gesture, turned and fled. For a moment longer he stood with his helpless burden, this time shocked and puzzled by his wife's behavior. Then he placed the girl gently on the couch and followed his wife. He found her standing in the center of her room, with staring, tearless eyes, head thrown back, and hands clenched, awaiting him. About his mouth were stern lines she had never seen there before.

"Your maid or seamstress is downstairs dead or dying. If you are unwilling to give her a woman's aid and sympathy there may be some one else in the house who can." He left her and meeting a servant with Giles' card, he went direct to the library.

He remained for a couple of hours with his man of business. When the front door finally closed upon Giles, Miriam entered the library. She held a roll of designs in her hand. "I thought we might go over these plans for the hospital," she said, briskly; "if you are not tired," she added, with a pathetic break in her voice.

"Tired?" he echoed, mechanically.

The corners of her sensitive mouth drooped a little, but she answered, cheerfully.

"To-morrow will do quite as well; but you know I want to go into this thoroughly and be thoroughly practical."

"Ah!" he responded with a sigh, "I believe you have never tried being practical before, Miriam; when is it you wish to begin?"

The weariness in his voice made her lips quiver, but she compressed them quickly and said humbly and quietly:

"There shall be no more—no more"—she hesitated—"mistakes," she said quickly, but positively, though a deep blush covered her face when she spoke the word.

"And your 'idea'?" he questioned. She looked at him bravely and smiled.

"Some day the dream may come true—in God's own time," she answered tremblingly.

He met her sweet, tear-dimmed eyes, shy with a new hope. He stooped and kissed the drooping lips with a thrill of sudden tenderness, then he placed a chair for her and together they went over the plans.

SMILING ON THE DESERT

By M. G. T. Stempel

Over the desert I come, my heart a smile,
For by your side I've rested me a while.
Rested just long enough to make me know
That wheresoever my poor feet may go
Despair shall ne'er again be part of me
Because of you, my Saint of Purity.
No longer shall unsatisfied desire
Fill up my veins, and no unholy fire
In me can ever burn.
Dear, I have but to turn
And beckon unto me that sweet, brief space
Wherein I feasted me upon your face:
It always will be near—
I've but to call it, Dear!

ACCIDENT DUE TO THE CAVING IN OF AN EMBANKMENT.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

By Charles Sumner Gale

NOTWITHSTANDING all the wonderful devices of the present day for insuring the prevention of casualities on the railroads of the United States, accidents will happen. When the student of the subject considers the precautions taken by the railroads and the innumerable contrivances employed to make accidents an impossibility the statistics of railroad disasters for a single year is no less than appalling.

The one gratifying feature of the statistics is the fact that they show fewer accidents to occur from year to year—taking into consideration, of course, increased mileage by the advent of new roads and the additions to existing railroads.

And it is truly remarkable that so few lives are lost every year when one considers the fact that millions of persons in the United States travel on railroads daily.

At the Grand Central Station of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York City between 49,000 and 50,000 persons leave and enter the city daily.

The majority of American railroad accidents are caused by derailments and collisions. The spreading of rails is the principal cause of derailments, but is by no means the only cause. A boulder falls occasionally on a track in a deep cut, let us say, and the locomotive engineer cannot see it because of a curve in the road directly before reaching that part of the road. An accident inevitably happens. Then, too, there are "wash-

A TANGLE OF WRECKAGE.

THE WHOLE TRAIN, ENGINE AND CAR, PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER.

A TUGBOAT TO THE RESCUE.

outs" that cannot possibly be foreseen. A washout on a railroad might happen within a few minutes after an inspection of the tracks by a trackwalker. Just such a case as this did happen not so very long ago and the photographs accompanying this article illustrate the accident. The washout was on an embankment running along a river. A heavy shower loosened the earth under the tracks and when a train came along the track was unable to stand the weight of the cars and gave way. The whole train, engine and cars plunged into the river. Only a small percentage of the passengers lost their lives, luckily.

The railroad statistics show that in the year ending June 30, 1902, 130 passengers were killed in collisions on railroads in the United States, and 2,298 were injured. Besides this number 366 trainmen were killed in collisions and 2,456 were injured. In accidents caused by derailments 37 passengers lost their lives and 1,194 were injured, and 193 trainmen were killed and 1,040 injured. In other accidents, such as locomotive boiler explosions, etc., 9 passengers were injured, while 37 trainmen were killed and 538 injured.

Some of the American railroad trains make very fast runs, and it is to be wondered at that so few accidents occur.

Here is the record of some notably fast "runs" in recent years: On March 24, 1902, a train on the Pennsylvania road ran the 90 miles from New York to Philadelphia in 1 hour and 17 minutes. That is an average speed of 70.16 miles per hour.

On February 18, 1901, a train on the S. F. & W., near Screven, Ga., ran a distance of a little over four miles in 2 minutes and 40 seconds. Trains on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad have made some remarkable records (all in 1895); from Camden to Atlantic City, 58½ miles in 45 minutes 45 seconds;

FIRE AND STEAM ADD TO THE HORRORS.

CATASTROPHE DUE TO A SPREADING OF RAILS.

AN OVERTURNED PASSENGER CAR DUE TO THE FALLING OF A BOULDER.

from Liberty Park to Absecon, nearly 50 miles, in 37½ minutes; from Berlin to Absecon, 35½ miles, in 25¾ minutes.

The fastest time for a short distance was made by a train on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., which ran a mile from Grimesville, on May 9, 1893, in 35 seconds, traveling at the rate of nearly 103 miles an hour. The same road runs a train from New York to Chicago, a distance of 964 miles, in 19 hours and 57 minutes, which is at the rate of over 48 miles an hour.

A very fast long-distance run was that made by a train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road between Chicago and Los Angeles, a distance of 2,267 miles, in 52 hours and 49 minutes, or at an average speed of 42.8 miles an hour, including necessary stops.

The above statistics of fast runs demonstrate how remarkable it is that so few accidents do happen in the course of a year.

The writer asked "Big Arthur" Allen, one of the oldest engineers on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. to what reason he attributed the fact that in over forty years' experience at the throttle he had never had an accident of any sort. "Big Arthur" runs trains "11" and "50," the Southwestern and Empire State express, two of the fastest trains in America.

"Simply paying attention to the rules of the railroad," he replied. "Very few accidents happen that are not caused by a disregard of the rules. With the modern signals it is next to impossible for an intelligent engineer to have an accident. When you do not clearly see your signal you must take that as a danger signal and bring your train to a stop. That is the most important of all rules. Never take any chances. Then, too, a man must have judgment and must exercise it. Signals, switches and all the rest are valueless unless an engineer has sound common sense. And another important thing: Never know your road so well that you don't have to keep the sharpest sort of an eye on the track ahead. Keep your eyes wide open all the time you're on duty."

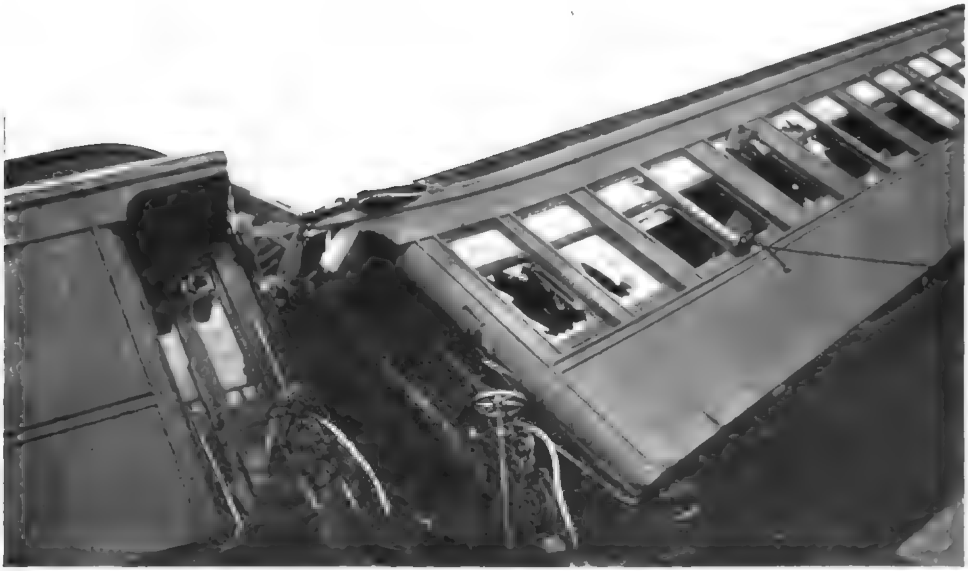
It is the policy of every reputable railroad company to see that its employee is thoroughly trained and tested before he is put at the throttle. The man at the engine is rarely in his first youth, although it is absolutely necessary he should be in his prime and in fine physical condition. As a matter of fact he is strictly temperate and is not even allowed the luxury of a smoke until his day's work is over. He is generally an employee who has risen step by step from the yards, passing successfully through a series of minor positions of trust, until he finally reaches the summit of his ambition—the engine cab and an important run.

Many of these men have proven themselves heroes on occasions, and long is the list of those who have died in the discharge of their duty, their hands, even in death, holding the throttle. So keenly do these men feel their responsibility that they are obliged to undergo periodical occasions to see if their heart action has not become impaired through the prolonged tension of mental and physical strain.

The color test, on which so much depends in the clear understanding of signal lights, is most rigorous and one that would prove difficult for even a woman's practiced eye. It is said that applicants for the position of engineer are given every imaginable tint and shade of the standard colors, and are expected to sort them in correct order within a given space of time.

The signal light is the language of of the road. It is a code of speech which must be so clear and direct that the misunderstanding of it is a crime against human life.

The accident is the exception in the voyage on the steel rail. That this is so is the highest tribute that can be paid to the pilot at the throttle. We rarely recognize him, but we trust him with our life.



AFTER A COLLISION.

Photo by Burr McIntosh. MR. A. M. PALMER.
FAMOUS IN THE HISTORY OF DRAMATIC ART IN AMERICA AS A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

THE SUBWAY AND THE RIALTO

By A. M. Palmer

SUBWAY or no subway, it is my opinion that for some years to come the Rialto will remain within its present confines—those few blocks of Broadway bounded respectively north and south by Thirty-eighth and Forty-fifth Streets. Longacre Square, with its diverging spaces spreading out in all directions like the legs of a huge centipede, is bound to act as a sort of breakwater where the Rialto will turn upon itself and recede whence it came.

It is not difficult to prophesy that within the lifetime of the growing up generation, theatredom is apt to take a leap over the centipede and plant itself for a score of years at the Grand Circle. Whether the facilities of transportation given by the subway will hasten this leap is a question yet to be answered by the future. At this moment, one theatre at least can boast of vigorous life at the Grand Circle. The fact that this theatre has from the start been able to draw large crowds, through the force of attractive and original productions, proves conclusively that difficulty of access is never an important factor in determining the size or decreasing the interest of an audience.

Strange to relate, a theatre is rarely patronized by residents in the neighborhood for the simple reason that it is easy of access. It is what is given from the stage over the footlights that attracts and holds. Human nature, as a matter of fact, prizes somewhat more a pleasure that is attained through the expenditure of mental or physical effort. The effort serves to whet the appetite. In the old days when Jenny Lind was singing at the Battery to audiences that overflowed into the greenery of the park, no small number of those who listened entranced to her incomparable voice had traveled for days in lumbering stage coaches from far distant states.

Only last season a special train was chartered from Philadelphia for the convenience of those music lovers who sought the opportunity of assisting at a performance of "Parsisal." As far as audiences are concerned, the subway will naturally bring about increased facilities and comfort in reaching a theatre, but the real magnet of a play will continue to be as it always has been, the quality of the play itself.

The Rialto is the highway of theatredom, and creates a passageway for itself where is can bask in the shadow of its own temples, and grow dust laden with the powder of it own battles. It is a growth of theatrical exigencies—of the life that is not seen by the audience. It is the outcome of the human as against the artificial in the actor's life.

It is a sort of social mart of the man and woman in the profession who meet their *confrères* in the open to exchange opinions, to relate adventures, to seek and give sympathy. One must remember that the actor is a wanderer on the face of the earth. As a rule he is without a fixed home. He is a man of many experiences and many anecdotes. He has innumerable acquaintances; he has few friends. His emotions are of the kind that demand continual expression. When he returns from his adventures, like all other travelers from time immemorial, he craves for an excuse to converse—*converzationi*, as the Italians so aptly call this frothy exchange of pleasant greetings and chatter. This excuse is the neighborhood of the theatre and the theatrical exchange. This mobile featured, gesticulating, gay and voluble procession of men and women dressed with a certain characteristic individuality, each countenance stamped with a likeness that recognizes no common mould, is seemingly hurried, pressed with business of importance, and a prey to what I might term delicious anxieties.

As a matter of fact, this merry, jauntily attired crowd, that continually passes and repasses with a hand wave, a bright glance and a bit of sparkling banter, is on pleasure intent. The Rialto is a club in the open. It entails no responsibilities or conventionalisms. Every man is his neighbor's brother for the passing moment. When the moment has gone by, the struggle for supremacy begins—the brother is the rival.

It is a mistake to suppose that the actor seeks for a position during these pleasant hours of relaxation on the Rialto. He neither expects nor receives his real opportunities of work in this way. In the business relations of his life he is most serious and methodical. He enters his name upon the list of a theatrical agency which is duly consulted by the different managers, and if the actor makes a point of a daily visit to his agency, it is not so much in the expectation of a position as in the pleasurable anticipation of meeting his friends and exchanging confidences.

It has always been this way. Some few of us remember the old Rialto in Bond Street in the neighborhood of the Grand Central Hotel. Little by little it pushed up to Fourteenth Street when the old Union Square Theatre was the centre of theatredom. In the course of years we find the procession winding its way beyond Twenty-third Street to the then new precincts of Daly's and Palmer's Theatres. The present Rialto starts at Herald Square and continues an upward march until it is blocked by Longacre Square and the new Flatiron Building.

Rialtodom is a merry, good-natured world which believes in putting the best foot forward and keeping a stiff upper lip. One hears of ovations, triumphs and big box office receipts from travelers who have returned from one night stands where the next meal was a dubious question and where salaries were ignored as a subject too delicate to broach to bankrupt managers. The actor as a class is courageous and little given to melancholy reminiscences.

I noticed this same spirit in the Rialtodom of London. The social mart of the Cockney professional is a narrow alley in the neighborhood of Maiden Lane and Bedford Street. I might suggest that English Rialtodom is a bit more frank in its confidences than our own. I never have heard less than a suggestion of "overwhelming success," "a furore," "an ovation," in the snatches gleaned from a Broadway procession of returned travelers. To the credit or discredit of the Cockney I record the following conversation:

"How d'ye do, Jack, old boy. What sort of a season in Bristol?"

"Fine, old chap, fine. I was never so agreeably taken by surprise in my life. I thought I had been altogether forgotten, but when I came upon the stage I was greeted by rounds upon rounds of—silence!"

EGYPTIAN LULLABY

By Will Manley

Sleep, pretty lotos bloom, close thy dark eyes
And sleep thee serene as the stars in the skies;
Mother will soothe thee and swing thee to rest,
Thou scion of Pharaohs, my dearest, my best.

From the crocus lined stream comes the whisper of night
And the far away moon sheds its pale silvern light
To guide thee to rest, dear; so drowse thee the while
Thy Mother, Dear, sings thee to rest by the Nile.

No danger shall come to my sweet, to my balm,
For the Sphinx in the desert shall guard thee from harm,
So close thy dear eyes at Mother's behest
And, lotos bloom, go thee to sleep and to rest.

The zephyr swept palms shall lull thee to sleep
And Mother her watch o'er her blossom will keep;
So, lotos bloom, drift thee on silvery streams
To the beautiful land of the brightest of dreams.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

A Series of Christmas-tide Thoughts by Ada Rehan, Otis Skinner, De Wolf Hopper, Marie Cahill, Robert Loraine, Schumann-Heink, Katie Barry, Marie Dressler

Christmas is to me a day of glad memories and of sad memories; of smiles and of tears; of dreams and realizations, as it is to most other people. I sincerely wish that everybody may have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Ada Rehan

A friend of mine has called Christmas "The grand annual swap," and I quite agree with him. It's the time when you give away a lot of things you do want, and get a lot of things you do not want. Also, it is the hardest time of the year for us poor actor folk. Two performances a day so that the dear public may be amused on their holiday. There is none for us. I don't suppose for one minute that the people out there in front realize just how hard it is for us. They come strolling in, well-fed and happy, from a table groaning with good things. We having just finished a matiness, snatch a ffew mouthfuls and hurry back to the theatre, where we work, work, work.

And yet, after all, as the old song says, "It comes only once a year," and despite all the hard work attached to "Christmas," we love it, one and all. A Merry Christmas to BROADWAY and its readers. Most truly yours,

Otis Skinner

I suppose that to be conventional I should write glowing eulogies of the spirit of Christmas. There are many reasons, however, why that day does not appeal to me in the least. In the first place, it means an extra matinée; in the second place, it inevitably means turkey, and that bird of strong taste does not tickle my palate in the least. One cannot get away from it on Christmas, and if one happens to be traveling through small cities, it bobs up serenely in the way of hash, stew and patties for the next ten days. Christmas is a time at which one spends the money one needs for things that the receivers do not want and gets in return articles which are of absolutely no use. On the other hand, a little warming of the cockles of the heart that is brought about by the Yule period is very grateful. I always grumble a little about Christmas, but I am not sure that I do not welcome it as much as anybody else after all.

De Wolf Hopper

"What does Christmas mean to me?" I wish I could tell you, but I can't. There are not words enough. Why, for weeks ahead the streets, the very air, all speak of the Christmas spirit. The buying of gifts, the tying of the packages with tissue paper and red ribbon; the house filled to overflowing with greens, tell the same tale. Here in this house we celebrate in the good old-fashioned way; we hang up our stocking, and then in the morning we gather round the gas logs (it's the best thing the flat affords in the way of a fire) and show our presents, and are happy.

Of course there are two performances a day at the theatre, and we daren't eat too heartily, for fear of spoiling our night performance. I know there are lots of stage folk who complain bitterly about the extra work that comes on Christmas day, but seeing that it can't be helped, I won't allow the thought to spoil my Christmas to all. Here is my advice to those who must work on that day: Read Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and then go to the theatre with the idea in mind that you are, in a way, giving to the public that support us a bit of yourself—a little Christmas, as it were. Faithfully yours,

Marie Cahill

There was a time when I resented Christmas on the road as discriminating against my profession. One 25th of December that clings to my memory, however, has made me glad even of hotel comforts at the Yuletide. It was during the Boer war and I was in the Transvaal. The day was blistering hot and we had marched nearly thirty miles when we made camp at evening and drank our bad coffee after eating worse food. The actor's Christmas may have its drawbacks, but I realize now that there are other men who have less enjoyment from the day. After all, any real Christmas is in the heart.

Robert Loraine

"What does Christmas mean to me?"—ah, so much, so much—when I'm home with my loved ones, with the children all about me. Over here it is rather a lonely day. I get all the fun I can out of the shopping, the buying of presents, and in seeing the greens on the street. In my country it is a church holiday, and the day is spent at home with our families. But here—the poor actor or singer must work twice as hard as usual. Shall I tell you how we spend Christmas at home? Well, then:

For nearly a week beforehand, the children are busy preparing the tree for St. Nicholas's proper reception, and the prettier the tree is arranged the greater the honor done to the good old saint. Then Christmas eve the children put their shoes and stockings outside the window, and in the morning nearly go wild with joy over what they find in them. The bigger presents do not come until later in the day. At five o'clock. Then the doors are thrown open, after each child has spoken a little verse. And then—well, children are the same the world over—they have a lovely time and so do we. After the tree comes the dinner, and don't they eat! Bless their dear hearts!

As I said before, over there, where the children are, Christmas means a great deal to me. Over here, well, there are memories of the last time over there.

Ernestine Schumann Heink

America is very nice at most times, but I don't mind saying that Christmas would mean more to me in England. That's home, and in the Yule season more than any other, "There's no place like home." Christmas is a very jolly time in London. We have the waits and Kris Kringle, and house parties, and plenty of holly and mistletoe. There aren't so many gifts exchanged in England, and I think the spirit of the day finds a better expression in the reunion of families and friends. Nearly all the great stories about Christmas have been written by Englishmen. I've been treated gloriously over here and I expect to be happy on the twenty-fifth, but I expect to be a little homesick, too.

Katie Barry

You ask me to write what I really think of X-mas. Great Scott! If I ever did, you couldn't print it. Yours frankly,

Marie Dressler

THE GRAPE ARBOR DINNER,
Given by Randolph Guggenheimer, Esq.

SOME FAMOUS FEASTS OF A GREAT METROPOLIS

By "Oscar"

(*Chef of the Waldorf-Astoria.*)

CARTE blanche! These are the potent words that set beating the heart of the chef with a heavy sense of responsibility. He is put upon his mettle not only as one who has given much study to the science of tickling the palate, but as a man of artistic sensibility who aspires to elevate a mere panorama of edibles into a feast of harmony and beauty.

To eat one's full merely to appease one's appetite without finesse or selection is an avowal of barbarism worthy only of the wild beast or the savage. To savour and enjoy a banquet—one of our modern achievements of culinary art and imaginative effort, implies an enviable degree of race development in mind and manners. I admit frankly that when I am called upon to tempt the appetite of a cultured gastronomic organ—where eye and ear must serve as a whet, I receive my greatest delight and inspiration. Add to this order that other, *carte blanche*—which lays no limit upon expenditure—then indeed the chef of ambition realizes that he has received a summons to create a work of artistic good cheer that should live in the memory of every participant.

As a matter of course there are innumerable styles of spreading out a feast of

THE MARCONI DINNER,
Given to Signor Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy.

edibles, each function representing a separate idea and demanding separate treatment. There is the banquet of state or of patriotic organizations and societies. There is the dinner given to the foreign guest of honor, where luxury is of *de rigueur,* and there is the small and elegant dinner of smart society where there must be a suggestion of costliness without lavishness. But I have made it a rule, whatever the purpose of the feast, to work out my dinner with a settled design—what musicians would call a *leit motif*.

I remember one of the first important dinners I was called upon to prepare in my capacity of chef at the Waldorf-Astoria.

It was a small yet extremely *recherché* affair given in honor of Marquis Yamagata, Japan's great Field Marshal, by a number of resident compatriots. "The Japanese do not understand too much overloading either of edibles or decorations," remarked the spokesman of the committee to me; "therefore I beg of you, no display—no economy."

I gave much thought to this repast which was to represent our manner of good cheer to the distinguished visitor, and was also, in a way, to signalize my debut as a chef in my new field of action.

The banquet room was hung with American standards of silk, forming an effective background for a round table laid with the heaviest and most exquisite of white damasks. This table was decorated with sprays of Pyrus japonica, a native Japanese plant, which fortunately happened to be in blossom at the season of the dinner. The centre ornament and *pièce de resistance* was a priceless Japanese jar filled with towering American beauty roses. Radiating from this jar and terminating at the place of each guest were lines of American beauty roses laid on narrow green beds of the

Pyrus japonicas. In looking over my menu of this occasion, I see that I served the Japanese statesman with *"Timbales à la Pin Yang"* and *"Mignon de Filet, Port Arthur."* The latter was surely a delicate compliment contrived with a spirit of phophecy.

I recall a charming and original "fish feast" that I prepared for a well-known actress who wished to surprise a small party of friends. The walls were hung with seaweed and festooned with fishnets draped from the ceiling. Incidentally (for this is none of my affair) the waitresses were dressed as fisherwomen, and the hostess was arrayed in sea-green satin, with draperies of falling lace resembling spray, the whole costume an iridescent mass of fishscales.

For table decorations I contrived a miniature lake alive with goldfish, and surrounded by seaweeds and miniature marine plants. A tiny sloop yacht with outspread sails on which was printed the menu, floated upon the waters of the little lake and from the mouths of crustacean inhabitants of the deep dangled fishlines with cards bearing the names of the guests.

This dinner, while bright and unique in its way, was not expensive. One of the most elegant and costly private banquets ever given in this city was the orchid dinner which I provided for Mrs. Clarence Mackay and a hundred invited guests. One can imagine the chaste beauty of a centre table decoration consisting of a Parian marble basin filled with blooming lotos. For this dinner I scoured the Rocky Mountains for mutton of a choice brand. My canvasback duck and terrapin were ordered from the South and although it was mid-winter, fresh asparagus was served in the same abundance as though it were seasonable.

Speaking of Rocky Mountain sheep reminds me of a bit of culinary humor which caused no end of amusement at one of the annual dinners of the Board of Trade and Transportation Company. I served an end of lamb, so disguised in the cooking process that an animated discussion took place as to whether it was fish, fowl or game. I was finally called upon to decide the momentous question, and to reveal that it was nothing more nor less than a skilfully treated end of lamb. At this dinner, by the way, although it dates four or five years ago, the ices were served in the form of miniature airships as indicative of the transportation of the future.

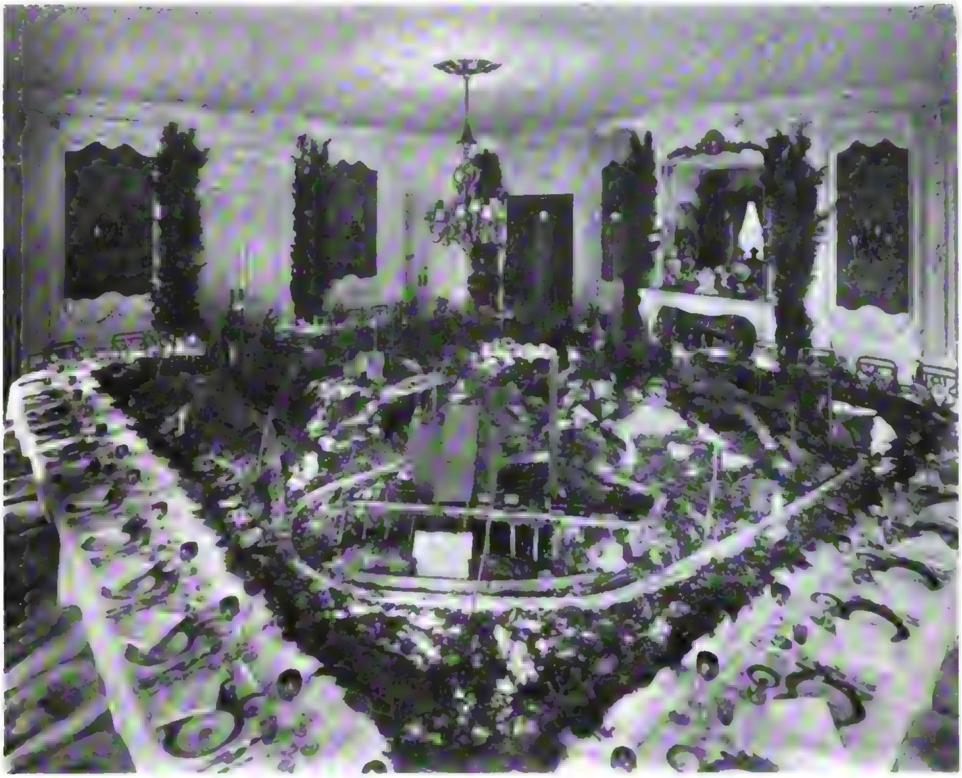
The dinners of a nation are a sort of historical record of its progress. I recall a time when the ices took the form of a bicycle, and now it is but a year since that I was called upon to serve an automobile dinner, and even more recently I had the privilege of presiding at the preparations of a banquet at which Signor Marconi, of wireless telegraphy fame, was the guest of honor.

The importance of a country's banquets in the records of its national and social history can perhaps be realized when I inform you that at the request of the authorities of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundation, I forwarded them for purposes of filing, eleven menus of as many memorable banquets. These menus included the Prudential Life Insurance dinner, the New York Board of Trade, the Pennsylvania Society and the New England Society dinners. I included as celebrations touching upon our military glory, a banquet given to Major-General Miles and the smoker given to the brave soldiers of the U. S. S. Olympia.

A banquet and a dinner differ from each other in size and intent only, a banquet being of wide general import, but as far as expenditure is concerned, a small dinner often mounts into the thousands of dollars.

At the Bradley Martin farewell dinner, which seated eighty-six persons, the cost of each plate was calculated to be $116.28, or an aggregate amount of $10,000. As I said before the question of expenditure in the matter of edibles is limited, even when one's standard is hothouse fruit and vegetables, and specially procured game and fish. The items that count are the decorations and the wines.

At this dinner I designed a grove of blossoming dogwood boughs and a carpet of tender greensward starred with Mayflowers. An oval table reached the entire length of the room, a veritable



THE MINING DINNER,
Given by Monroe & Monroe to an English syndicate.

carpet of sweet peas and lilacs. When one transplants . forest and a meadow of wild flowers for an evening's entertainment, one must pay for the luxurious caprice.

Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer, president of the Municipal Council of New York, gave his famous "grape arbor dinner" in March of that same year to forty of his personal and political friends. It was one of the most gorgeous and spectacular private functions ever offered in this city by a host to his guests or contrived by a chef. This modest repast cost in the neighborhood of $10,000.

The East Room for this occasion was converted into a garden with hedges of firs, enclosing flowerbeds of gorgeous tulips against a background of palms. Grapes hung in profusion from the arbor where the tables were laid. The guests had but to stretch out a hand to cull superb bunches of hothouse grapes. A magnificent fountain cast its waters into a marble basin from a hill carpeted with tulips, while a chorus of nightingales filled the air with delicious music. The menus for the men were written on cocoanut shells in gold letterings; for the ladies were exquisite fans inscribed with the list of good things.

It was necessary on an occasion of this kind to prepare a dessert worthy of the entertainment. When appetite is satisfied the mind must be cajoled. At the proper moment the waiters appeared carrying aloft a huge pastry which was placed before the host. No sooner was the first incision made than up flew a covey of twittering blackbirds. A realistic version of the old doggerel!

"Something original—a dinner, Oscar, that my friends will never forget!" Thus spoke Mr. Monroe regarding a party of gentlemen who represented an English

Photo by Falk. "OSCAR,"
Chef of the Waldorf-Astoria.

syndicate for the purchase of Mr. Monroe's great mining interests in British Columbia. These gentlemen had just returned from a visit to the mines and were about to return to England.

Something unique and yet appropriate to the occasion I was determined to present to these gentlemen. The menu, as a matter of fact, was composed of our choicest national dishes. Cape Cod oysters, canvasback duck, terrapin, and last but not least, a fine display of American ices. This is always the simplest part of my dinners. "Man eats but little here below." It was to the astonishing, the unique feature that I devoted my time and thought. I finally hit upon an idea. I obtained photographs of the mining camp. By frequent consultations with Mr. Monroe I received accurate descriptions of each building and shed on the place. I had drawings and paintings made, engaged the services of a scenic artist, and on the evening of the dinner I had as my centre table decoration an exact replica in miniature of the mining camp. It was absolutely perfect in every detail—trees, shrubs, shanties, shafts—the whole encircled by a boundary of hills. I do not imagine these English gentlemen will readily forget their last dinner in New York.

When a big dinner is ordered I follow always a certain routine. I send a list of seasonable menus to the chairman of the committee, with the different prices, the cost of suitable decorations, and the extra cost of wines.

My methods in serving are simple—perfect discipline in the service, and secondly, every dish that should be hot is piping hot.—every dish that should be cold is freezing cold. In these two principles lie the making and the marring of any dinner, big or small.

The German banquet given to Prince Henry by the German Societies of New York was one of the most magnificent feasts ever given in this city. "Make it historical," said the chairman of the committee to me, and then he added, "Oscar, I give you *carte blanche.*"

There were nine hundred and sixty invited guests seated at the table, while as many ladies in private boxes were served with supper.

It was necessary to call into requisition the entire serving force of the Waldorf. I did not propose that there should be a hitch in the affair. Waiters, stewards, carvers, pantry men, dish handlers and mop and broom brigade were formed into separate corps, each one headed by its captain. They were all carefully drilled and rehearsed. I am proud to say that there was no more confusion than if we had been dealing with a small party of four or six.

The great feature of this occasion was the serving of the ices. They were in variety and beauty of design veritable triumphs of modern culinary art, and a truly American display. There were golden crowns filled with snowballs, German and American flags, Prussian eagles and bouquets of gorgeous flowers. In fact, I had arranged a procession of ices. At a given signal, my regiment of waiters entered two by two, each holding aloft high over his head a magnificent design fashioned in ice. It created an immense sensation. Incidentally the cost of the Prince Henry banquet was $25,000.

But one does not sit at a banquet for every day fare, and if one has intelligence one can eat well and not too expensively the year around. I give below a Christmas dinner which is good enough to serve to a prince, and sufficiently reasonable in price to be within the reach of every well-to-do American family.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Cape Cod Oysters.

Giblet Soup.

Sheepshead with Hollandaise Sauce.
Tomatoes Stuffed with Cucumbers.
Saddle of New Jersey Mutton.
Macedoine of Fresh Vegetables.

Turkey stuffed with Chestnuts.
Cranberry Sauce. *Brussels Sprouts.*
Potatoes, Palestine.

Lettuce and Grapefruit Salad,
Nut Dressing.

Plum Pudding au Rhum.
Mince and Pumpkin Pies.
Glace Plombière.
Coffee.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL,
ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

THE LIMITATIONS OF BEAUTY

By Lillian Russell

BEAUTY is unquestionably a great power. I am speaking, of course, from the viewpoint of a stage career. It attracts, it pleases, it paves the way. In other words, it opens the door to opportunities, when that same door might be slammed to with a bang, if the histrionic aspirant were plain and awkward and—ever so talented. Beauty in a dowdy frock and shoes out at the toes is divinely appealing. A beggar maid won a susceptible king for a husband, and I doubt very much if she were a whit better than any other wench of her years and occupation.

To tell the bitter truth, for the injustice of it is horrible, the beautiful mendicent does not have to go begging for any length of time. Some one is sure to clothe her and educate her, and lift her from the gutter to a gilded palace. If she has brains—the world is before her. If she is only a beauty, the chances are she'll be found in her old age a withered hag, seeking alms at the same old corner.

Behold my moral in a nutshell! Beauty is powerful, but it is not all-powerful. Swift and sure are its limitations. It opens the door and stops short on the threshold. Brains must guide Beauty's dainty feet over the path that leads to success.

There is not a stage manager in New York who has not a reserved nook ready at any moment in his production for the extraordinarily beautiful girl. He greets her with his blandest smile, and informs her with alacrity she is engaged for the season. He places her in the front row, too, and gives her a chance to lead the march. Then he watches for results—for some modest evidences of mentality. If they are not forthcoming, he grinds his teeth with despair, and—well, he hates her with the hatred of a miner who finds his gold mine petering out a few feet below the surface.

"Do you see that handsome girl on the front line?" Julian Mitchell has more than once remarked to me in a frenzy of indignation. "She's earning a paltry eighteen dollars a week. I'll raise it to a hundred of she'll spout half a dozen lines without making a fiasco. Do it? Of course she can't!" Then, with a comic paroxysm of fury distorting his face he would glare at the glorious creature aud mutter under his breath: "She's nothing but a beautiful d—— fool!"

As a general thing these young goddesses have just enough wit to keep in line and wear their handsome stage wardrobe. They have their troubles, too. They become the cynosure of unwelcome, and, too often, alas! welcome attentions. If they aspire to the fallacious attractions of a gilded life, fine raiment and fine dinners are offered galore. They acquire a taste for luxuries. They learn to despise their modest salary and the drudgery of honest work. For a season or more these gorgeous butterflies of Fate enjoy a flitting triumph, and then they are heard of no more. Foolish girls! They learn too late that the sweetest money a woman spends is the money she earns.

"I HOPE TO WIN ANOTHER SUCCESS AS LADY TEAZLE."

Many of these girls have sweet, modest natures. They almost envy their less favored sisters, who win that best prize of all, the love and devotion of an humble man in their own station of life. I remember an exquisitely beautiful creature saying to me with tears in her eyes: "I am tired—tired of grand dinners and grand people. I'd marry a good, simple working man to-morrow if he'd have me, but that kind don't think I am good enough for a wife—but I am—*I am!*"

I remember a time in my life when I thought this world was a great, glorious joke perpetrated by the Almighty to afford me a good laugh. I was sixteen years old—desperately young, daring and much too pretty for my own good. I had just come out of the convent and was determined to go upon the stage. My mother coaxed me to go through a training that would fit me for grand opera. It was useless. I could not get into the centre of the stage too rapidly in order to enjoy the huge pleasantry of singing before an audience gathered together for the express purpose of affording me a jolly time.

Mr. Tony Pastor gave me a position at once, and even agreed to let me have a turn at singing a song. I tremble now at my audaciousness. I giggled girl-like through the rehearsals, giggled when my call came, and actually flounced into the centre of the stage, a great, bouncing, laughing girl, with a big mop of hair streaming down my back, and not a vestige of makeup to tone down my blooming cheeks.

As luck would have it, I made a hit—and the hit, instead of turning my head, brought me to my senses.

"Mother, I'm a success!" I cried out, rushing into my dressing-room.

"A pretty success, miss," cried my wonderful mother with fine contempt. "A success of bright eyes and rosy cheeks; and how long will it last? The only success that counts is this," and she tapped my forehead.

From this mother I had inherited brains. Her words sank deep in my heart. I am glad to say I was a sensible girl. I resolved to prove to my mother and friends that I could work. That I could succeed week after week in spite of my red cheeks and bright eyes. In fact, I became frightened lest my hit should prove only an accident. This fear kept me keyed up to a standard of hard work, which in the course of time became a habit.

I stopped giggling. I began a course of serious vocal training. I took lessons in dramatic art. I even consented to study the mysteries of "makeup" under the kindly tutelage of May Irwin, who was also doing a turn with Tony Pastor.

Indeed, the one underlying principle of my entire career is to strive for a higher standard than the one that was the means of winning my last success. I mean to say that a success in any one rôle is simply a spur to urge me to even greater efforts. I am supposed to have a fortunate career. My fortune has come to me through deliberate effort and self-sacrifice.

The fact that I possess a fair share of good looks has entered very little into my calculations. As I said before, beauty is a power with terrible limitations. It is, after all, the smallest part of success. Without intelligence and common sense to justify and sustain it, this dubious gift soon withers and grows stale. It becomes a sort of boomerang that returns to destroy the one who sent it forth as a conqueror.

Once the reputation for beauty is bestowed upon a woman, she is crowned with one of those regal coronets that lies heavy upon the head that wears it. Many a time does she wish that no such gift had come to her.

One of my sweetest triumphs was won in "La Pericole." I revelled in my rags and begrimmed face. I hope to win another success as "Lady Teazle." It is an interpretation worth while. The lines are those of Sheridan. The verses of the songs are by John Kendrick Bangs. The music is charming. Many and many a time I have mumbled the words of a song because they were too inane to enunciate. I was ashamed of them. In my new piece I am going a few steps beyond any prior attempts in my career. To step forward—that is better than the mere accident of beauty, for progress is infinite, and genius illuminating a plain face makes it divinely fair.

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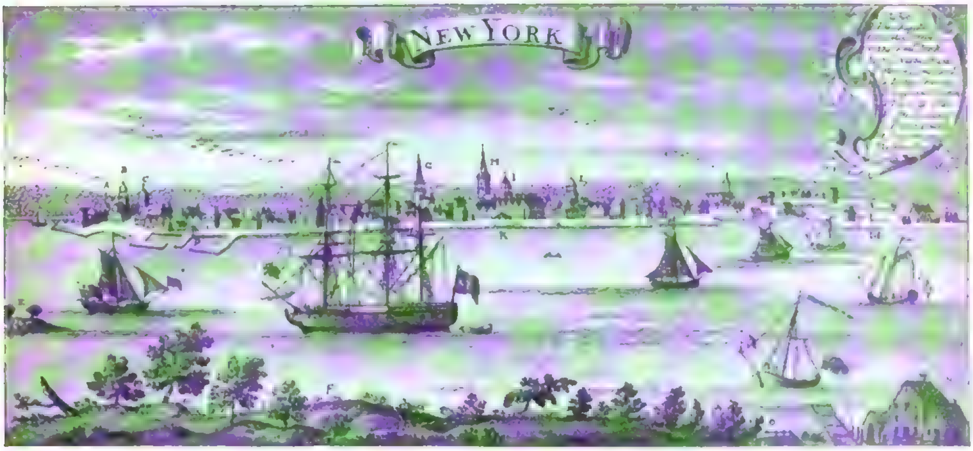


OLDEST NEW YORK.
COPIED FROM THE ORIGINAL, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE WORSHIPFULS, THE SCHOUT AND THE SINNERS

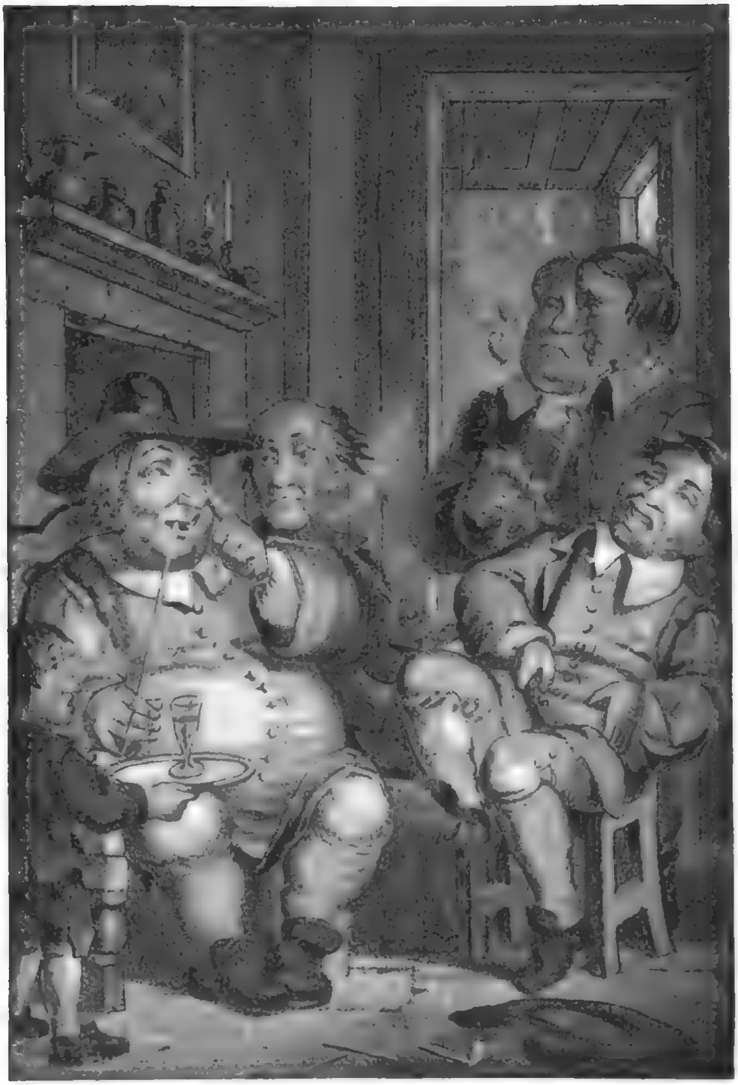
How Justice was Administered When New York was New Amsterdam

By Henry Waldorf Francis

IN the days when New York was an infant in swaddling clothes known as "New Amsterdam" and more Dutch than Holland, save for the absence of dykes and canals, and when it had no idea that it would ever grow up into a great metropolis or become the mecca of the down-trodden sons of Erin, its police force was centered in an individual who rejoiced in the uneuphonious title of the "Schout." The future metropolis even in those days harbored a goodly—or badly—number of sinners who kept Mein Herr the Schout very busy. It was his duty to travel all over the city, and although it was a very small one, then, we can believe that his stout legs were quite exhausted by his perambulations, for he was a faithful official. He was expected to observe all infractions of the laws and police regulations, and when either as a result of his own observation or information furnished by others a sinner was brought to his attention, he promptly lodged a complaint with the worthy Burgomaster and Schepens who dealt out the uncertain article known as "justice," and demanded the infliction of such punishment as the enormity of the offence seemed to merit in his virtuous mind.

A very moral man the "Schout" appears to have been, without the itching palm of the modern policeman and without any mercy in his composition, if we can judge from the penalties he invariably demanded. The Burgomaster and Schepens, however, were generally inclined to be merciful, and possibly the knowledge of this fact, gained from experience, led the "Schout" to always ask for a yard in the hope of getting an inch.

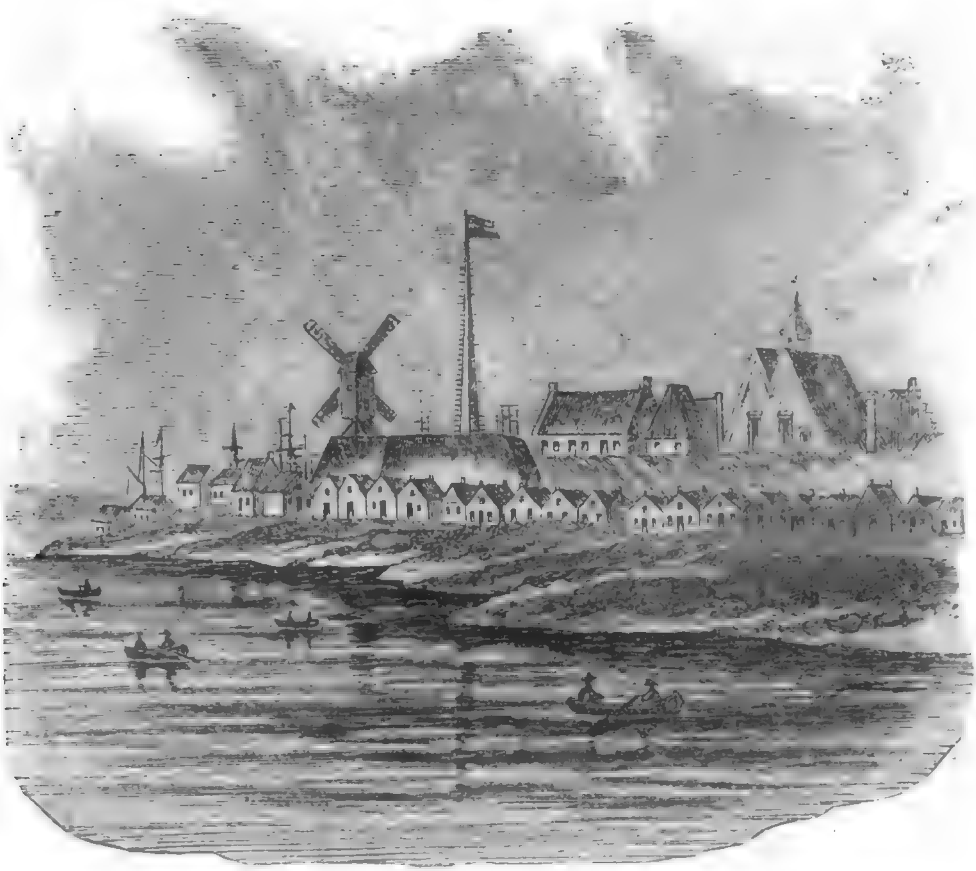
See him as he arraigns Anneke Kocks and her maid, Anneke being charged with kicking and striking Gertruyd, wife of Jan De Witt, "the miller," and the maid



AT YE TAVERN.
WHEN NEW YORK WAS NEW AMSTERDAM AND MORE DUTCH THAN HOLLAND.

with being *particepts criminis.* He demands that Anneke be fined two hundred guilders and the maid "be put upon bread and water for a sufficient term." This notion of justice does not strike their "Worshipfuls" favorably. They compromise by fining Anneke fifty guilders "to be paid to the Deacons for the poor," and let the maid off with a "reprimand." A "reprimand" appears to have been considered quite a punishment in New Amsterdam. Who minds one now?

Anneke being disposed Francois De Bruyn is called to the bar. Francois had no respect for courts or court officers. He struck and insulted the court messenger, a person of much consequence, and not satisfied with that exploit insulted the "Schout" himself and his wife so that "they were obliged to have the soldiers called." The "Schout" demands a fine of two hundred guilders, and the court directs Francois to pay it. But Francois is a gentleman with ideas of his

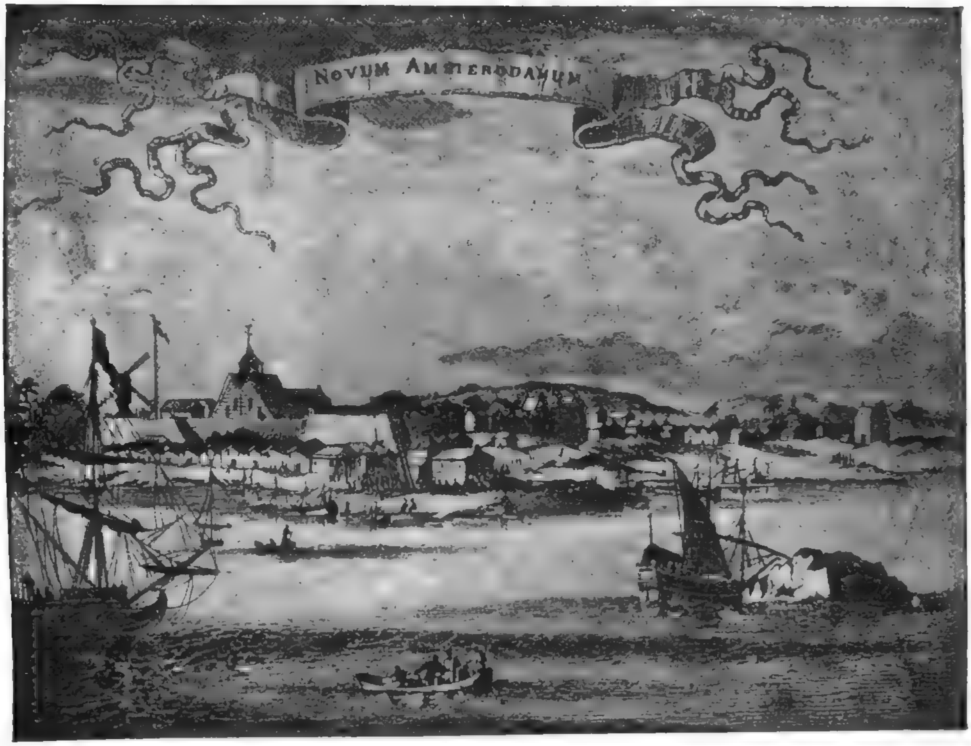


VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE PRESENT BATTERY, IN 1656.

own and the temper of a volcano, so he informs the court that "he will rot in prison first," and the court vindicates its dignity by decreeing his imprisonment "in a *respectable* tavern!" The record does not tell us, but it is presumable that Francois was not one of the ordinary riff-raff. Dirk Jansen evidently was. He, too, had the temerity to insult the "Schout," who asks his confinement on bread and water for six weeks, or three hundred guilders and costs. One can imagine the Burgomaster and Schepens laughing internally and the "Schout" boiling over when a fine of fifty guilders, or "to sit in close confinement for three days," is decided to be fit punishment for the crime. But even this does not suit the incorrigible Dirk, who calmly announces that he won't comply, and "the devil shall take him who first attempts to arrest him!" Here the record becomes silent, and whether the devil got anybody or Dirk got the devil must remain a mystery.

New Amsterdam was as cosmopolitan as is New York, for here is Peter Pia, who has been "tapping after setting the watch at nine o'clock in the evening and making noises and other insolences." Banish him for three years, says the "Schout," but the court simply forbids him to "tap" for six weeks. Presumably Peter opened a side door or family entrance, for intemperance does not appear to have decreased any after this judgment.

Where is the "Heeren Straat," whereon Roelof Harmyzen has been "rioting and looking for revenge with a hatchet and adze"? A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but just think of

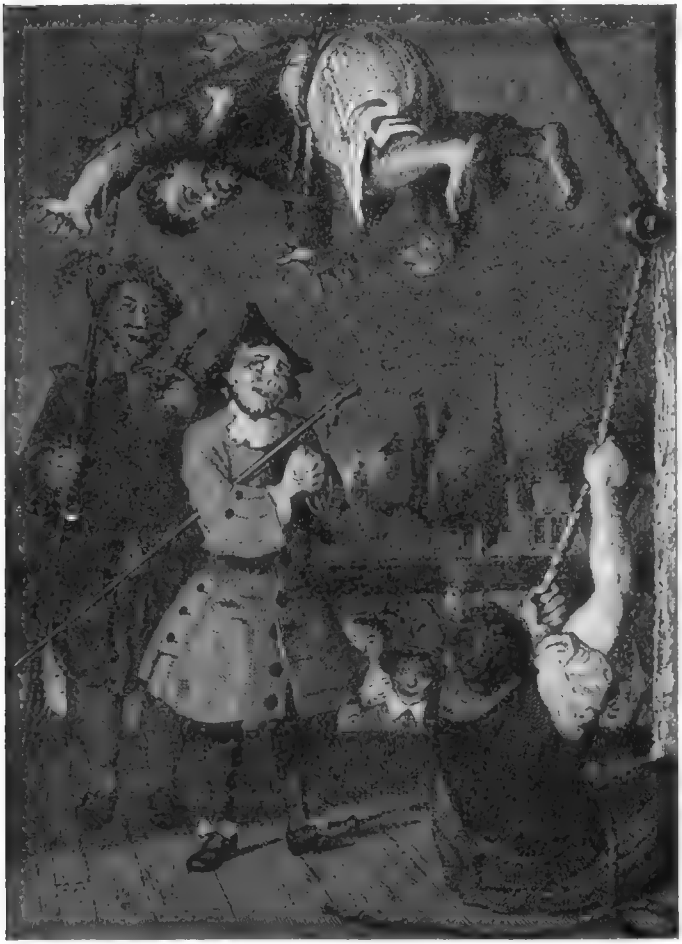


THE CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK), AS IT WAS BEFORE OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH, 1653.

Broadway under that name! Roelof paid "twenty-five guilders and costs," being much more fortunate than Jasper Abrahamsen, whose tale of woe is thus summarized:

"Whereas Jasper Abrahamsen, sailmaker of the ship the Purmberland Church, native of Amsterdam, at present in prison, hath acknowledged without torture or bonds, that he, in company with Hendrick Jansen, committed great violence at Rendel Huit's house, coming into the house against the will of Huit's wife, demanding drink and insisting upon having food, and being refused going to the cupboard and taking food against her will—and going thence to Joris Wolsey's house and forcing themselves into the house demanding drink, and being shoved out of the house, going thence to Caryl Van Brugh's, demanding drink, and though he said he did not tap, still insisting upon it with violence, and being put out of the house, tearing the garments of Van Brugh in the struggle, and then in forcing themselves in again, giving to Van Brugh a cut on the jaw from which blood flowed—all which grave actions *cannot be tolerated in a well-ordered community,* therefore, it is decided that said Abrahamsen be conveyed to the place where justice is administered, and there being well-fastened to a stake, that he be severely scourged, and a gash be made in his left cheek or jaw, and that he be banished from the city for twenty-five years, and pay costs before he be liberated."

Jasper would have fared much better these days, and probably he said, with the wife of Andries Jochemsen, Andries having "tapped" after nine o'clock, and being called upon by the "Schout" to pay a fine: "Schout, hast thou any soul or conscience? Dost thou expect to go to heaven?"—for which exercise of his wife's tongue Andries was "reprimanded"! Thus, ever has the married man had his trials! But in view of the penal-



KIEFT'S MODE OF PUNISHMENT.

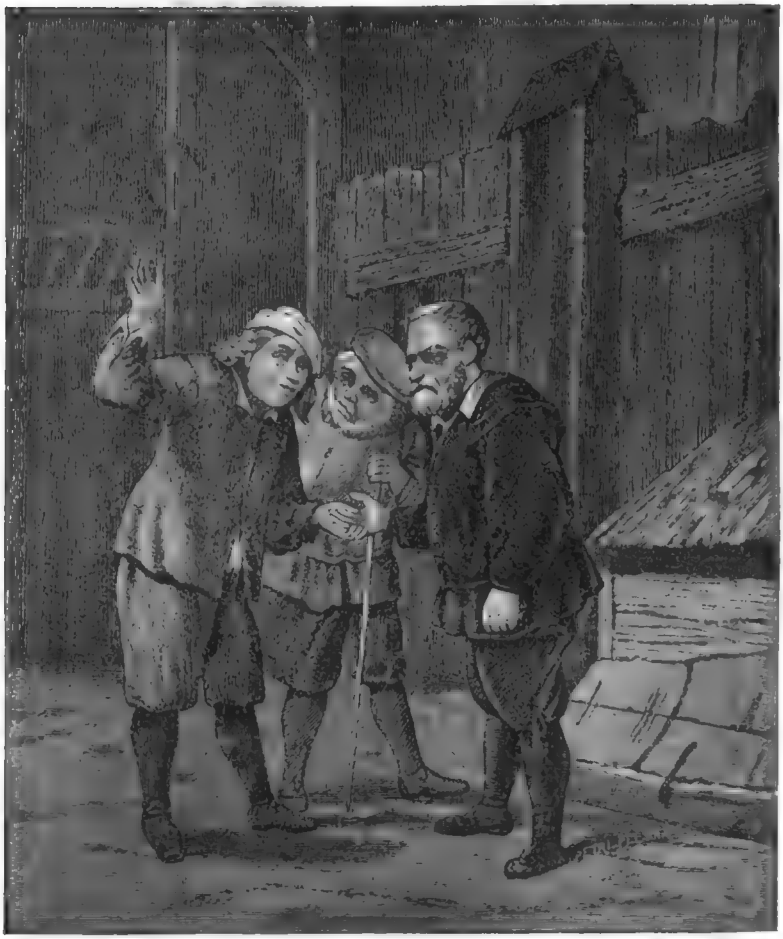
ties attached to suicide, it is presumable he bore them patiently in the old days. A very grave offence was suicide, as witness the case of Hendrick Jansen Smitt. Thus demands the indignant and outranged "Schout":

"As said Smitt has hanged himself on the branch of a tree on the Kalckhoeck, on this side of the fresh water, that his goods shall be forfeit, the corpse drawn on a hurdle as an example to others, and brought to the place where it was found hanging, and there shoved under the earth; further, that a stake, pole or post shall be set there in token of an accursed deed."

Of course, it was immaterial to poor Hendrick under the circumstances, but the more merciful court decreed:

"Whereas Hendrick Jansen Smitt hath been an old burgher here, of whom no bad behavior was ever heard, and as his next neighbors, eight in number, have requested a decent burial, it is adjudged that the body shall be interred in a corner of the churchyard, in the evening, after the ringing of the nine o'clock bell; further, the forfeiture of the goods left by him, to be applied as is proper."

Poor Hendrick was out of his troubles, but his namesake, Hendrick Jansen Sluyter, was not. His "vrow" has been fighting and making an indecent exposure of her person. He begs that she



The eminent Burghers, Manheers, Tenbroek and Hardenbroeck disputing about the plan of the City of New Amsterdam. The one insisting that they should run out docks and wharfs, and the other that it should be cut up and intersected by canals, after the manner of Old Amsterdam. The dispute ended in high words without coming to any conclusion on a subject of so much interest to posterity, and was the cause of much bad feeling between the parties and their descendants ever after.

be excused from punishment "this time," offering to pay a fine and to send her back to Holland, which offer the court accepts, and Hendrick thus is freed from his wife without the expense or formality of a divorce! How many husbands will sigh for those "good old days" when they read this! Nowadays there are wives who rid themselves temporarily of unwanted husbands by means of trumped-up charges of non-support, but there are no husbands as fortunate as Hendrick Jansen Sluyter!

Children, however, fared better than they do now, as witness little Lysbet Anthony, aged ten, charged with theft. Says the court solemnly: "Mary, her mother, is ordered to chastise her, or in case of refusal to let the same be done." To which the record adds: "Mary, having undertaken it, hath, with the assistance of Long Anna, severely punished and whipped her daughter with rods in the presence of the Worshipful Magistrates." How much better this than the modern method of sending children to a prison, or what is practically the same thing, a "Refuge," and nine times out of ten ruining their lives!

We have something to learn from their

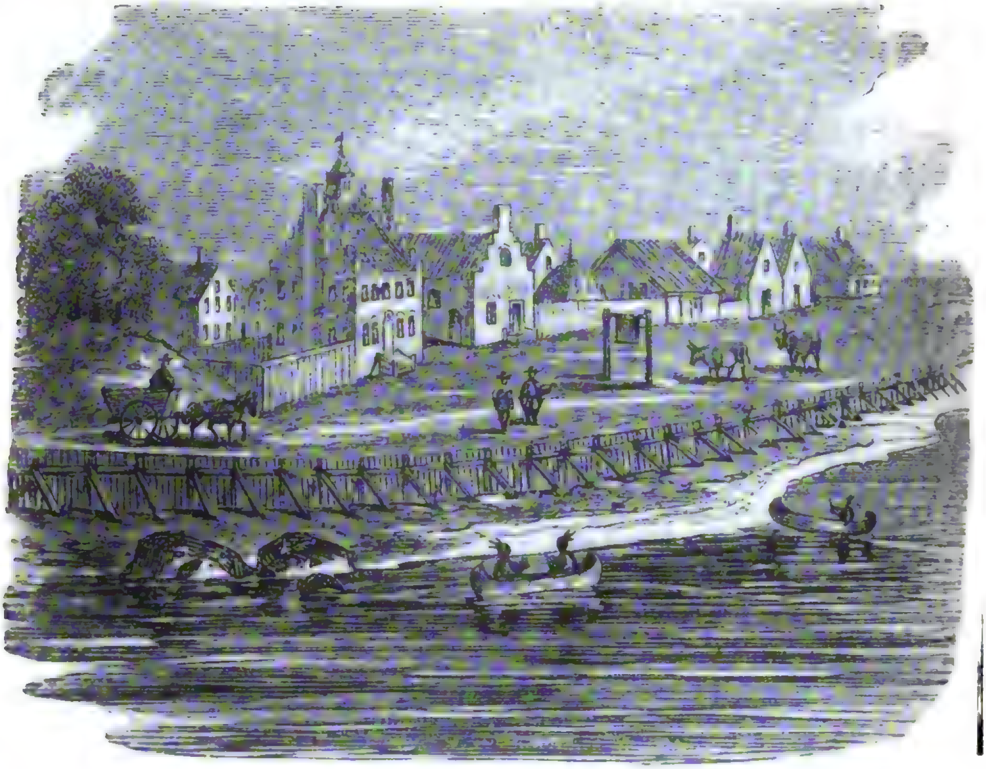
Worshipful Magistrates. See the Dutch sense with which they deal with Meentje Joris, who, according to her husband Cloas, or Nicholas, Boodt, goes drinking in all the groggeries and "holes," and being drunk cannot keep house for him, and "does no good." Meetje defiantly answers that she drinks her own and not his substance, that he has "not a stiver," that he himself "goes drinking and rollicking and full," and "were she a young 'vrow' he would have more affection for her."

Wise Meentje! Alas! alas! do we hear of such cases these days? And would the court tell a present-day Meentje to "live in peace with her husband so no more complaint shall be made"? But, oh! just to think of it! Meentje turns the tables by charging Cloas with "living unbecomingly" with her, shutting her up in the house without order or authority, nailing the windows and doors, too, and beating her. Now, the gallant "Schout" asserts himself. "As he has assumed to himself the power of the magistracy I demand that he be brought into the public prison for many days and amerced and corrected in such punishment as the court deems proper." Thereupon their Worshipfuls hear Meentje and her daughter and the servant girl—who stands up for her master against her mistress—finds that Meentje, like the modern wife in a police court, has denied some things which she had declared before them, adjudges that "such things do villify or scoff" at the court, fine her twelve guilders for the poor and order husband and wife "to remain at peace." Could Solomon have done better than that? But I fancy that the servant girl was young and pretty!

Now appears a sailor with a name that would make a hit in comic opera: Argan Jansen van Spreckerhoon. It is presumable that Argan had indulged in too much grog or he would not have attacked his skipper on shore with a knife and wounded him in the hand. This is the sentence recorded: "In consideration of the delinquent's youth and the intercession of the skipper, that the prisoner appear in court and there with uncovered head ask forgiveness of God, justice and his skipper; defray the costs of arrest and pay a fine of sixty Carolus guilders to be applied half to the officer and the remainder to the city." To complete this comic opera sentence the record adds: "On the same day Argan Jansen van Spreckerhoon appeared in court and fulfilled the first part of the sentence, namely, begged the forgiveness of God, the court and the skipper." Whether he ever fulfilled the other part there is nothing to show. The first was easy, and its performance probably induced the remittance of the Carolus guilders by their Worshipfuls, who walked in the fear and the love of the Lord.

But that these worthy gentlemen of New Amsterdam differed in their ideas of "the punishment to fit the crime," just as do the justices of the present day courts of Special and General Sessions, is illustrated by the case of Jan van Iselsteyn, alias Jan van Leyden. Jan, having indulged too freely in the flowing bowl, struck Heer Fyn in the face "on the highway," laying his hand on the hilt of his sword and "using harsh words"; and feeling quite valorous proceeded to Wolfert Webber's house, leaped over the fence and struck Wolfert's wife "on her own ground"—what particular part of her anatomy this was is not stated—and further gave her a black eye, accompanying this amusement with very abusive language. Such manifestly ungentlemanly conduct aroused the indignant "Schout" to demand the severe penalty that Jan "be banished out of the jurisdiction" and pay a fine of one hundred Rix dollars, with the costs and mises of justice."

The Worshipful Magistrates voiced their several views. Heer Allard Anthony's was that Jan be excused from punishment this time on condition of asking pardon of the Worshipful Court and promising to "behave himself hereafter as an honest man, *with costs.*" Heer Oloffe Stevensen was for discharging him "this once" on payment of costs, with a warning that if he repeated the offense he would be punished and banished "as he shall deserve." The Heer Johan Depeyster thought justice would be satisfied by Jan's paying for his confinement and release, with an additional



VIEW OF THE "SCHOEINGE," OR STREET PILING ON THE EAST RIVER NEAR PRESENT COENTIES SLIP, 1658.

fifty florins to the officer, while Heer Johan Nevens considered that a fine of one hundred Rix dollars was the right thing. This was likewise the opinion of Heer Jan Vigne, while Heer Jacob Strycker felt satisfied with Jan's paying "his board and jailor's fee." Having expressed these varying opinions to the disgust of the virtuous "Schout," their Worshipfuls compromised thus: "That he shall appear in court and there with uncovered head beg of God and justice forgiveness, and promise to comport himself in peace and quietness, without molesting anyone touching this complaint; or in default thereof shall, without any mercy, on the first complaint, be punished as it shall behoove and be banished; and that he shall pay the costs of imprisonment and trial."

Jan was a lucky man. If he had lived in these days their honors of the Special Sessions would have dropped a $500 fine and a year on the Island upon him. Even more fortunate was Geert, the wife of Geurt Coerten, who "slandered the wife of the Hon. Beekman Beeckman and Cornelis Steenvyck." Geert denied the charge as mere hearsay. Said she: "Jan Adamsen spoke to me of a little sailor and a woman he found in the bush, and said it was a married woman whom no one would suspect, and that he came with her from the bush to the fresh water and had such a kiss from her he could hardly compose himself." With quite unconscious naiveté Geert added: "I conjectured with my husband who it could have been!" I am very much afraid there are some Geerts in New York to-day and some Jan Adamsens who might find it difficult to "compose" themselves under similar circumstances, and who would agree that the "Schout's" demand of a fine of 1,000 florins was preposterous. As for their Worshipfuls, being wise men with wives of their own they reserved decision—and never rendered any!

What their Worshipfuls would have

done with the reckless automobilists of to-day, we may guess from what happened to Cornelis and Ide Van Vorst, whose servants "raced on Sunday evening after service with horses and wagons, from which great damage and disaster might have arisen." Cornelis and Ide had to pay three guilders each, besides "being ordered to watch themselves so that all dangers and irregularities may be prevented." But if they had no automobiles in New Amsterdam they had the "tenement house rows," which occupy so much of the time of our police courts, and they disposed of them in much the same way. Thus Barent Egbertson and his wife, who rented half of their house to Jan Smedinck and wife, being charged with being disorderly and beating each other, Jan was ordered to remove; while Jan Cornelisen and Bulgert Jansen, having fought one with his fists and the other with his tongue, were fined, the striking Cornelis twelve guilders and the abusive Jansen six.

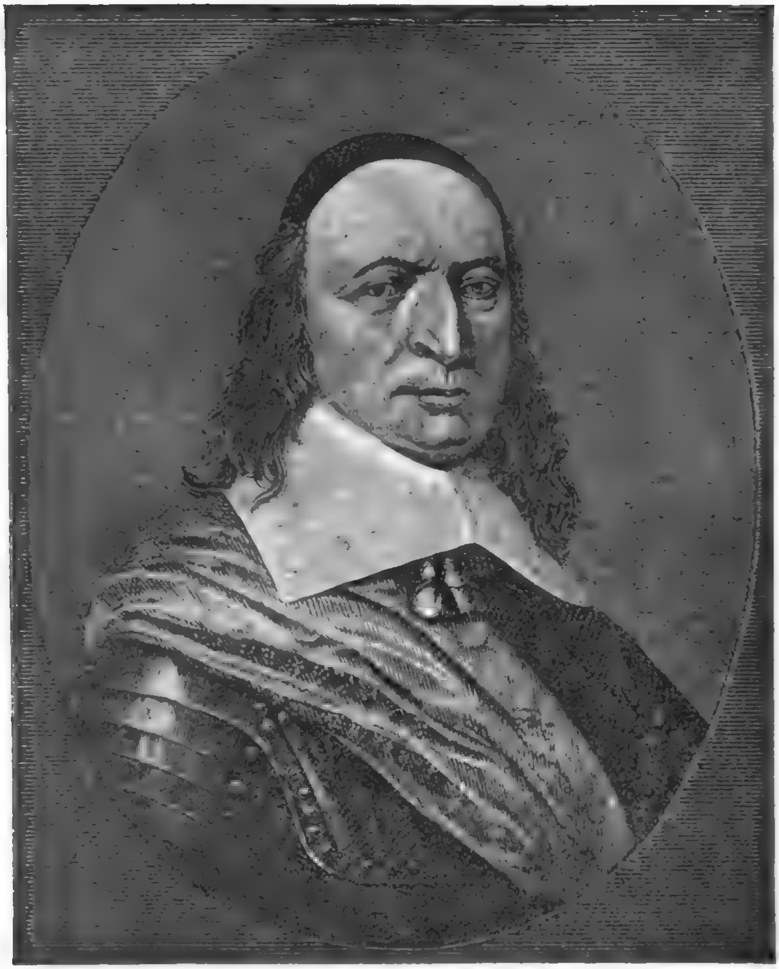
So, also, they had wicked men who trifled with the affections of the fair. There was Geleyn Verplanck, whom Geertruyd Wingers demanded should night," and cap the climax that he "could be ordered to marry her according to his promise or pay her six hundred guilders "in beavers" and a hundred more for lying-in expenses, and still another hundred per annum for the maintenance of her child. The faithless Gelyn, just like a modern New Yorker in the same trouble, denied having promised to wed Geertruyd, and the wise court did not order him, as a modern police judge would have, to marry her. They gave her "one hundred guilders, half beaver and half sea-want" as a balm for her broken heart, and then directed her to pay half the costs of suit, "both parties to maintain the child." Ariens Saussmans, however, offered such a good excuse for failing to proceed with the solemnization of his marriage that the Burgomaster allowed him to depart. Ariens pleaded tearfully that "the last publication was made last Sunday fortnight," and to cap the climax that he "could not be ready as the clothes were not yet made"! I have a strong suspicion that Ariens was in league with his tailor. Certainly that excuse would not have worked with Ariens to-day; but neither would Ariens have dared to speak to a modern magistrate with the impunity of his time.

The worthy Burgomaster and Schepens appear, as a rule, to have been indifferent to personal abuse. Occasionally, however, the court rose in its might and smote the offender as Waleyn Van der Veer, charged with "insulting the Worshipful Magistrates of the city," discovered. Waleyn was condemned to "here beg forgiveness with uncovered head of God, justice and the Worshipful Court, and pay a fine of one hundred guilders with costs, and in case of refusal he shall go immediately into confinement," and meantime he was ordered to "go into his house in confinement, to be kept there by a court messenger until he shall have obeyed" the judgment. Nowadays Waleyn would have landed in Ludlow Street jail.

But if their Worshipfuls seem usually to have pardoned offences against their own dignity, quite differently did they treat insulters of other officials. Solomon La Clair had reason to lament that fact. Solomon called the "Fire Inspectors" "chimney sweeps," and stated through the city messenger: "Is it to have a little cock booted and spurred I shall give it"? for which use of his tongue he paid twelve guilders, "as it is not seemly that men should mock and scoff at persons appointed to any office, yea, a necessary officer." If such things were offences now and similarly punished, what a revenue would result!

As in a modern police court, also, the tables were sometimes turned. Wolfert Webber complained of Judith Verleth that she struck him and flung stones at him. It is to be imagined that Judith was very angry, for she retaliated by charging the ungallant Wolfert with threatening to strike her with his whip, "as he daily does his wife," and kicking her sister. Judith came out triumphant, for the court reserved decision in her case and fined Wolfert twelve stivers for "fulminating lies in its presence."

But let it not be supposed that their



PETRUS STUYVESANT.
THE FOURTH AND LAST OF THE FIRST SERIES OF DUTCH GOVERNORS, AND WHO SURRENDERED TO THE ENGLISH FORCES IN 1664.

Worshipfuls were always inclined to mercy. Roger Cornelisen, being found guilty of a petty theft, was ordered to be tied to a stake and severely scourged, with ten years' banishment to follow, while Martin van Wart, for a similar offence, was sentenced to be "severely scourged with rods in a closed chamber and then banished for twenty-five years"; but afterward, we read with pleasure, in consideration of his youth the whipping was remitted.

It was common to examine prisoners "by torture" for the purpose of extorting a confession—a practice represented to-day by the police "Sweat Box" and "Third Degree."

It may be well to conclude this account of how justice was administered when New York was New Amsterdam, with the case of Andrew Rees, which affords a glimpse of the Sunday excise laws of the old Dutch days and a hint to the legislator of to-day. Andrew was charged with having at his house on Sunday twenty to thirty persons playing ninepins and backgammon and drinking; but it appearing that the time was "two hours *after preaching*" the complaint was dismissed.

So we see that men and women were not much, if any, different in the days of New Amsterdam than they are in the days of mighty New York. We may learn some lessons from the old Burgomasters and Schepens, at least we have advanced beyond the stake, the torture, the scourge and gashing of cheeks as methods of punishment; and while we send sinners "to the Island" and "up the river," we do not use the word "banished" to them. Imagine the torture to a New Yorker of hearing himself "*banished*" from his beloved city—if you can!

TO WINE

By E. H. O.

I drink and know that all the joy in life
Is found where wine, rich wine, flows sparkling red.
Oh, you, who criticise the flowing bowl,
You never rose to mountain-heights above,
You never tasted sorrow to the dregs,—
A bitter sorrow, turning life to gall.

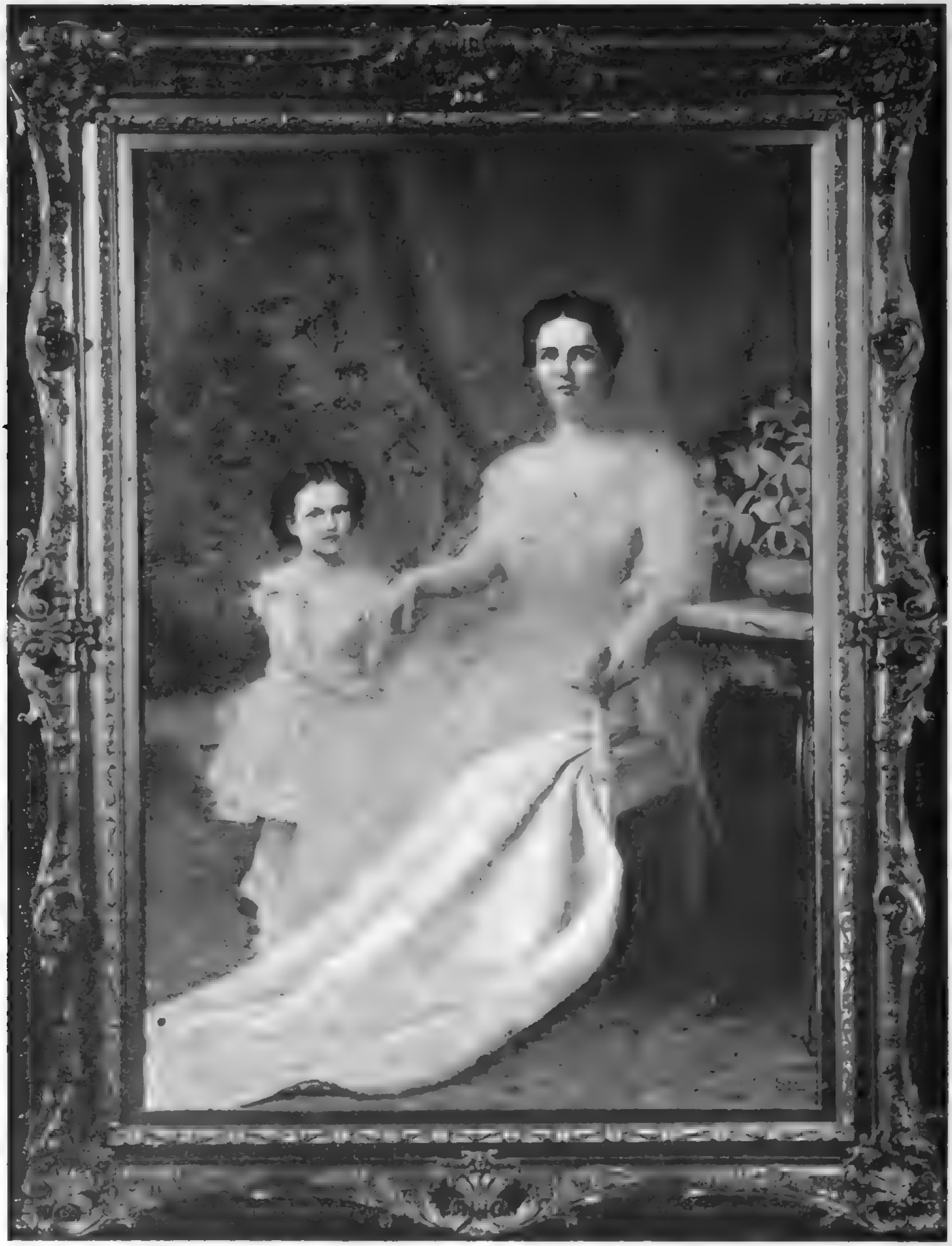
I drink and know that wine will take away
All sorrow's blight. I do not ask for much
In life. It has not much, my friend, to give:
But, disappointed, turn to wine and drink,
And with this sparkling, genial host forget.
His arms unfold, nor ask the why I come,
He courts for me Oblivion's soft caress.

I never fear his witching, close embrace;
'Tis gentle, soft and coy as maiden's touch;
And subtle as a minx of sin, his kiss.

Ah, Wine, from grapes distilled, to you I sing;
Seducer of the sense, enter my heart:
It honors you in song, in tears, in all
My life has here to give of joy or pain.

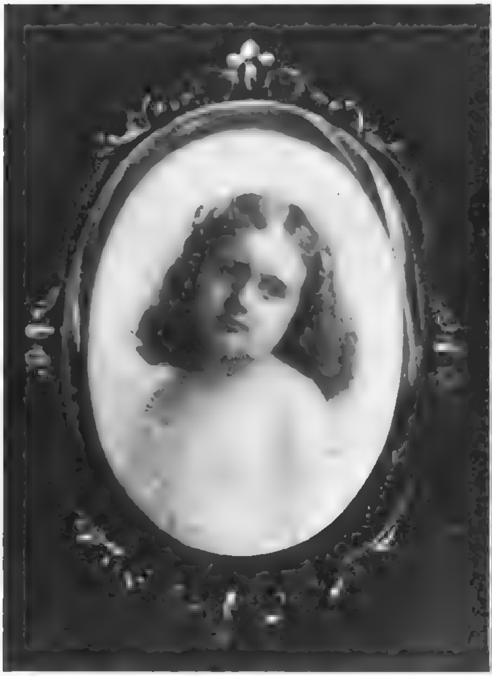
I drink; and with that sage who sang of old,
Who still sings o'er the world, of wine and love,
Even I sing, too; but only his refrain
Is worthy to be heard; yet I may add
An after note, and feel I sing it well.

A toast I pledge to Wine! Join me, my friend!
May every imp that waits within the cup,
To bring you joy, dance through your blood and warm
Its sluggard flow. May every sorrow known
To you, rest deep in bubbling, seething depths.
May life itself be lost to view, and in
This cup of wine I drink, be seen again
As distant hope through its own hopeful red!

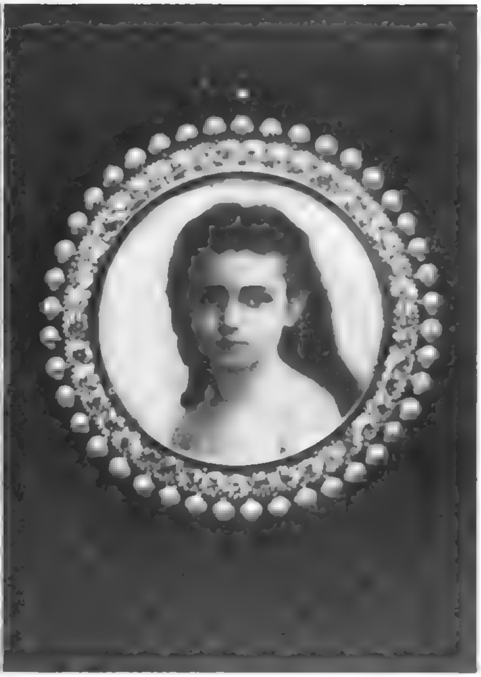


From painting by H. T. See.

MRS. FREDERICK S. PECK AND LITTLE DAUGHTER, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.



DAUGHTER OF PIRIE MACDONALD, ESQ.



MISS AGNES KELLER.

From miniatures by H. T. See.

THE ORCHID OF PORTRAITURE

By Harry Thurston See

AS the orchid to the flower world, the miniature is to portraiture. It suggests a something apart—costly, precious and rare. It might be fittingly described as the exotic of art—an intaglio of sentiment chiselled in color on an oval of mellow ivory. A lavish display of orchids is an anomaly. A riot of perfumes in a rose would be an offense, and an exhibition of miniatures, while it has its *raison d'être* is as much an affront to the ethics of art as a violation of confidence. It is the brazening forth from the housetops of a secret that has been revealed in a timid whisper at twilight, for the miniature stands as the symbol of a sweet and intimate sentiment.

It is worn close to the heart of the betrothed. It is carried to distant lands and many a hero on the battlefield has drawn his last breath with the bit of painted ivory pressed close to his pallid lips, or clasped in his rigid fingers as the last earthly possession he cared still to retain in death. A wife secretly has her miniature painted for a beloved husband, or vice versa. A mother wears her infant's portrait in a jewelled brooch. It is curious that the miniature seems to suggest in its delicate coloring and exquisite workmanship some of the qualities of a precious stone.

One of the prettiest compliments ever paid to me was by a young mother for whom I had completed the miniature portrait of her first child. She gazed at it a moment in a puzzled way. "It lacks something," she said; then she added, with brightening face: "Ah! I have dis-

From miniature by H. T. See.

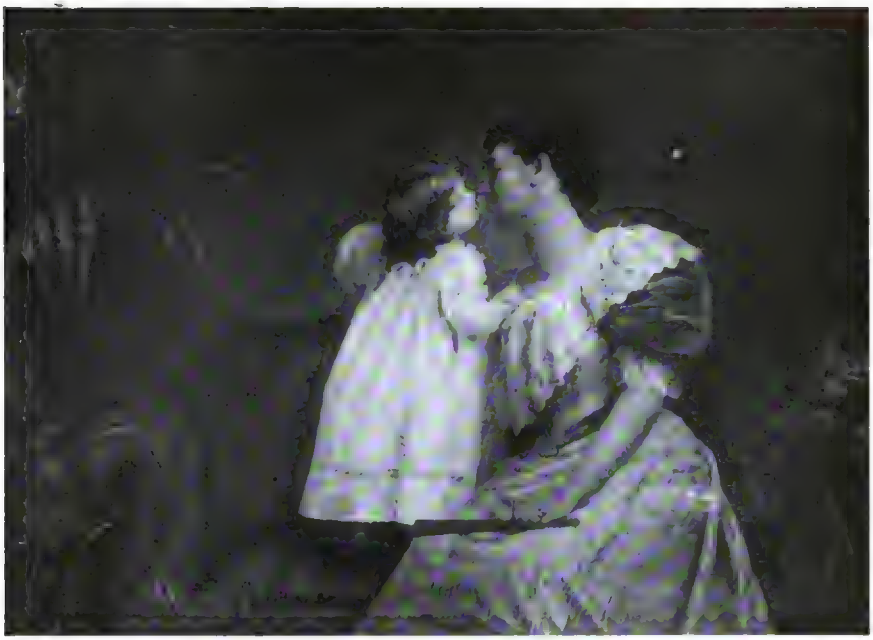
CHILDREN OF JOHN T. BRUSH, ESQ.

covered the trouble!" A few days later she returned and showed me the seraphic countenance of the little one framed in a radiance of emeralds and diamonds. The mother's artistic intuition was correct. The miniature is never so beautiful as when framed in a circle of precious stones, fitting emblem of the priceless value of the beloved face revealed within the luminous circle like a glowing flower.

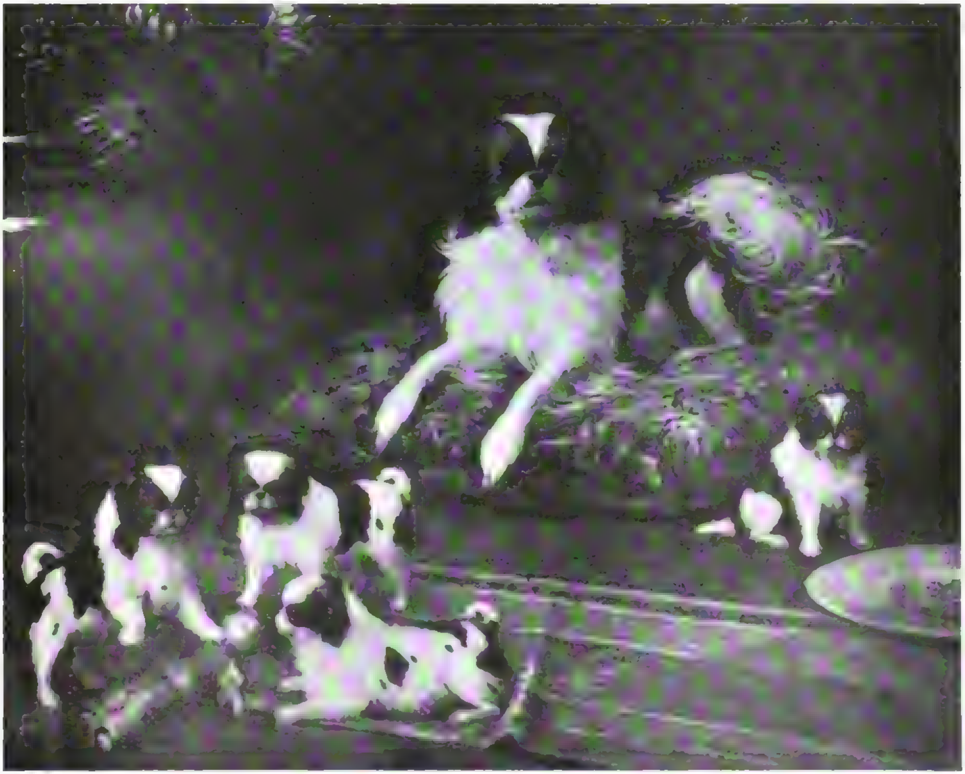
The life-size portrait dominates any chamber, however vast and important. It is decorative. It might almost be considered architectural. It commands attention, admiration and criticism. It is shown with pride as an example of art. Yet, although one might pronounce it so true to life that it seems ready to walk out of the frame as a living reality, it never gives one the same sense of sweet and intimate personality as the tiny miniature that one holds in the palm of one's hand and whose absence or presence is not missed, save by the one who treasures it.

This thought was forcefully impressed upon me when visiting the art galleries and public buildings of France. My attention was attracted to the numerous and superb portraits of Napoleon, representing him on vast expanses of canvas in all the notable events of his marvelous career. None of those masterpieces so revealed the complex and weird personality of the great Emperor as a tiny miniature in a faded velvet frame, once the property of Josephine. It was exquisitely painted, to be sure—a little *chef d'œuvre,* but it must never be forgotten that there is more in a miniature than mere workmanship. One can put into it all that there *is* in a large portrait. Strength, character, modeling and composition—and all this with a delicacy and subtlety impossible in a large canvas.

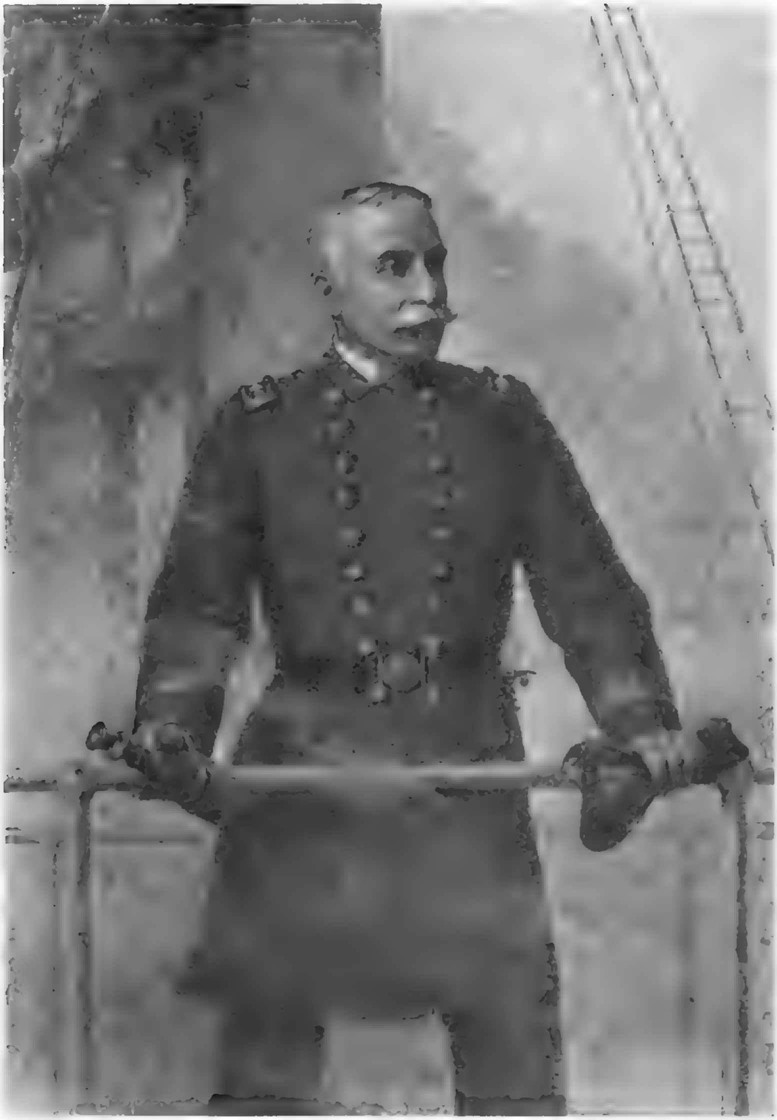
As a matter of fact, the miniature ar-



MRS. HARRY THURSTON SEE AND CHILD. *From miniature by H. T. See.*



JAPANESE SPANIELS OWNED BY MRS. EUGENE CLARK. *From painting by H. T. See.*

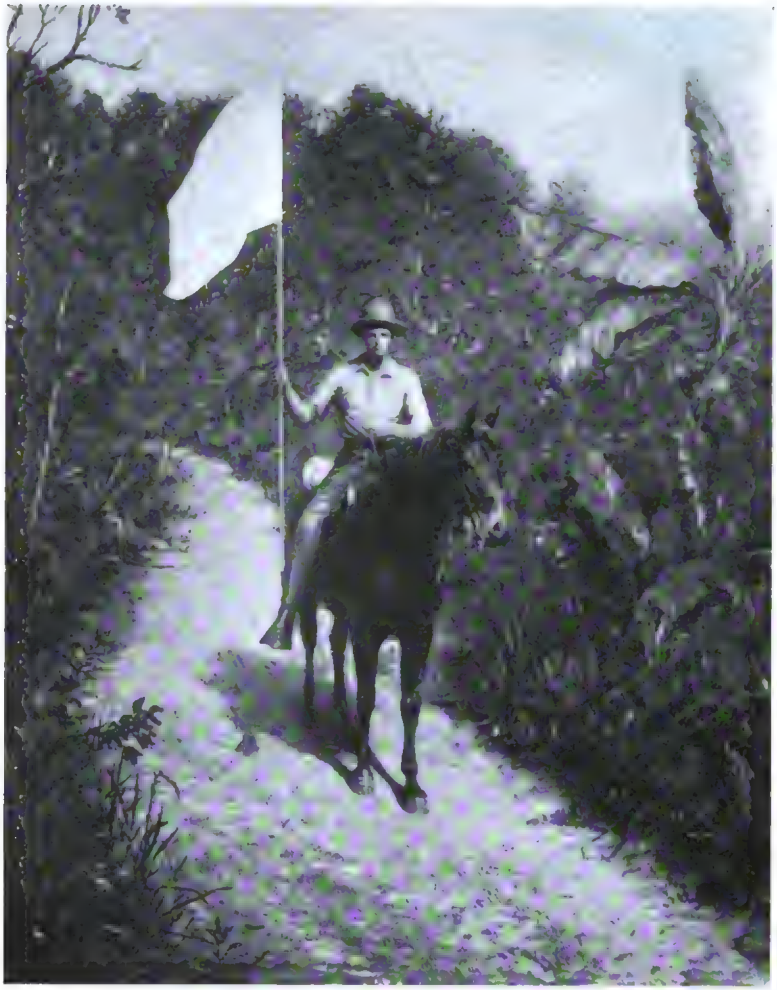


Copyright, 1890, by H. T. See. *From painting by H. T. See.*

ARMIRAL DEWEY.

tist is always a portrait painter. The portrait painter often fails when he attempts to interpret his subject on a tiny leaf of ivory. One must work *con amore,* patiently, in tiny strokes, yet without contraction or narrowness. Breadth of style is not always impressionism, and although it is somewhat the fashion of the modern miniature artist to lay on his color in big strokes and in vivid contrasts of orange, crimson and green, I cannot but be convinced that the traditions of the art demand the glow, the delicacy and the fragrance of a flower that one fastens near the heart or presses to the lip.

There is no question that the greatest school of modern portraiture is to be found in England. Twenty-five years ago I left my home in St. Louis to study



From painting by H. T. See.

FLAG OF TRUCE AT PORTO RICO.

miniature portraiture under the two great artists of the day, Burgoyne and Caldercott, and since that time I have spent as much of my life in England as in America. It is a continual inspiration to study the works of such men as Sargent and Shannon, both Americans by birth, but English in their art traditions. I recall Mr. Shannon remarking to me only last year: "I am an American when it comes to the colors of my flag; but I am English in the colors of my palette!"

I sometimes think that the young artist of this country is not willing to accept the actual drudgery of his work in the same spirit of resignation as in older countries. He is an impressionist, a seeker of results and effects before he has reached maturity in his technical discipline.

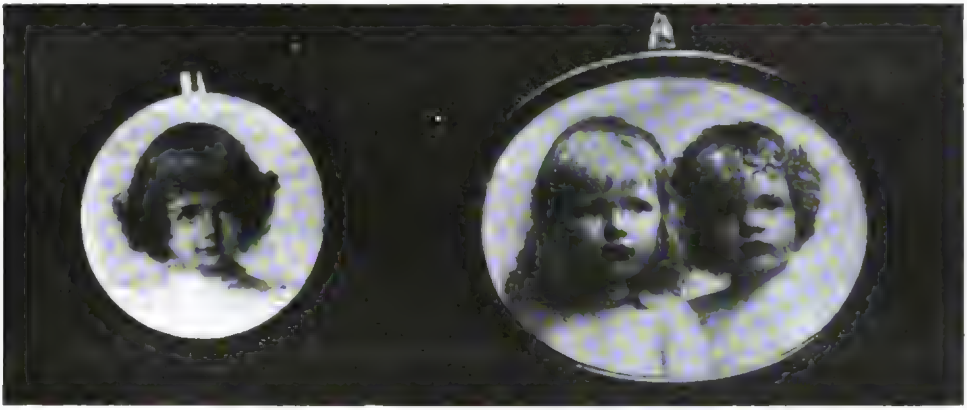
A young artist friend relates that a few months ago he chanced to be at the studio of Sargent while the latter was unveiling one of his recent marvelous portraits. "You are the despair of us less gifted artists!" cried my young friend, with an almost tragical impulse of envious admiration. "Look at the

MR. HARRY THURSTON SEE.
DISTINGUISHED AS A MINIATURE ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

folds of that frock coat—laid on with one stroke of the brush! Who but Sargent could do that?"

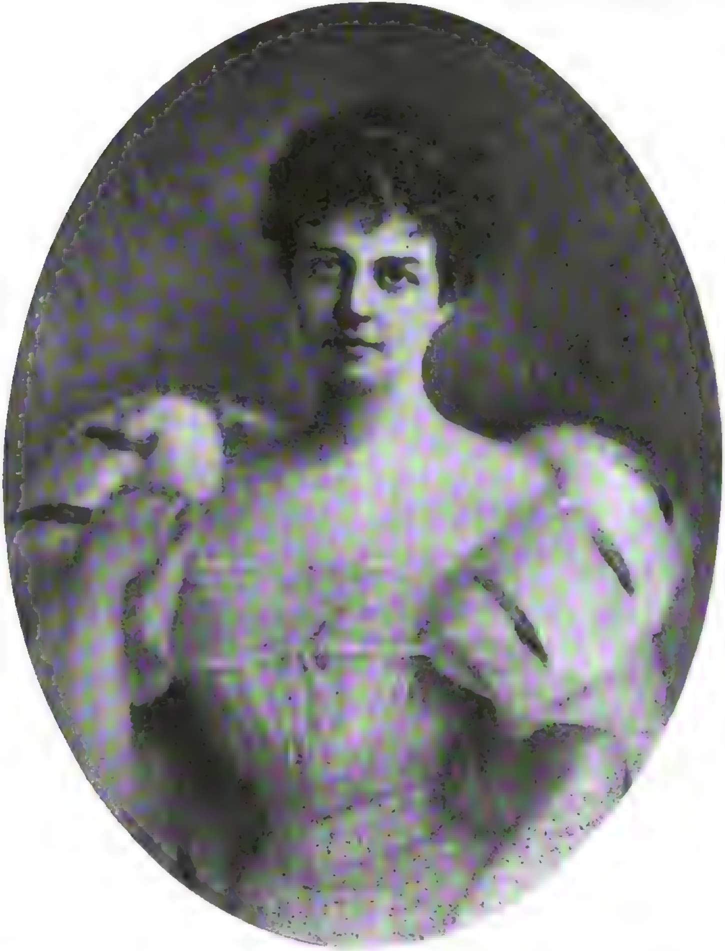
"My friend," replied the great man quietly, "do not despair. That one stroke of the brush is the result of intense and concentrated labor. Who but Sargent would wipe out a frock coat twenty times?"

I have occasionally been asked to draw a comparison between the English and American woman of society. As a matter of fact the miniature is a luxury of the wealthy only. The Englishwoman is more calm and reserved in expression. She is statuesque. If her portrait were to suddenly find voice, one is quite sure she would speak without a gesture, without disturbing the pose of her hands. In painting an American woman the artist is called upon to impart a sense of vivaciousness and buoyancy. She has the Parisian quality of *chic* as though her toilet counted for something. A frock



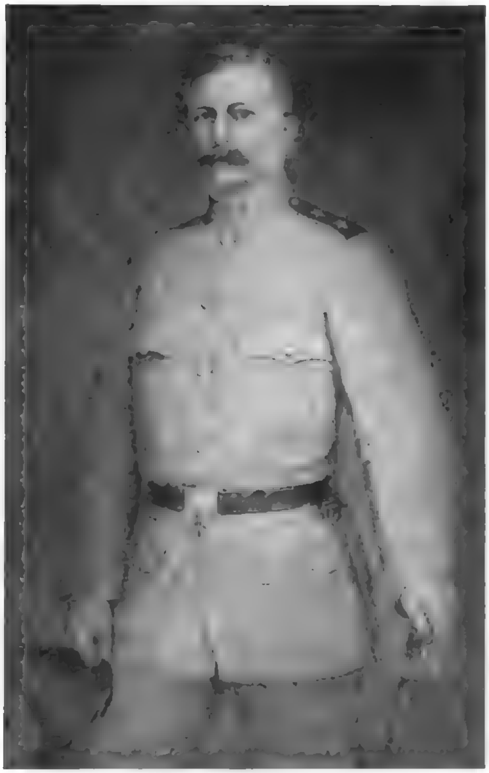
MISS FLORA SEE. CHILDREN OF MRS. JOHN M. DILLON.

From miniatures by H. T. See.



From miniature by H. T. See.

PRINCESS CANTACUZENE.
(FORMERLY MISS JULIA DENT GRANT.) PAINTED AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE AT NEWPORT.



From miniature by H. T. See.
GENERAL FRANCIS VINTON GREENE, LATE POLICE COMMISSIONER.

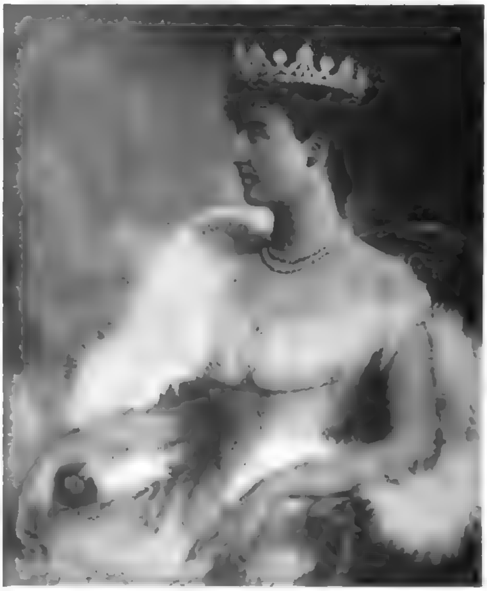
in the height of fashion might be termed the national costume of the American woman of all classes, rich or poor.

Mr. Furness, the distinguished English caricaturist, during his recent visit to this country, entered into many a spirited argument with me over the special characteristic of the English and American type of face. He noted a marked difference in the wings of the nostrils, those of the English woman being more sensitive and more finely curved. He also maintained that the cheekbones of our women were less pronounced than those of his countrywomen.

On this last point I do not agree. The English woman has the lower half of the face somewhat narrow and long; with us the chin is square and moulded with decision. For this reason one misses the exquisitely rounded curves in the contour of the face so often seen in the most beautiful type of an English aristocrat.

The American society woman, with her sparkling vivaciousness and charm of expression, is a peculiarly grateful subject for the miniature artist. Her face has something of the same quality as an exquisitely cut precious stone. I advise the Englishwoman to frame her miniature in pearls. For the American I suggest the emerald or diamond.

I have noticed with some interest that the miniature artist paints his bit of ivory alone and in silence. One finds an absence in his studio of that jollity and boon companionship that one expects, as a matter of course, in the studio where large canvases are in the course of creation. It seems to me that one cannot convey the poetry and fragrance that are inherent in the true miniature portrait unless one really loves the work with something of the veneration and homage that one pays to the exquisitely lovely and delicate. I have all an Englishman's predeliction for a pipe; but without any pretention to sentimentalism I should consider it a discourtesy to the ethics of my art if I were to in-



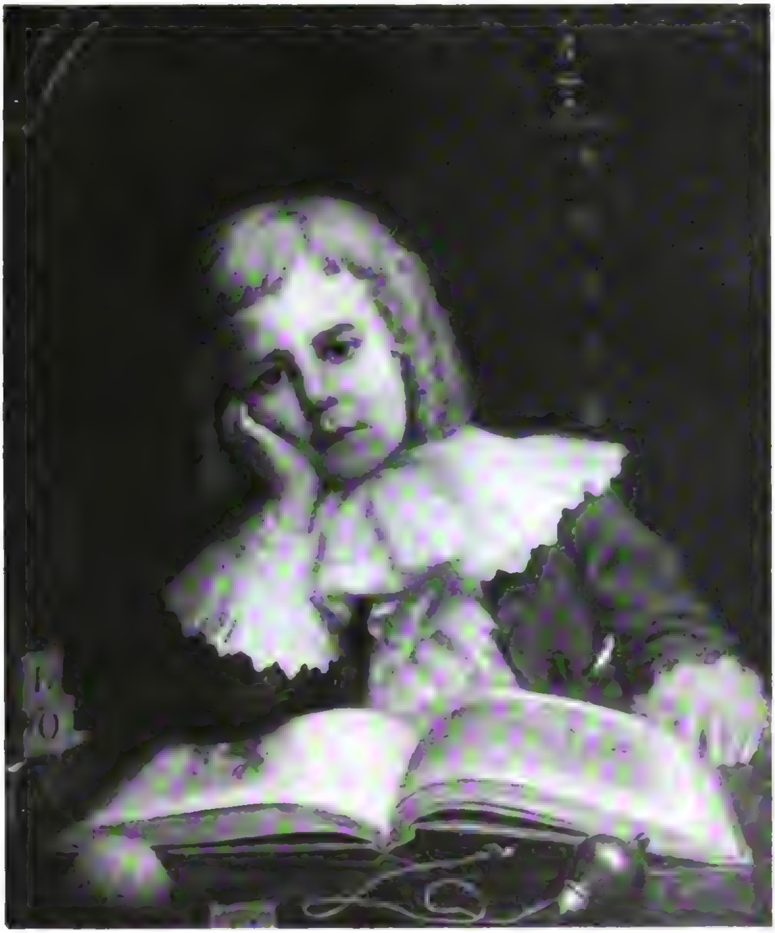
From painting by H. T. See.
MARQUISE OF LONDONDERRY.

dulge in the luxury of a smoke while painting.

The miniature has never been considered in any way unsuitable for men portraiture, as many of the finest examples of the art give evidence that strength and rugged virility can be revealed in a circumference of a few inches as impressively as in the large canvas.

It may not be amiss right here to utter a word of warning against the quantity of miniatures that are coming from France, and sold as originals, while, as a matter of fact, they are the work of clever art students of the Quartier Latin. In the various collections of miniatures placed on exhibition it takes an experienced eye to discriminate the bad from the good. Family relics oftentimes find themselves in the market for one reason or another, but a miniature is held sacred as a personal possession too precious to part with.

With us always the true meaning of the miniature is one of sentiment. It is the outcome of an affectionate and tender emotion, and as such it holds a place of its own in art.



From miniature by H. T. See.

MASTER LEON RUNEY.

MISS MAY IRWIN.
WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE ROLE IN "MRS. BLACK IS BACK."

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF A LAUGH

By May Irwin

THERE are two sides to every laugh, as far as the comedian is concerned. Of one thing I am certain, the audience has the best of it. The comedian who must make merry before the footlights is generally a very serious personage, somewhat weighed down with the heavy responsibility of providing two or three hours of unalloyed, spontaneous outbursts of mirth for a thousand or more tired, toilworn mortals.

Oftentimes after a performance I am as limp as an old rag, and much more ready for a good old-fashioned spell of crying than any other feminine occupation. I remember Nat Goodwin declaring to me with tears in his honest eyes, after the performance of one of his comedies, that "tragedy was a cinch!" Joseph Jefferson wanted me to try serious work. He declared that he never saw an actor or actress who succeeded in drawing laughter from an audience that he was not convinced the stage was losing a fine tragedian. But I declined his proposition with thanks. I have a turn for humor, and have been polishing and perfecting it for twenty or more odd years, and unless I could start my life all over again from a different point of view, I feel that I had better rest content by remaining the round marble in the round hole.

I have about reached the conclusion that there is enough sorrow knocking at our doors in the course of a day's work, without adding to it by dealing it out to my audiences in big hunks for an evening's entertainment. I have a good friend who informed me with some pride that she cried for two whole days after attending a certain harrowing heart drama that is now occupying the boards.

"Come see me and forget it," I suggested, "or if you want to enjoy another two days' cry, just sit down and I'll tell you some of my own real troubles and a few of those of my friends; I promise you the treat of your life."

I enjoy nothing better than to see before me in my audiences those rows upon rows of elderly men and women whose furrowed faces show the inroads of sorrow and care. They have already shed so many bitter tears, and as they sit expectant, my very heart goes out to them; if I possess any power beyond my art, it is because I give myself out to these dear friends with a boundless intent to bring a smile into the twilight of their lives.

It is not always so easy to give out oneself as it reads. Sometimes I come upon the stage with truant thoughts. On the instant I am brought to my senses by the barrier that rises like a cloud between me and those in front. An audience is never deceived, and the true artist is as sensitive to the quality of reception she or he is receiving as a musical instrument to the touch of the player. A cough or the rustling of a paper, is a warning that I am at fault. On the instant I pull myself together and force myself to become absorbed, body and soul, in my work.

It is the only way. It is wonderful how the merest trifle will cause a line to fall short of the intended effect. I remember one evening that a newspaper with which I was to do a little business at the close of a verse I was singing, was out of reach of my hand. The young man who plays opposite tried to slide it secretly along the table on which I was leaning. I doubt if anyone saw him do it, but that night for the first time the verse was received without applause.

The success of a comedian is made or marred by infinitesimal details. The methods of the true comedian are always legitimate. There is no exaggeration, no horse play, no repetition. Every effect must be calculated to a nicety, every gesture must define itself. I have been eliminating the superfluous in my work for the past twenty years. One must work hard so as to appear as though it were no work. Laborious efforts at producing are more heart-rending than a tragedy. Sometimes when I am performing before what we actors most dread, an unresponsive audience, I mutter, *sotto voce*, "Oh, my good friends, if it were only my business to melt you all into tears, what an easy job it would be!"

Humor is, of course, a natural gift, a bent of mind that keeps one on the ragged edge of a smile and a tear. The sense of humor is rare. One oftentimes finds a sense of fun, a sense of the ludicrous, a sense of horse play, but the real thing is encountered at rare intervals. As few men are humorous as women, and, strange to say, both men and women will laugh at the same incident or at the same lines from a different point of view.

From my side of the footlights I watch them and enjoy a little quiet laugh all to myself that isn't in the play. This is my own bit of selfish enjoyment at an evening's performance. I could almost cry as I smile when I see all those faces before me seeking a moment's respite from the tragic pressure of life. This, perhaps, is the most serious side of the laugh in dramatic art.

KEEPER, CREW AND LIFE-SAVING BOAT.

RESCUE HEROES OF THE GREAT DEEP

By Captain R. A. Abbey

Inspector and Superintendent of Construction United States Life-Saving Service

OUR life-saving service is the finest in the world. I do not see how it can be improved upon, unless some genius of an inventor appears with a new and better life-saving apparatus. At the time of the Burgoyne disaster some wealthy people of Baltimore offered $20,000 for the best life-saving device to be used at sea. It was about the date of the Paris Exposition, and the different exhibits aroused an immense amount of interest. I made a special trip to Paris to take a look at them in the interests of the Life-Saving Service. There was one honorable mention, which was deemed worthy of a $500 prize. The device consisted of a detachable bridge that could be floated in midocean like a big raft. But the idea hasn't been taken hold of by the service.

Four pounds of cork in any shape will float a body, dead or alive, and with this piece of cork attached to one, it is only a question of keeping quiet and trusting to Providence or the Life-Saving Service. I can swim in the roughest waters with four sensible, quiet people. I know an Englishman who reached the shore and safety with six sensible people strung on to him. A man can't be blamed for striking with arms and legs when he finds himself the target of a dozen frenzied men and women. They won't let him save them, there is nothing for a man to do but to rescue himself from certain death.

The United States coast line is divided into twelve districts, and in each there is a series of stations from five to fifty miles apart, the distance depending entirely upon the situation and danger conditions. The national service is supported by the Government. Each crew

SOUTHEAST VIEW OF RACINE LIFE-SAVING STATION, A MODEL STATION BUILT IN 1903.

consists of seven men and a keeper. The boats are from twenty-three to thirty-four feet long.

Until recently the crew was selected by the keeper. The only requisite was that the applicant should be a seafarer and an oarsman. Now, each man on making his application must pass a civil examination He must be physically strong, of course, and then he must make some showing in the "three R's." He is then put on the waiting list. When a keeper is in need of a man he notifies his district superintendent, who selects one man from a bunch of three "availables." This man is given a six months' trial. He is put to regular work; is given the usual patrols and daily drills. If he proves competent he is regularly accepted as No. "7." As I mentioned before, there are seven men to a crew, and they are placed in order of merit, No. "1" being the "stern" and the "honor man."

The keeper is given the privilege of rearranging his crew at the beginning of every season. The men eat and drink at the station. If they choose to eat elsewhere they must pay their share of the mess; otherwise their income would be too uncertain. The expenses would fall heavier on one than other. Every detail is arranged on a fair and square basis.

The pay is good—$600 for the men, $900 for the keeper. The season is from August to June. August and September are the hurricane months. In the winter we have rough seas, and during every month we are on the lookout for cyclonic storms.

If disabled in the work, a man receives his full pay for two years. If he dies in the work, his widow receives his full pay for two years, and the minor children are provided for. There is no pension list. The disabled list is quite large, the casualties small.

Danger? Of course there is danger—plenty of it. But a man, I don't care how hazardous his calling may be, does not run the risk of losing his life, in point of fact, except on rare and defined occasions, and for a minimum length of time. I met an army officer who had been in active service thirteen years. He told me that during the entire period he

ARENA COVE LIFE-SAVING STATION, THIRTEENTH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA.

had been actually facing death for about fifteen minutes. Given the limit of the longest life, under the most hazardous circumstances, it is computed that three months is the high-water mark of positive danger.

As a matter of fact, our life-saving men are ready to be heroes every day of the week, but they don't get the chance. Opportunity comes to them just in the routine of performing their duty. One of the bravest rescues in our records was done by a station that became famous through it. It was never heard of before that time, and perhaps may never be heard of again.

It was at Coskata Station, along the shores of Nantucket, where out to seaward there is a big stretch of shoals. It was along in 1890 or '91. Captain Chase was the keeper. He was a strict disciplinarian, and not a favorite with the men. The story has been told over and over, but I'll spin the yarn again.

LIFE-SAVING STATION AND LIGHTHOUSE RESIDENCE AT RACINE, TWELFTH DISTRICT.

LEWES LIFE-SAVING STATION, SIXTH DISTRICT.

It was in midwinter—January—thermometer 23 degrees below zero; wind blowing 40 or 50 miles an hour. Early in the morning the lighthouse keeper 'phoned that during the night he *thought* he saw a "flare." A "flare" means some kind of trouble. Captain Chase didn't hesitate. He manned the boat, rigged the topsail and cleared the shore.

The lighthouse keeper said the "flare" came from the neighborhood of "Rose and Crown Shoals," some nine miles out. The boat reached the spot; no sign of a wreck, but far off to the sea appeared what might be the spar of a ship. The men went to work at the oars again, and finally came upon an English cruiser, with seven half-frozen men clinging to the rigging. A rope was thrown to them. The men were desperate, and wanted to pull the boat in and jump for it. The boat would have swamped in the raging seas. "If you do that, I'll cut the ropes!" shouted Keeper Chase.

They were swung into the boat one by one, and given a gulp of brandy. Then the sail was pitched overboard, and the men at the oars started for home in the teeth of the gale. The boat was overloaded, and night was coming on. Within an hour they saw the last of the vessel; she went down before their eyes. The wind continued to increase. The men rowed and anchored, and then rowed and anchored again, expecting to founder every moment in the awful seas.

About daylight they saw the shore ahead, filled with their wives and children. A tugboat had been sent for, but it hadn't ventured out. The rescued men were landed at the lighthouse to lighten the boat, and the crew worked their way to the beach. Well, there was no time for sentiment, although the women and children threw themselves on our boys, crying and sobbing. The boat was dragged in, loaded on the wagon and brought up to the station. Then they had some hot victuals and drink, turned in for a sleep, and started off as usual for the patrol at sundown.

This story happened to get into the papers, and the men and keeper got some glory out of it; but it is only one of many daring rescues. The rule is, "Life first, property next"; and the first duty of the

RESCUE HEROES AT MESS.

men at the station, each and every one, is to keep a "lookout."

The patrol starts at sundown, and keeps on until daylight. In foggy weather the men patrol all day, otherwise a watch out is kept from the station tower. The stations are about five miles apart, with a meeting or halfway house about the middle of the route. It is here the two men from the opposite stations meet, warm themselves for a spell at the stove, drink a cup of coffee and, after a

DOBBINS' LIFEBOAT CREW AT DRILL ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

pull at their pipes, start homeward. Each man carries a number check, which he exchanges with the other man. This proves he has traversed the patrol.

There can be no cessation of vigilance. One murky day one of our men patroling the coast discovered what seemed to be a body struggling in the water. He struck out and found a man on the point of exhaustion. He brought him to shore, revived him as best he could, sent him on his way to the life-saving station, and continued his patrol. Pretty soon he noticed another commotion away out in the surf. He struck out again and secured another man. He suspected a wreck. He trudged back home, half carrying his exhausted companion, and told his story. The boats were manned, and, sure enough, there was a vessel foundering a few miles out at sea, with about eight desperate men who had given up all hope.

The stations are always open to the wayfarer. The coasts are long and wild, and many a poor man's life is saved by laying in over a night or two, and receiving warm food and clothes. On the coasts of Florida, for instance, where the stations are fifty miles apart, our little places are veritable houses of refuge. In looking over the log books, it is wonderful to note how many a wayfarer has asked and received shelter for lengths of time varying from a night to a week. Our stations do not recognize the existence of a tramp. Every man or woman who knocks at our doors is a wanderer in need, and is given a hearty welcome. The Woman's National Rescue Association provides us with clothing for this part of our work.

I repeat, in conclusion, that our men are a brawny, happy, brave lot; that our methods and service are the finest in the world; but it must never be forgotten that in combating with the forces of Nature one can go so far and no farther.

THE REVEALMENT OF LOVE

By A. C.

Dear heart! I hid my love in secret thought
Too sacred for a symbol, sign or word,
And turned my joy to shadow when I heard
The outcry of your ecstasy. I caught
Indifference from your ardor, and I wrought
Discord in every harmony you stirred—
Till every vow and venture was so blurred
You could not guess if you I loved or not;
But when your blithesome tones had died away,
And sorrow snapped the chord I thought so strong,
Love, like a thrush returned to wintry spring,
Perched on the leafless branch of joy that day,
And sang, in tune with you, a happy song—
Nor struck one note upon the broken string!

BARONESS VON ECHT, FORMERLY MISS ALICE PHIZER, LATEST AMERICAN GIRL OF DISTINCTION TO FASCINATE A FOREIGNER OF TITLE.

THE CHARM OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

By E. Leslie Gilliams

WHAT is the true charm of the American girl?

That the daughters of this fair land do possess some unique, most potent and distinctive charm that has not been granted to their fair sisters of other nations is generally acknowledged, and evidenced by the fact that very few American men marry girls from other countries. While, on the other hand, men of foreign birth and high position are continually coming to our shores in constantly increasing numbers for their helpmates.

Some claim that it is her general beauty and freshness that attract, both at home and abroad, but even the most optimistic are forced to acknowledge that other nations are by no means lacking in their share of beautiful women, even granting that their standards of national ideals are at variance.

Others have put forward the opinion that in her companionable nature, great natural brightness, superior conversational ability, fetching manners and great independence of thought, character and action lies her superior charms over her less fortunate sisters.

Unfortunately, these claims have been, and can be, to an extent sufficient for argument at least, put forward in favor of the women of several other nations of the world; therefore, this theory cannot be sustained.

So many failures to the true inwardness of the matter have been made that it is somewhat refreshing, even at this late date, when the subject had been about given up, to have a brand new speculation put forward on the theme.

It comes from an Englishman, Lord Brooke, the future Earl of Warwick, who spent some weeks in America during the past few months, and devoted most of his time to making a study of "ye American lady fair." Upon his return home his lordship at first refused to be interviewed upon the subject of the American girl, although it was generally understood that he was most favorably impressed, but now that he has been in Great Britain for a time and has been able to give the affair serious second thought, he has come forward and says with a "Bah Jove! don't yer know" emphasis, that the American girl is more charming than all other women because of her superb figure, and superior carriage. She dominates, so to speak, by her Juno-like proportions over her sister of smaller build. She holds herself like a queen and men of all nations kneel at her tiny feet (Lord Brooke took note of the small and exquisite feet of our girls) and swear allegiance.

A notable American beauty, who bears out Lord Brooke's belief in the great charm of figure of the women of this country, is the Baroness Reinhart Bachofen Von Echt, formerly Alice Henrietta Phizer, of New York. The Baroness is exceedingly pretty, having a splendid figure. She is tall and graceful and remarkably *chic,* possessing an unusually bright style of conversation, full of wit and freshness. She is a remarkably good whip, drives a coach and four and manages a saddle horse with the greatest ease.

But Lord Brooke affirms that without question it was her charming figure which first attracted the German Baron's attention to his American wife, for as the Baron himself declares: "I loved her before she opened her lips for her beauty; I swore to win her for my wife when I heard her voice."

A STREET GROUP IN NATIVE DRESS.

FEMININITY IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Minna Irving

IF a stranger in Manila wishes to see the Philippine women out in force he must go to the Luneta when the band plays at sunset.

There he will behold every type of female beauty in the islands from the high-bred Spanish dame to the scarcely less haughty Tagalo, and down through all the intermediate classes to the pretty meztisa with more than a suggestion of her Celestial blood in her soft, almond-shaped eyes. Even the doll-like Japanese goes mincing by, her gorgeous silk obi fluttering in the stiff sea breeze, and the gilt pins glittering in her midnight hair. Some promenade slowly, exchanging greetings with friends, and some ride in ancient victorias drawn by the undersized native ponies.

They dress mostly in light-colored cotton skirts with folded kerchiefs and flowing sleeves of embroidered *pina* gauze. Many wear a pale-tinted and fringed "shoulder throw" of thin silk, and here and there one appears in a dress of the coarsely woven native cloth with its brilliant horizontal stripes of vivid purple or crimson on a bright yellow ground. A group of girls attired in this prismatic stuff looks like a fallen rainbow. The Spanish women wear the inevitable black mantilla usually with a rose or a spray of jasmine tucked coquettishly in their jetty tresses. The girls of the better class are mostly convent-bred, and music and embroidery are considered essential to their education. Their favorite instrument is the harp, but most of them also play the piano with more or less skill, and all Manila is musical with the twanging of guitar and mandolin strings on moonlight nights. It is then the fair

A HAUGHTY TAGALO BELLE.

performers sit in their gardens and invite their admirers with strains of vocal or instrumental melody.

All the women smoke, some of them cigarettes and many of them long black cigars. It is a common sight to see an American soldier stop a young girl in the streets and ask for and receive a light from her cigar or cigarette.

Some of their table customs are embarrassing to a bashful man. If he happens to be the guest of honor, that is the most important person present, the prettiest young woman in the family seats herself at his side and feeds him from her own slim brown fingers, selecting the choicest morsels from the various viands before them, and popping them into his mouth like a mother bird feeding an overgrown nestling.

Behind her chair a little knife-boy waits with a bowl of water and a towel,

"THE GIRLS OF THE BETTER CLASS ARE MOSTLY CONVENT-BRED."

and she is careful to wash and dry her hands every time she thus conveys a delicacy to the lips of the guest.

The Filipino belle goes barefoot except on high festival occasions such as marriages, balls, and on Christmas and Easter holidays. Then she puts on slippers of black satin or kid with the highest of heels, and often, to tell the truth, without stockings. As these slippers are eight good American dollars a pair in Manila she cannot afford to wear them all the time, even if the great heat did not make it customary to dispense with everything possible. At all times she oils her locks profusely with cocoanut oil, and as this speedily becomes rancid in the tropics the odor diffused by her glistening braids is anything but pleasant to Occidental nostrils. She also perfumes her handkerchief with ylang-ylang, and the ylang-ylang of the Philippines and India is as wine to water compared with the extract of that name sold in New

A TAGALO MATRON POSSESSING EXECUTIVE ABILITY IN HER HOUSEHOLD.

York. It is so heavy that anybody breathing it but a native speedily becomes overpowered with intense drowsiness, followed by nausea, vertigo and a splitting headache. But the Filipino seems to be immune from smells of all kinds, and neither the rank cocoanut oil, the ylang-ylang, or the still more offensive odors arising from unsanitary streets seem to affect him in the least.

Of all classes the Tagalo woman possesses most executive ability in her household. She rules not with a rod of iron but of bamboo, which is quite as effective, since she applies it smartly with her own little hands to offending servants or refractory children. She is also the best-dressed and the handsomest, with regular features, soft dark eyes, and abundant straight black hair. In budding girlhood

"YOUNG WOMEN ATTIRED IN THEIR PRISMATIC STUFFS LOOK LIKE A FALLEN RAINBOW."

FUTURE DEBUTANTES IN FILIPINO SOCIETY.

MUSIC AND EMBROIDERY ARE CONSIDERED ESSENTIAL TO EDUCATION.

her skin is like brown velvet, it is so exquisitely soft and smooth, but too often, alas! her beauty is marred with smallpox, the island scourge. Indeed, it is hard to find a man or woman who does not show the ravages of this disease. The American girl goes to the races, and her brown sister to the cock fights which are a featuse of every celebration in the islands. A Filipino woman will bet her bangles, her earrings, brooch, and even her precious rosary on her favorite bird, and pay up like a man if she loses.

But she is also very devout, and not only attends mass and confession with scrupulous regularity, but observes a quaint old-world custom of praying to the saint of certain springs. She rises a little before three o'clock in the morning and meeting other dames and damsels bound on the same sacred errand they all proceed to the particular spring or pool where they intend to offer up their prayers. This spring is always in a sequestered place, and usually in the heart of a wood. All are attired in a kind of bathing dress consisting of a straight gown fastened only on the shoulders. Dawn is breaking when they reach their destination, and first they eat lunch which they have brought along. Then each one bathes in the holy water, prayers

A PRETTY MEZTISA—A SUGGESTION OF CELESTIAL BLOOD IN HER SOFT, ALMOND-SHAPED EYES.

are uttered, flowers scattered around the brink, candles lighted and left burning, and laughing and chatting like so many magpies they make their way home again.

The few that have learned to speak a little English or *Americano* as they call it, are very proud of the fact, and air their knowledge at every opportunity.

Their faltering accents, their pretty blushes and smiles as they attempt to carry on a conversation in *Americano,* added to the coquettish play of their soft dark eyes, lend to our somewhat unmusical language a sweetness and charm that are almost irresistable. In fact, the young Yankee gallants generally insist that their pretty Filipino acquaintances speak in no other tongue than broken *Americano.*

Under the new regime English is taught in all the public schools, and it is safe to say that within another decade English will divide honors with Spanish as the language of the country.

RURAL CULTURE

By Reginald Gourlay

An "Advisory Committee" at work chosing books for the Public Library of a Small Country Town.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—Third rate fashionable. Sham culturist. The much admired leader of "Our Set" in the Village. Prefers on all occasions fiction to fact.

Mrs. Porker Swipes.—Also fashionable and fabricative. Has great literary reputation on the ground of having once beguiled the editor of a second rate magazine into accepting an outrage on English grammar perpetrated by her. Is about sixty, stout, and very kittenish and juvenile.

Looney Lulu.—Local poetess. Contributes weird wanderings to the corners of country newspapers.

Mrs. Jerry McCheek.—Young married lady. Bumptuous and superlatively ignorant. Great follower and admirer of Mrs. Dasher Swift.

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—Old married lady. Brusque, unkempt and distinctly "cracked." Opposes everything and everybody on principle.

Mrs. Gitthar Strate.—Well-to-do farmer's wife. Honestly and frankly ignorant on all literary matters, but nevertheless knowing quite as much about them as any of the rest. Put on the "Advisory Committee" to conciliate the farming interest.

Cynthiana Orelia.—Daughter of the above.

The Old Librarian.

SCENE.—The Town Public Library.

The ladies seated with piles of volumes of all sorts on the tables before and around them.

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Now, ladies, we'll get through with the Heavy Brigade first. The books on Theology, Science, Politics, Religion—all those slow sort of subjects—serious subjects, I mean—Mrs. Snarl, so you needn't object—we can run them through to-night. In fact, if we rushed things we we might get through Biography, Travels and Poetry besides. Then we can put off the novels—fiction, you know—till next meeting. They'll take a long time. Require real serious consideration, you know. Besides, we want to read all the up-to-date stories before we let all those sewing girls and common people put their paws on 'em."

Mrs. Jerry McCheek.—"That's the only good of being on an Advisory Committee. I never read any but the new books, because one *has* to just read *them*—or look through 'em, anyway—just to be able to *say* one's read 'em. But to read a book that's been pawed all over by those common females sends creeps up and down my back, I'm that nervous and refined!"

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"Are ye, indeed? But you're quite right about the new books. Besides, if there's any of 'em that's a little—well, queer or risky like, we can read 'em ourselves, and then say they ain't fit for the rest to read."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate.—"That's so!"

Looney Lulu.—"And some of the most enthralling, the most subtly and sensuously entrancing of poesy is by no means suited for the coarse criticisms of the vulgar herd."

Mrs. Jerry McCheek.—"I just adore the more subtle sorts of poetry! Mr. Percy Snapper, who's spendin' his vacation here, is what he calls indoctrinatin' me in the higher kinds of emotions. He's puffeckly splendid, and too cute to live. Why, he's been rusticated from his university! Told me so himself. That's what a man's college does with him when he's too smart for anything."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (loudly).—"Mr. Snapper's quite tuk up with our Cynthiana Orelia. Cums to our house three times a week, and stops till all hours."

Mrs. Jerry McCheek (proceeding scornfully).—"We were out for a paddle—canoe paddle, I mean—only last evenin', and, really, it was so improvin' you can't tell! He quoted especial from Shelley, Browning and Swinburne. I remember one sweet piece from Swinburne he recited, 'cause he said the description was *so* like me——

" 'Soft lids that hide eyes like a jewel,
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour,
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel,
Red mouth, like a poisonous flower.' "

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"Well, he had a nerve to talk that way to a young married lady!"

Mrs. Jerry McCheek.—"Why, Mrs. Snarl, that 'culcher'! 'Thus do refined and congenial souls commune together,' Mr. Snapper says. Vulgar minds can never know such refining intercourse! Mr. Snapper told me he needs the support of a congenial bein' like me. He says he finds me so sustainin'!"

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"Humph!"

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (not to be suppressed).—"As I was sayin' Mr. Snapper's *so* tuk up with our Cynthiana Orelia; an' last week he atted her to study Brownin'. Sed she jest *hed* to, if she wanted to acquire culcher. So Cynthiana she tuk a holt on Brownin', an' the effects on that pore chile was jest turr'ble. Fer more'n a week she kept goin' round in a blind sort of way. Didn't seem to sense where she was at. She'll walk over the churn, an' into the barb-wire fencin'. There was times I trembled for her intellecs. I did so!"

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"Is your daughter delicate, ma'am? She don't look it."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate.—"Oh, no! Most *in*delicate, ma'am, I assure you! She looks sorter blind and set down now, 'cause she's in company, but when she's with her playmates, you can hear her across a hundred-acre lot."

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"She's quite a *fille de Joie,* in fact, Mrs. Strate."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (puzzled but flattered).—"Yes, indeed, she is, Mrs. Swift; an' all the neighbors says so, too! An' I know how to symperthise with her about Brownin', for Mr. Snapper he atted me to read Herb Spencer's—the great philosopher an' scienter's 'Soshul Statics,' an' before I'd worried through half a page I felt like a lost dog!"

Mrs. Porker Swipes (bursting out with a flood of erudition).—"Browning's a great poet. The Greek note's not so predominant in his work as in Matthew Arnold's, but he's fine! Do you know, he had a wife who wrote poetry, too? Mrs. Flamcult lectured us about her in Boston. She wrote Casa 'Guidi Windows,' and other pomes. They're fine; but not so good as her husband's, of course."

Looney Lulu (interrupting).—"All modern poesy seems to me to lack ***depth.*** That sounding of the sad minor chord of life's sweet song which wails uninterruptedly throughout our existences!" (Murmurs abstractedly.)

"'Ah, me! ah, me! ah, woe is me!
I moan like the drone of a bumble bee!'"

Mrs. Barker Snarl (in a loud whisper)—"She's composin' a pome about that ham and pork man that went round with her all summer, and cleared out without proposing."

Mrs. Dasher Swift (impatiently).—"Come, ladies, let's get on! We've got theology and philosophy before us yet. Let's take all these books on the table here in a lump. (Carried unanimously.) Now, here's all the new books on theology—gracious! what a heap!"

Mrs. Porker Swipes (with a happy inspiration).—"Let's leave the choice to the Reverend Hiram Snort. He's the only one that reads 'em."

(Proposal agreed to with enthusiasm. Theology laid aside for professional examination.)

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Stop! Here's 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' We can pass that, anyhow. When I was in Lunnon lawst yeah, the deah old Bishop of Lincoln told me that 'Bunyan,' though unhappily a dissenter, was a *sine quam on*' (I think he said) in every theological library."

Mrs. Jerry McCheek.—"Who's Bunnion?"

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"'Pilgrim's Progress'! I guess that ought to go among 'Voyages and Travels,' Mrs. Swift."

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Oh, no! The Bishop explained to me that it was a great religious allegation or allegory, or alligator, perhaps (giggles). Now, let's get at Science and Philosophy. There's twice as much of that as there is of Religion."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (despondently).—"We'll never get through that pile in a dog's age!"

Mrs. Dasher Swift (cheerfully).—"Oh, I don't know. S'pose we take 'em in lots. Here's all Huxley's works, Tyndall's, Herbert Spencer's, Drummond's, Balfour's book (we *must* have that, because he's the English Premier), and lots more. Well, about Huxley?"

Mrs. Barker Snarl.—"I've hearn he's unsettlin' and infidelistic. I guess he won't fill the bill for this libery."

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Oh, yes, he will, Mrs. Snarl. Deah Lord Kelvin explained all about him and his writings to me in Lunnon lawst yeah. He discovered the molecular vibrations of light."

Mrs. Porker Swipes.—"Yes; and the invertebrate vibrations of sound waves which transposes themselves over the universe."

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (greatly impressed).—"No! Is that so?"

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Besides, Lord Rosebery told me that the King (he was Prince of Wales then) went to his funeral!"

(General sensation. Huxley's Works admitted "*nem con.*")

Mrs. Gitthar Strate (with fine impartiality).—"'Tain't fair not to give the others a show. Let's take *all* the other scientists in." (Agreed to. All the scientists admitted.)

Mrs. Jerry McCheek (looking at her watch).—"My! it's near twelve! Well, I think we done pufficky splendid!"

Mrs. Dasher Swift.—"Indeed, we have! Well, ladies, we can break up now. We'll have *all* the next evening for the novels."

(They break up and depart conversing.)

The old librarian, as he locks the library door, murmurs softly to himself:

"'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian Spring.'"

IN THE MATTER OF A SCOOP

By Channing Pollock

WHEN he had tacked up the last picture in his collection and had crossed two newly-acquired machetes upon a background of cotton curtains, Ferguson ran downstairs and slipped a card in the frame provided for the purpose above the mail box in the corridor. Frederick Ford Ferguson was his complete name, and it was engraved with fullness of alliterative glory on the card. Underneath, the owner had written "John Kent," which stood for the man who was to share the apartment and the rental thereof.

The next night one of the guests at the house-warming removed the card and substituted that of a notorious forger he had met in the line of duty, but for twenty-four hours the bit of pasteboard remained a testimonial of the respectability of the new tenants. In justice to the perpetrator, let it be explained that this outrage was committed after a supper, the like of which is not often furnished in what Ferguson called "newspaper diggings." Early in the meal, which was served when "the wee, sma' hours" had begun to be not so small, the host announced: "We have everything to drink that is and any fellow can have what he wants." This was the most appreciated speech of the occasion.

John Kent, who had been covering an out-of-town assignment, did not arrive until late, and consequently remained amiably sober. It had been proved all but impossible for him to be amiable and sober simultaneously, so that this extraordinary condition provoked considerable surprise. His semi-circular smile illuminated the table and he ate ravenously while he described the body of a negro whose throat had been cut that evening in the course of a discussion anent the value of priority in the possession of a lady, likewise colored. Kent had done police eight years and his appetite was not easily affected.

The spread lasted until daylight, and, when it was over, those of the guests who were employed on afternoon papers washed their faces and went to work. Most of the others ambled up the street in company, talking of the strangeness of the association that had brought Ferguson and Kent together as room-mates. Ferguson was the youngest of the cub reporters on *The Times*. He had come from Virginia scarcely more than a year before with a large assortment of ideals and a very small assortment of linen. Thirteen months of rough and tumble fighting with the city editor had not quite convinced him that there was nothing romantic in hanging about a precinct station half the night with a view to informing an interested public of the disorderliness of "John Smith, a laborer at the Navy Yard," or of the larcenies of "Henry Jones, white, aged twenty-seven." Ferguson took himself seriously. Kent, on the other hand, had been "slinging ink" so long that nobody knew or cared what had preceded that occupation. He believed in nothing, though he did not realize it, and lived precisely as though he were born when he rose in the afternoon and died when he retired in the morning. Underneath his careless, irresponsible philosophy was buried something bitter and earnest, but he never acknowledged the fact except when he had partaken freely and then only to himself. His sentiment was a business commodity; an ingredient often valuable for use in descriptions of murders and suicides.

"I'll bet that arrangement won't last two months," was the prophecy of Barber, a nervous little fellow, who held down the financial desk at *The Post*. "Ferguson's more kinds of a nuisance than Kent is apt to stand long."

"That's why Kent likes him," said Walsh, a court reporter from New York. "It flatters the man to have anybody rely on him. He hasn't been half so fond of

Bill since he began chumming with Ferguson."

Bill was a brindle bulldog Kent had received through his sporting editor. The brute hated Ferguson with a fervor that might have had its origin in jealousy.

."It's an exceedingly human trait," observed George Albert, college bred and correspondent of *The Philadelphia Ledger*. "The people for whom one cares in fiction——"

"Do you remember the first time they met?" inquired Walsh, with a reminiscent laugh. "Kent was having a cup of coffee in 'The Rusty Hinge' and Ferguson got into a fight with MacLaren. Mack would make three of the kid, but Ferguson gripped him tight and they went rolling across the floor together. Kent grabbed a catsup bottle and ran for the scene of action. Whenever Mac would come on top Kent would souse him with catsup. Mack looked as though he had been stabbed in fifty places when he got on his feet, and he swore he could lick any two men in the restaurant, but just then the boss came in and called the scrap off. Kent's been pretty fond of Ferguson from that night."

"Want to know what I think?" asked a copy-reader in the group. Then, without waiting to be answered, he continued: "I think they'll stick until about the fourth police story *The Post* prints and *The Times* doesn't. Kent's the best police man in town. He's got a great nose for news and he'd sooner have a scoop than a rich uncle. Ferguson has to try to keep up with him, and rivalry and friendship don't go together."

"I don't know but what you're right," assented Barber. "Getting scooped is sure to make Ferguson sore."

"He'll feel that Kent ought to tip him off on big stories and Kent won't see it that way. Kent's no fool. He knows that if he hopes to hold his job he must drink less booze than he does or fill more space than other men do."

"Kent don't care whether he holds the job or not," remarked Walsh. "He enjoys being patted on the back and told that he had the best story in town. It oils his machinery."

As a matter of solemn fact, Kent bothered as little what was said of or to him as he did about the police assignments of *The Post*. He had rather be pleased with his work than have the editor-in-chief pleased with it. He reveled in accomplishing things for the sake of the accomplishment; difficulties intoxicated him. If a human being could have compensation for having lived, Kent thought it must be the delight of reading a scoop of his getting in a newspaper still damp with the ink of the presses. Curled up beside Ferguson in the bed they had acquired with the apartment, he was wondering whether anyone else had noticed that the black who had killed his fellow on Bennings Road had worn the emblem of the Christian Endeavor. This circumstance he had incorporated in his three-stick description of the affair, and the result was a touch of individuality not easily put into an account of a razor-slashing.

On one point the chattering group walking homeward had been right—Kent couldn't have been made to see that he ought to "tip off" Ferguson. Men had hearts that they might help one another, Kent reasoned, but they had brains that they might help themselves. He would have given Ferguson every dollar paid him for a story and he might have given him credit for it, but he wouldn't have let Ferguson write the story for all the money in the United States Treasury. Whoever has drawn or may yet draw a respectable salary from a daily newspaper understands this feeling and entertains it.

In the first half year of the joint possession the criminal columns of *The Post* contained five stories that were printed a day later by *The Times*. Kent got all of these and Ferguson failed to get them. The ethics of the matter were not discussed at home nor were the scoops, though once Kent confided to his room-mate that he had "beat the whole country on the Harwood case." This he did after he had looked at his watch to make sure that the last edition of *The Times* had gone to press, or would have before Ferguson could find a telephone. Ferguson's only comment was a rueful "Gee!" at which Kent paused in his disrobing long enough to say: "Well, they can't kick to you on that beat. Bill Day was worse shut out on it than you were."

Billy Day was the crack man of a New York "yellow"; the best paid journalistic sleuth in the world.

"This thing will happen one time too many," Ferguson replied, "and then me to the tall timbers."

"Oh, scoops are more than half luck," remarked the captor of the big one. "You'll do me well some bright night."

"If I do it'll be when you're on a vacation," quoth Ferguson.

"Don't worry," Kent answered from the bed. "It'll all be the same a hundred years from now. Turn in and forget it."

Ferguson did get a scoop less than a fortnight afterward, but Kent, if not on a vacation just then, could not be said to have been attending strictly to business. While Ferguson was handling over his copy, Kent was making other copy in the form of a laughable anecdote destined to fill a column in the next issue of *The Editor and Publisher*. He had looked on the wine when it was red, likewise on liquids of amber and green, until the course homeward seemed to present difficulties not to be lightly undertaken. Accordingly, after deep consideration, Kent had determined not to go home, and had directed the owner of a "night hawk" to drive him to the Baltimore & Ohio station. Precisely why he selected the Baltimore & Ohio station it is impossible to say, but select it he did, and the Jehu, liberally paid in advance, started thither at a slow walk.

About half the distance had been covered when the vehicle was overtaken by a messenger boy with a pair of trousers in his hand. They were not the messenger's trousers; in fact, the messenger did not even know whose trousers they were, but he suspected they might have dropped from the "night hawk." The cabman, after peering at his own legs under the waterproof, disclaimed ownership and was about to whip up when a pedestrian arrived with a hat and a collar. Divining that these went with the trousers, he stopped, too, and the discussion was waxing hot when an addition was made to the wardrobe in an unexpected manner. A large, unblacked boot sailed gracefully through the carriage window and landed on its side by the curb. While the driver was climbing from his perch the mate followed and a sock had been included in the collection when the door opened. Inside was disclosed a lank figure with a sandy head and shockingly little else. Indeed, Kent was stripped to his undershirt. Laboring under the delusion that he was in his room he had leisurely prepared for bed, and, at the moment of the interruption, was about to stretch himself out on the leather cushions of the four-wheeler.

The next morning, after he had compared *The Post* with *The Times*, he was abjectly sorry, and so expressed himself. "It's this damn business," he said wearily to Ferguson. "I sit down there listening to the rattle of the linotypes chewing up the best in me until I can't stand it any longer, and then I go out and get loaded."

Once when he was in his cups he gave another reason for dissipation, together with a sketch of more of his past life than he had recounted before or ever mentioned again.

"I was educated for the ministry," he declared, chuckling sleepily at the recollection. "Got stuck on a nice girl in Omaha and called it off. 'What the hell, Bill, what the hell?'" This last was a quotation from a song much favored just then in newspaper circles.

"What had the girl to do with calling it off?" questioned Ferguson.

Kent was silent for a minute, feigning not to have heard. Finally, he said savagely: "She gave me the rinky-dink; that's what she gave me! Married a duffer that wore red socks! But I got even with her! Do you know what I did?"

"What did you do?"

"I took all her letters and put them in a jewel box and sent them to her for a wedding present! Jewel box cost sixty dollars! Then I got full and shook the ministry."

"Did you ever hear from her again?" asked Ferguson.

Kent was squinting down the stem of

his pipe and made no reply. After a moment or two Ferguson repeated the question. "Ah, shut up!" his room-mate responded civilly, and never made another allusion to the affair.

Ferguson's scoop stood him in good stead. It was printed on a day that had been set aside for his dismissal, and it caused the indefinite postponement of that interesting event. Everybody who knew of the narrow escape was glad, for the young fellow had been shedding his affectations and gave promise of being a credit to his profession. The "Ford" in his name had been contracted to an initial, which occasioned an almost equal amount of joy. A man must be very big or very small to carry three names without attracting attention.

The effect of the scoop at *The Post* was temporary but disagreeable. The story was only that of a sneak-thievery, but the city editor of the paper had got tired of Kent's defections and told him so frankly. "You do this every now and then," he growled to the reporter, "and I'm sick of it. I'd rather you weren't able to land a story than that you should fall down on one out of sheer carelessness."

"I'm sick of it, too," said Kent. "I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

"You'd better," replied the city editor. "You can't get much more on the old one." This bit of repartee probably saved Kent from worse things. The city editor was much pleased with it.

Reform was inaugurated at the apartment. Kent stayed sober and permitted Ferguson to keep the place clean, for which the cub thanked heaven devoutly. Theretofore the older scribe had regarded tidiness with a feeling akin to contempt, and Ferguson's love of it as a weakness not to be encouraged. He poked his hair brushes into the pigeonholes of the desk, knocked his ashes into the pin tray, and threw his soiled linen on top the wardrobe. Bill, the dog, was of great assistance in this disciplining, and him Ferguson did not dare to reprove with any degree of sternness. The influence of propinquity on Bill had not been particularly noticeable and he lost no opportunity of reminding the enemy of his hostility. Open ruptures were avoided, but each kept at a respectful distance from the other.

Ferguson's progress was quickened materially by an acquaintance with Rosalie Albert, a sister of the correspondent of *The Ledger*. She was a fine, high-minded girl, and Ferguson probably would have fallen in love with her if he had had time. When a man lives in a manner directly opposite to that of the rest of the world, making day by turning up a gaslight and night by pulling down a window shade, his chances of mixing with that world are of necessity limited. Ferguson did pay thirty dollars for a suit of evening dress, which he wore once, Kent answering telephone messages from *The Times* until eleven o'clock, when his friend returned to duty. In payment for this act of kindness the budding Chesterfield contrived to introduce Miss Albert to Kent, who surprised both of them by showing a fine courtesy and a conversational ability that even Ferguson never had suspected in him. Mansfield"s performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he had described to his room-mate with the one word "rotten," he criticised to Miss Albert as "a hard, unsympathetic rendering of a rôle that exerts a tender appeal of its own; a James Lane Allen theme handled by a Rudyard Kipling."

The night after this chat Kent "tanked" again and remained in that condition six days. On the second morning he attempted to walk downtown in his bathrobe, and that afternoon he wept bitterly at the station house because the desk sergeant whistled "Home, Sweet Home." Notwithstanding his intoxication, the sixth day he worked up a story that every police reporter in town had been after for a week. Mrs. J. B. Van Illen, one of the wealthiest women in the city, had been robbed of jewels valued at nearly $100,000. At least, it was surmised that she had been robbed of her jewels, since the police had been summoned in hot haste; but neither she nor the officers would admit that anything unusual had occurred. The newspaper men thought that some servant must be suspected of having accomplished the theft, and that the universal reticence was due to a fear of putting the miscreant on his guard. Rumors floated about in shoals, but the closest questioning did not result in landing one of them.

Kent called on Mrs. Van Illen at two o'clock in the morning and had her come to the parlor to meet him. He exhibited his badge to her from a distance and told her he had been sent to her by the chief of police. The detectives, according to his account, had fastened the crime on Ralph Maddox, who had been among a party of guests entertained at the house for a fortnight. Kent had satisfied himself of this latter fact by reading the social chat in twelve issues of his paper. Mrs. Van Illen was disgusted and angry. "That is utterly impossible!" she exclaimed. "Major Sylvester has been assured that the culprit must be one of the two young ladies who slept in an adjoining room on that Wednesday. I thought *that* had been established to the satisfaction of everybody concerned!"

When *The Post* of the next morning came out with the statement that diamonds worth $85,000 had been taken from Mrs J. B. Van Illen and that Miss Adelaide Wright and Miss Carrie Boyd Stevenson, the first the daughter of a lawyer, and the second of a clergyman, had been under police surveillance, local newspaperdom breathed hard. Jennings, of *The Star,* was given his *congé* immediately, and Ferguson came home at dinner time with a long face and the certainty that his was to be expected upon the arrival of the night city editor. Kent had been forgiven all his sins, past, present and probable, at *The Post,* but he was much more miserable than his roommate was capable of being. Ferguson laid his dejection to recent intoxication and to the chill of the shadow which falls over men from successes close behind them, and he may have been right. At all events, Kent answered his congratulations with a dreamy shake of the head and cullings from a drearier philosophy. "What's the use?" he said. "What will it matter a hundred years from now?"

"You've told me it won't matter a hundred years from now if I get fired," Ferguson responded. "I don't care whether it matters then or not; what bothers me is that it matters now."

"Poor old chap," the philosopher replied gravely. He walked over and rested his hand on the shoulder of the younger man, who was crouching in a big leather chair. "Poor old chap! You'll learn some day that success isn't any real cause for happiness nor failure any real cause for misery. I think you'll learn, too, that there's nothing in the world worth many laughs or many tears. Of course, you don't believe me at this moment. I'm sorry—I'd do anything in creation to help you."

He put on his hat and went out, looking terribly bent and old as he crossed the room. Ten minutes later he returned and opened the door. "There's a letter from Miss Albert on the bed," he remarked. "She wants us to meet a—a—to trot out to her house to-night. I can't. If you feel that you're to be fired anyway you might as well go."

Ferguson reached over and got the letter. It was neatly written on faint blue paper with an embossed initial. "George and I would be very glad to have you visit us this evening and bring Mr. Ferguson," it read. "We are to play cards and I am anxious that you shall meet two of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Drake, of Omaha, who say they used to know you. I understand that you are busy, but come if you can. Cordially, Rosalie Albert."

It occurred to Ferguson as he replaced the note that the reference to Omaha might have had something to do with the gloom of the man who had "got stuck on a nice girl" there and "called off" his entrance into the ministry. The boy was too wretched himself, however, to ponder long over the woes of others. For a while he was much tempted to let the work of the night take care of itself and to reply to the letter in person. His troubles had made him childish, as Kent's had made him old, and he longed to share the story of his misfortunes with some woman. He knew that Miss Albert would realize intuitively how he felt and that her sympathy would be quite different from the pity of his room-mate or the surface solicitude of his colleagues at the office. These thoughts he put aside at last and resolutely penned a telegram of regret. Then he turned his face in the direction of headquarters and walked fast.

When it was too late he was sorry of his conscientiousness. Everything was deadly dull at the precinct station. The bluecoats on duty lolled in easy chairs at the door of the building, trading the obscenities of the day with representatives of other papers. Occasionally there would be a whirring at the telephone and the desk sergeant would jot down the report of a roundsman uptown. A negro woman in a beastly state of intoxication was put into a cell, where she cursed noisily until she fell asleep, and the usual harvest of petty offenders were catechised and locked up. Upon his arrival, Ferguson had spoken with a friend at *The Times* and had been informed that there was nothing in his mailbox. This meant that he had not yet ceased to be one of the working force of the sheet, but there was little consolation in that fact. The city editor probably meant to have a talk with him.

Moreover, ten o'clock came and eleven without bringing Kent. The new man from *The Star* sought to explain this by declaring that in all likelihood their rival was "nursing his jag," but Ferguson was not satisfied with the hypothesis. He had a well developed mental picture of Kent bicycling back from some out-of-the-way place with an exclusive story that would prove the last straw, if the addition were needed. There was no time for a tour of the out-of-the-way places in search of Kent's find, and so, after waiting a couple of hours Ferguson went to *The Times*. "Got much?" the city editor inquired. "No? Nothing that will do for porter, who had been nervously anxious we're going to get out a paper! Matthews, you might wire Governor Bradley that, if he's going to die, we'd consider it a favor for him to die to-night." He was in a capital humor, and the reporter, who had been nervously anxious to be dismissed and "have it over with," took advantage of the fact to hand in his copy and catch a car for home. Miraculous though it seemed, Ferguson began to wonder whether he might not escape with a friendly admonition—providing his room-mate was not in too much of a hurry to follow triumph with triumph.

Altogether he was in rather a hopeful frame of mind when he alighted from the car and climbed through the darkness to his apartment. He fitted his key to the lock noisily and pushed at the knob, but the door opened only a few inches. Something was pressing against it on the other side. For a second the boy was frightened and then he remembered the dog. "Bill!" he called in a loud whisper. "Get up, Bill! I want to get in!"

There was no answering sound.

"Bill!" Ferguson repeated. "Get up!"

Then he felt the brute rubbing against his legs. It had been shut out, he argued, and was resorting to this unusual flattery to return. He threw his whole weight against the door and walked into the room. His scalp was tingling a little as he struck a match and lit the gas. The bed before him was undisturbed, but on the desk there was a bit of yellow copy paper scrawled across with a blue pencil. His room-mate had been there.

Suddenly the silence was cleft by a long, loud whine. Ferguson turned sharply and saw Kent. He was lying in a pool of blood against the wall, where Ferguson had pushed him in shoving back the door. There was a revolver in his right hand; his second finger still rested on the trigger. Ferguson stood staring an instant in horror, then he walked rapidly to the desk and caught up the note from the blotter. The handwriting was firm and a little more legible than ordinarily. There was only a line; no address and no signature. It read: "Scoop them this time and scoop them hard!"

FRITZI SCHEFF,
AS ROSE DE COURCELLES, IN "THE TWO ROSES."

SCENE IN THIRD ACT, MAY IRWIN, IN "MRS. BLACK IS BACK."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

NOW that we are in the very core of the theatrical season, it is curious to observe the catholicity of popular taste. If one is a playgoer at all, he surely can find somewhere the sort of entertainment he craves. From the morbid fancies of Ibsen to the frank buffoonery of "Humpty Dumpty," and from Wagner to Cole and Johnson, one may run up and down the whole gamut of dramatic emotions and modern music.

Do you desire a problem play? Then there is "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." Would you listen to romantic declamation and gaze upon young men who revel in the clash of swords? There is J. K. Hackett, in "The Fortunes of a King." Would you invite your soul with visions of beautiful young women, sans skirts, or practically so, and tickle your ears with rollicking melodies to which nimble feet and loosely hung musical comedy voices keep time? Away you go to "Little Johnny Jones," "A China Doll," "Woodland," "The Sho-Gun," or "Humpty Dumpty."

Even the cowboy drama is yours for the asking—or two dollars a seat. Ethel Barrymore, in "Sunday," and Nat. C. Goodwin, in "The Usurper," both carry the flavor of the plains, and the sharp crack of the Colt .44 is not strange to at least one of them.

It has become an affectation of some of the dramatic critics who take themselves with somewhat absurd seriousness, to decry "musical shows," as they call them. These playworn sufferers wonder why people who are tired of the humdrum of business or domestic worries care to go to the theatre to hurl themselves into a world of beautiful and melodious unreality, rather than to weep

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL, WHO IS APPEARING IN "BROTHER JACQUES."

with Hedda Gabler or plunge into noisome dramatic stories with a foreign star who declaims in her own Latin tongue to an English-speaking country. But it is a matter of taste, after all. Some people like serious or suggestive drama, while others could go to see "Humpty Dumpty" six nights a week and enjoy every minute of the performance.

Among several musical productions which helped to brighten New York City before and during Christmastide, that of "The Two Roses," with beautiful, bewitching Fritzi Scheff in the leading rôle, at the Broadway Theatre, stood forth brilliantly. Stanislaus Stange handled Goldsmith's story of "She Stoops to Conquer" deftly for the musical stage. He turned out a well-written libretto, in which the spirit of the old comedy was preserved, while dovetailing the musical numbers as part of the story, and not forcing them in as "interruptions," as they are programmed sometimes.

Stange seems to have a knack of doing this kind of thing well. Was it not he who took an old English comedy and made a successful musical skit of it for Lulu Glaser two or three years ago? With all the names changed, it is inter-

LOUIS MANN, IN "THE SECOND FIDDLE."

esting to recognize their prototypes in the characters in "The Two Roses."

Fritzi Scheff, as *Rose De Courcelles,* is *Kate Hardcastle,* and the saucy, mischievous, highborn girl is presented as skillfully in the new "comedy opera," as Manager Charles B. Dillingham calls it, as ever she was by the many stars who have played the original *Kate.* It might be said that this is the best part Fritzi Scheff has had since she deserted grand opera, were it not that she is artistically charming in everything. She sings the music allotted to her by Ludwig Englander, who wrote all the score of the production proper, and gives two or three selections from her grand opera repertoire with the ease and finish that are her distinguishing characteristics before the footlights. The only fault to be found with her is that she does not sing enough.

Louis Harrison has a part that fits him as *Ferdinand Day.* The character is simply *Tony Lumpkin,* with musical trimmings. How well Mr. Harrison plays it can be imagined, because he seldom misses it when he has a rôle that admits of thoughtful delineation. Of course, he has the traditions of *Lumpkin* to help him, but his capital rendering of the songs which fall to him, and his own inherent sense of humor, are traditional only as they apply to Louis Harrison. In "The Two Roses" he is more effective than in anything I recall since "Lost, Strayed or Stolen"—a clever but unlucky affair, which has been accumulating dust upon the shelf for some years.

It is unusual to see that old-time legitimate actor, Clarence Handyside, in comic opera, but there he is, and if his singing voice is a little weak in the knees, he gives a splendid dramatic rendering of old *Hardcastle,* or *Oldfield,* as he is named in "The Two Roses." M. W. Whitney, Jr., who, I presume, is a son of the famous basso, Myron W. Whitney, has a resonant voice that has much of the

MISS IRENE BENTLEY, IN VAUDEVILLE.

quality of his sire's—that is, if he is a son of the great Gilbert and Sullivan "Pirate King."

The chorus in "The Two Roses" is better than the average, and A. M. Holbrook, whom the programme credits with arranging the dances and chorus numbers, has done his work skillfully.

Ethel Barrymore, in "Sunday," contrives to make a rather stupid play interesting. Indeed, it should be said that all the members of the splendid cast do their share toward lifting the piece a little above mediocrity. It is picturesque in its environment, and the scenic artist has accentuated this advantage in the three stage pictures that are shown. But the plot narrowly escapes ruin by its weak and inconsequential treatment. Thomas Raceward is given as the author, and, as

CHARACTER STUDY OF LOUIS MANN.

his name is unfamiliar, this may be his first play. Certainly it has many suggestions of the tyro, and none of the experienced dramatist. It is a pity that Augustus Thomas or David Belasco did not get hold of the plot in time to show what they could do with it.

Perhaps we rather resent Miss Barrymore displacing "Cousin Kate" with a play nothing like so good. Of course, she could not go on playing "Cousin Kate" indefinitely, but it seems a pity that Mr. Frohman could not find something for her which would give her a better character than "Sunday." It is all very well to talk about the versatility of a favorite actress like Miss Barrymore, but there is such a thing as paying too dearly for the exemplification of that useful histrionic quality. I do not suppose I am alone in my preference for "Cousin Kate."

Nat. C. Goodwin has missed it this year with his new vehicle. "The Usurper" is not good, and even the star's talent is not enough to save it. Doubtless the piece will run all season, and will make a great deal of money, but money is not everything. Such an earnest artist as Mr. Goodwin is not influenced to any great extent by the financial possibilities of his plays, as he has shown more than once. Something in "The Usurper" must have attracted him, but it cannot be said that his audiences feel an enthusiasm over it, however much they may admire his individual performance.

Klaw & Erlanger have familiarized

DENIS O'SULLIVAN AND MISS EIRE GREENE, TO APPEAR IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT DALY'S THEATRE EARLY IN JANUARY.

A SCENE FROM "THE TWO ROSES."

us with gorgeous spectacles, but they have outdone themselves this time with the Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty." Such a dazzling procession of wonderful scenes, such legions of fairies, such magnificent ballets, such agile acrobats, and withal such a pretty story moving logically to the denouement! No one could describe this "Humpty Dumpty." No matter how faithfully he might try to tell of all that is in this remarkable show, he would be sure to miss a score or two of features well worth mentioning.

Perhaps the best way to shadow forth an idea of the quality of the entertainment is to give the names of some of the performers. To begin with, there is Frank Moulan, who came into general notice for his work in the title rôle of "The Sultan of Sulu." He does *Little Mary, the Cook,* in "Humpty Dumpty," and is the principal comedian. Then there are John McVeigh, George Schiller, Maude Lillian Berri, Nellie Daly, Arthur Conquest (of the famous pantomimic Conquest family), and Mlle. Gigolatis.

One of the pleasing and not common factors in this "Humpty Dumpty" is a regular Drury Lane harlequinade. William C. Schrode, as *Humpty Dumpty, the Clown,* has the support of J. H. Powers, as *Pantaloon;* Joseph C. Smith, as *Harlequin,* and Nora Sarony, as *Columbine.*

Star traps, vampire traps, aerial wires, flipflaps, somersaults, toe dances, breakdowns, trick furniture and all the other paraphernalia of a good old British pantomime, with a healthful injection of real American humor, are to be found in "Humpty Dumpty," and the whole makes a dish of theatre enjoyment that the young folk especially take to most kindly.

Nance O'Neil, who was discovered some years ago as an actress of great power, but little training, has come back to New York, and has commanded attention and a varied assortment of criticism. Fault has been found with her by some because she has acquired manner-

APHIE JAMES (MRS. LOUIS JAMES), IN THE ALL-STAR CAST OF "TWO ORPHANS," DURING THE TEMPORARY ABSENCE OF GRACE GEORGE.

CHRISTIE MACDONALD, WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE SHO-GUN."

YSAYE, THE GREATEST OF LIVING VIOLINISTS.

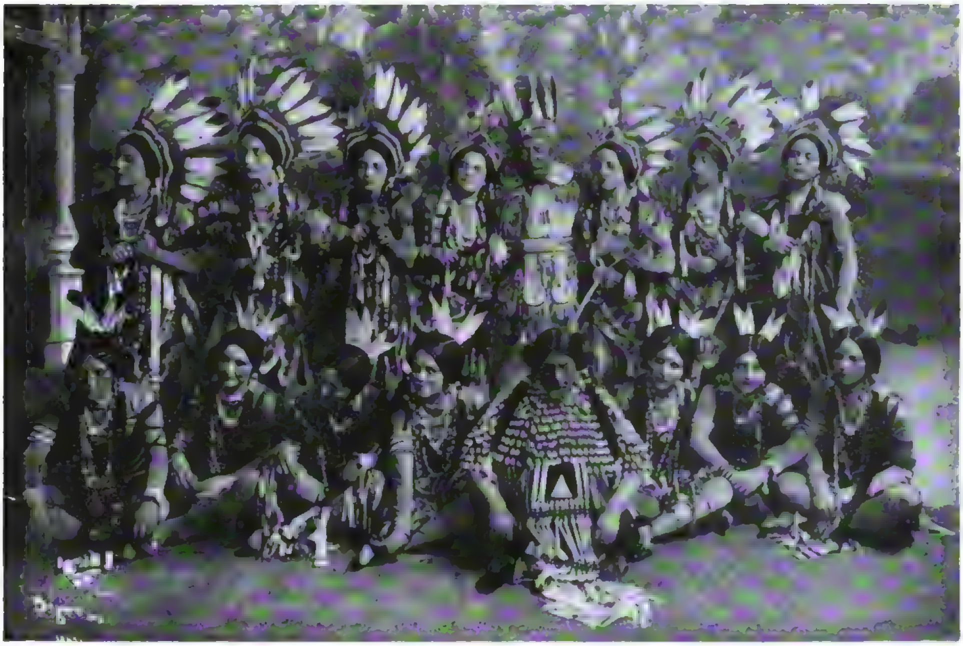
ERMETE NOVELLI, THE EMINENT ITALIAN TRAGEDIAN, IN "FATHER MARTIN," AT THE LYRIC, JAN. 9.

MARGARET DALE, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE DUKE OF KILLIKRANKIE."

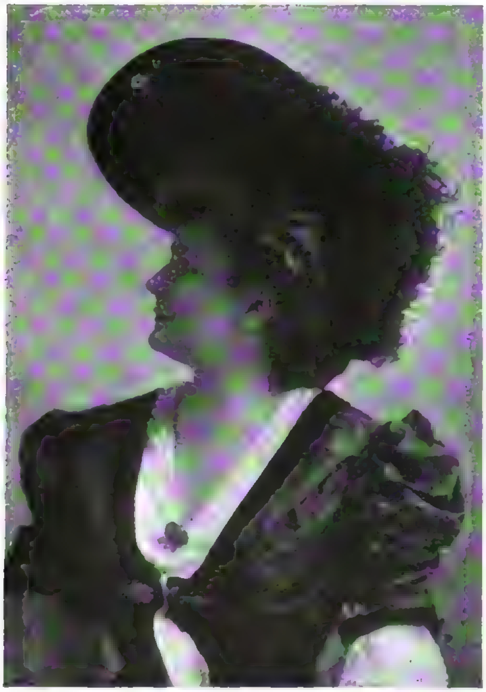
isms which she had not when here six or seven years ago. There are people who think she has lost dramatic power in the process of becoming a polished actress. Others find her crude, and still others think her disposed to be artificial. But there is one thing that none of them accuse her of, and that is of lack of individuality. Nance O'Neil has, for the past few weeks, been the most discussed leading actress in the metropolis.

She has appeared, in the course of her New York engagement, as *Hedda Gabler*, *Magda* and other characters favored by emotional actresses. Her new play, which has endured the same diversity of criticism that has been visited on everything else, presented by her at Daly's, is "Judith of Bethulia."

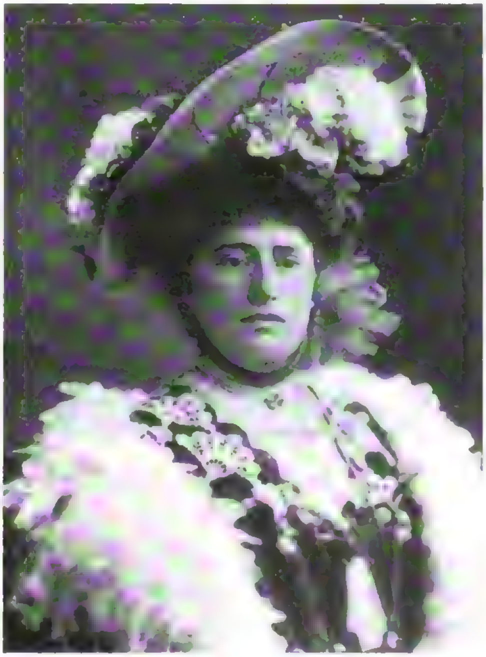
After seeing Sir Charles Wyndham in "David Garrick," one can understand why England's monarch thought it well to knight this finished actor. Sometimes British stars come over here and fall down with an awful thump. That was Beerbohm Tree's fate when he tried to



INDIAN DANCERS, IN "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY," AT WEBER'S MUSIC HALL.



MISS OLIVE FREMSTAD, PRIMA DONNA CONRIED OPERA COMPANY.



MME. KIRBY-LUNN, IN ENGLISH PARSIFAL.

MAUDE MILLS, A NIECE OF ROGER Q. MILLS, OF TEXAS, WITH LEW FIELDS STOCK CO.

make us believe that Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," in dramatic form, was a good play, some years ago. But Sir Charles Wyndham first gave us a taste of his quality in a well-worn rôle, and followed it up with the production of his London success, "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," about which I may have more to say next month.

Mary Moore, who is Sir Charles's leading lady, shows the sterling quality that we expect in a London actress of sound reputation. It is interesting to remember that when Henry Irving first went to London to play villain, the leading lady of the stock company of which he became a member was Mary Moore, and she was as great a favorite, it is

ANNA FITZHUGH, AS THE "BARONESS FIDDLESTICKS."

LILLIAN KEMBLE, AS MARY TUDOR, IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

NANCE O'NEIL, IN "THE FIRES OF ST. JOHN."

said, as the present Mary Moore.

The new Lew Fields Theatre is open, and we have Mr. Fields as a separate star, in his own theatre, with Marie Cahill as his leading lady. The name of the opening piece is "It Happened in Nordland." Julian Mitchell staged it, which guarantees its excellence, while the talent of Mr. Fields and Miss Cahill insures that the author's work has every opportunity. I will tell more in detail about this production in a future article.

Amelia Bingham has one big success that she can always fall back on when a new play is not satisfactory, and that is "The Climbers." Her engagement in this comedy at the Princess Theatre was so successful as to tell unmistakably that the actress and her play alike are popular in the metropolis. Whenever Amelia Bingham consents to put on "The Climbers" she is sure of large and friendly audiences. Some day she may get a new play that will please her as well, and that will at the same time hit the taste of her following. Meanwhile, she may be satisfied with Clyde Fitch's work, for it is always a money-maker for her, even though she may get tired of appearing in the same rôle year after year.

James K. Hackett followed Miss Bingham at the Princess Theatre in his new play, "The Fortunes of a King," and Annie Russell is at the Garrick, in "Brother Jacques."

Louis Mann, in "The Second Fiddle," is at the Criterion, and has scored a metropolitan hit. He might not have had this opportunity but for the dismal failure of "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which

FANNIE DUPREE, A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE FRANCIS HENRIQUES, FOR MANY YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, WITH LEW FIELDS STOCK CO.

lasted only four days. Fay Davis was in the leading rôle, but she could not save the spineless thing, and Charles Frohman realized it at once. Mr. Mann is inimitable in those broken German rôles in which he has made fame, beginning with the German music teacher in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," a few years ago, following it up with the innkeeper in "The Girl from Paris," and the manager in "The Telephone Girl," until now he comes to us in a serious play.

"Little Johnny Jones," with George M. Cohan in the leading rôle, is a success at the Liberty Theatre, and the same may be reported of "Woodland" at the New York.

The grand opera season at the Metropolitan has so far proved as successful as that of last year. The presentations of "Parsifal" have been well attended, and all other offerings of new and old works have been received with the respectful attention they merit. All the singers have been in good voice since the opening of the season, and the De Rezskés have not been missed; Caruso, the new tenor, is as great a favorite now as the incomparable Jean used to be, while Eames, Nordica, Edythe Walker, Plancon, Van Rooy, Scotti, Burgstaller, Saleza, Sembrich and the others each has his or her host of admirers as in the old days of last year. Even a year is a long enough period in operatic matters to warrant our speaking of the "old days" of a twelve-month since.

"The Baroness Fiddlesticks" seems to be a fair success.

It is bright, pretty and tuneful. Two hours or more pleasant relaxation.

LILLIAN SEVILLE, PLAYING NINON, IN "SERGEANT KITTY."

BIBBINGTON'S BLUNDER

Aloysius Coll

WHEN a young and pretty woman stands at the gateway of her summer cottage, and frowns down the lane leading to it, it is a safe guess that more than her husband is expected. Elizabeth Bibbington stood, this picture of anxiety. A turn in the brown sandy road that winded away through clumps of pine bushes gave her frown its first moment of relaxation. She could see only the head and shoulders of a man, skimming, phantom-like, over the pine tops, but from the first sight of her recreant husband, she knew that he was alone.

In a moment he was before the gate, and a much disgruntled woman. "Well, where is he?" demanded his wife.

"Why, didn't he get here?"

"Certainly not. How could he get here if not with you?"

"That's tough. I went to the Queen's Hotel all right, my dear," began Bibbington, in a self-exonerating air. "I tell you he wasn't at the hotel, and what's more, hadn't registered there at all. I thought you might have been mistaken, for once, so I drove over to the Standard—same luck there. You know I saw Captain Hull yesterday, and he knew well that he was to come with me today, so I supposed that wherever he was he'd make his own arrangements and come out himself. Since you were so certain he was to put up at the Queen's I hadn't made any inquiries of him where he was stopping, taking it for granted that's where I'd find him."

"Now, isn't that a man for you!" said Mrs. Bibbington, turning to the young girl who had come forward down the walk. Bibbington was climbing out the runabout. His wife gave him her lips, but only in the spirit of a habit. "Ruth," she said, "didn't you hear me tell him that Captain Hull was to stop at the Queen's, but that for this week he was to be the guest of the junior officers at the Union Club. Isn't that what I said?"

"Ruth wasn't paying much attention to what was said when we were discussing Captain Hull and his quarters, if I remember well," interposed Bibbington, with a judicious glance at Miss Myron. "I don't think it's fair to drag Ruth into this court, Mrs. B."

"No, that's just it," retorted Elizabeth. "If nobody were any more interested in the eligible men who come around this place than you, Henry Bibbington, I'd like to know what the poor girls would do!"

"We have certainly had a jolly time, Elizabeth," said Ruth, coming to the rescue of the overwhelmed husband. "There has been no lack of men, that I can see—and they've all been nice."

"Yes, nice; but that's not to the point. Henry has acted in this matter just as he does in everything else. He turns a clever deal in the Street; he picks out the loveliest spot in this delightful region; he builds a cottage finer than anybody else; he manages to get his hooks on the best attraction within casting distance this summer—and then, after lifting his fish half out of the water, he lets him drop back into the pool!"

"Whirlpool, you mean, my dear," corrected Bibbington, with tantalizing composure.

"Why, is Captain Hull having such a gay time as all that?"

"Never a gayer time had any man; the MacDonald's are giving him the grand—"

"Don't tell us any more," interrupted his wife, flashing hot. "You always have contributed your part to handing my prey over to the enemy."

"But, my dear, it's all Ruth's fault. If she had gone into town with me yesterday afternoon, as I wished her to do, Captain Hull would have had an opportunity to—to see her—and he'd be here to-day, instead of playing a game of hide and seek with us—and the MacDonald's."

"Does it really matter so much that Captain Hull hasn't come this afternoon?" said Ruth, with a tiny lift of her head.

Elizabeth turned on her like a tigress. "Matter? Certainly it matters! What's a military lawn fête, if we can't have at least a few brass buttons and one pair of shoulder straps? No wonder we women can't help each other"—her tone dropped from the pitch of anger, to the low note of despair. "We have *such* dumb things for husbands! Besides, Captain Hull's not coming makes the crowd uneven for the coach ride—and I do so hate these lop-sided outing parties!"

"Whom had you picked out for this Captain Hull?" asked Ruth.

"Why, you, of course, silly!"

"Well, then I'll stay at home this afternoon. There are a hundred and one things to be looked after, you know, Bess. And, really, I shouldn't mind; in fact, I'd rather remain here and help fix up things for you."

Bibbington could not restrain a glance of triumph as Ruth spoke her mind. "Of course, we'd like to have you," he said, "but I guess you'll not mind staying at home—since Captain Hull's not along with us!"

"Why are you so anxious to have her stay at home, Henry Bibbington? It's nothing to you one way or another—oh, everything turns out wrong about this place"; she turned to Bibbington; "but you needn't think that because of your blunder Ruth shall suffer. She *shall* go along with us, and she'll have a good time, too!"

But when the two coaches, loaded with jolly young folk, were all ready to drive away from the door, Ruth stood beside the second only to say "good-bye," and to wish the party a pleasant afternoon. As they disappeared down the lane Mrs. Bibbington kept drumming into the ears of those nearest her: "Poor Ruth; she's *so* unselfish!" More than one man wished he might have been able to make some excuse for remaining at the cottage to assist the girl on the lawn, who, ere the second coach was out of sight at the turn of the pines, was already busy. For an hour she was mistress of the sward, directing here, assisting there, and everywhere the spirit and the master-stroke of the preparations for Mrs. Bibbington's most distinct summer entertainment. All about were the grim reminders of war and its glory. In the branching trunks of the trees fluttered silk flags, with shields and wreaths of laurel. In the center of the lawn, and just behind a clump of noble grasses, Ruth stacked a double stand of arms. The bugles, the fifes and the drums of the orchestra lay on the grass, while the musicians, in the garb of the intrepid Cossack lolled harmlessly under the trees; the smoke of battle, the rising cloud adrift from their pipes and cigars. Servants in military uniform came and went, like couriers in the fateful hour of a campaign.

From time to time the girl surveyed the effect with delight. "What a pity that he couldn't see it all!" she said to herself, loud enough for Jenny, Elizabeth's maid, to hear. "We need a captain to command!"

"Perhaps it's not too late for him to come yet," said the maid, with woman's quick intuition.

Ruth startled at the answer and blushed, and to hide her confusion began to busy herself with two magnificent flags brought forth by one of her helpers. She set the flags several places, but seemed unsatisfied with the effect. Finally, her eye wandered to the gateway. "Just the place!" she exclaimed. "James," she added, "you may bring the stepladder to the gateway for me, then return and help Jenny."

Ruth had difficulty in driving the nails through the staffs of the flags, but pride in her work gave her patience, and ere long the two great flags completed the arch over the gateway, the folds looped back with white ribbons, the bow-knots of which were farther set off with clusters of daisies and ferns. Mounted upon the top of the ladder, she was studying over the details of a design for the keystone of the arch, when she heard sounds as of some weary beast coughing up the lane. The next instant, above the pine tops she could see the head and shoulders of a man. As he dashed by a little gap in the trees, she had a full view of the man, wrapped in a dusty military cloak, and the automobile in which he rode.

She had no time to get down from the ladder. Captain Hull was a daring goer at any time, and to-day, after hours of exhausted patience, dusty roads and contrary motive power, he was not in a mood to let the machine loaf, when it would go at all. As he neared the turn in at the gate, he barely slowed up enough to make the curve, and had Ruth not given throat to a sharp outcry, he might have carried stepladder and girl to destruction in his mad race, for he had merely glanced at the branching ribbon of sand beneath the wheels, without so much as seeing the obstruction in his way.

As it was, he had scant leeway for safety, when he stopped the machine with a jerk at the foot of the ladder. Ruth clutched the keystone of the arch in terror, thinking that her pedestal was to be swept from under her. As the auto stopped, she sat down upon the top platform of the ladder.

The captain was so confused by his awkwardness, and the vision of the fair Columbia between the draperies of flags above him, that his tongue was tied. Not so the girl. She was ripe for reprimand.

"I should think that a captain of the army, even if he were ungallant enough to run down a woman, would not dare to so insult the flag!"

"Oh, a thousand pardons—I never in my life did such a stupid—I'm clean crazy to-day—pray let me assist you down!" He had leaped from his seat, and, with one hand steadying the ladder, the other he offered to her.

Ruth accepted his proffered hand without hesitation, and came down a little timidly, for the fright had trembled her nerves, but she nevertheless took the last three steps with a little leap.

"I suppose you are Captain Hull," she said, and added, without giving him an opportunity to say that he was, "it would be wise for you to sit right down here now and patch up some sort of an excuse for spoiling Mrs. Bibbington's coaching party this afternoon."

"Hull, at your service," he said, bowing, "and at the service of Mrs. Bibbington. Miss Myron, I presume," he continued.

"Miss Myron was assigned to the first coach," she said, evasively.

"And did not go?" he replied, quickly."

"How do you know that?"

"She was too busy obstructing the gateway."

"Who, Miss Myron?" She feigned darkness.

"Why quibble over your identity? I'm sure I'm delighted to meet you. It is plain that you are not aware how much farther your name and your fame have traveled than you yourself have."

"You run an automobile like a madman," she said, " and you talk as random as you ride."

"Had I met you on the open highway," he went on, without the least attention to her interruption, "I could not have been mistaken in you, but to find you posing as Columbia in the archway of your own hostess' gate is proof that closes my side of the case."

"Meet you on the open highway!" she exclaimed. "My lucky star preserve me!"

He raised his hand in protest.

"As to what you might do on the highway I can only judge by what you attempted to do at my own gate."

"A miss is better than a mile—with this machine," he replied. "I did not run you down."

"No," she smiled, "you helped me down; but that act was merely the mock heroics following an exhibition of the ludicrous; you had already taken all the dignity out of our meeting."

"How so?"

"Well, I was naturally a little alarmed," she evaded.

"But look how nobly you turned to the flag, and clung to it to preserve it from harm, from insult!"

The sarcasm in the words stung her. "Oh, it's not that. You made me squeal—I hate to squeal, in the face of the enemy."

Captain Hull caught one word out of that confession that pleased him much. That he should be "the enemy," was suggestive of a conflict between himself and her. "I did not hear you squeal," he said, deliberately; "I don't believe that you squealed—I always was noted for my quick hearing; it won me a medal, the only one I ever received, while doing picket duty one dark night. Will you get in and ride up to the house?"

"Will you stop before you knock the porch down?"

They were settled in the machine before he replied: "Unless the pokey thing has changed its mind, I'm inclined to think the trouble will be in getting that far. I've been three hours coming from town. The joke of it is that when Bibbington turned the thing over to me this afternoon, he asked me to be sure and give him a handicap of forty minutes before I should set out to overtake him and the nag, which he had to bring out."

"Mr. Bibbington!" exclaimed Ruth; "you saw Mr. Bibbington this afternoon, and got this machine from him?"

"Yes; who else should have been so kind as to place it at my disposal? He has been extremely kind to me since my arrival. Especially has he been kind to me in rescuing me from the clutches of a lot of bores on more than one occasion."

Ruth checked the flood of questions that rushed to her lips. Bewildering thoughts were flying through her brain. What plot had Bibbington hatched? Was it a preconcerted plan, or one of his inexplicable mix-ups?

"It was strange in Henry to send this machine for you," she said, calmly; "he prides himself in knowing a good one."

"Well," said Captain Hull, as the automobile drew up at the door, "the best of machines get out of order sometimes."

"Just like people," echoed Ruth, pondering on Henry Bibbington.

* * * * * *

The coaches lumbered up the lane to the Bibbington mansion. The horses were foamed. In the rear seat of the second coach a woman nudged the man next her. "Why, who's that sitting on the lawn with Ruth? Surely none of the servants, Henry!"

"I dunno."

"Oh, you dummy! I do believe it's Captain Hull—yes it is; they've seen us, and are coming down to the gate. Captain Hull, as I live!"

"Of course it's Captain Hull," repeated Bibbington, dully.

"There's a lesson for you, Henry Bibbington! You couldn't even find your own invited guest to get him to the house; he hunts up the place himself—and no one here to receive him when he came!"

"Oh, that's all right, my dear. You'll notice they're coming down to the gate quite unlike a pair of strangers."

"Yes, because in these days of blundering hosts a pretty girl and a sensible man have to find some way of getting together—and they usually do."

"Yes," drawled Bibbington; "that's true, my dear—when we give them a chance!"

THE HURRYING CROWD OF SHOPPERS ON THE AFTERNOON PRECEDING CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE HUB OF HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

By Helinor Ann Stunly

NEW YORK CITY, as becomes the leading metropolis of a great country, takes her seasons of merry making to heart in a spirit of increased social and commercial activity. As becomes the hub of holiday festivities the gigantic centre from which all supplies are drawn, she celebrates with a lavishness, a frenzy of abundance which transforms her marts and thoroughfares into a great high road of glittering pageants, inundated by a tidal wave of sight-seers and shoppers.

Every man's hand is in his pocket fingering a purse where lie the accumulated savings of a year, with intent to recklessly spend his little hoard. For once in twelve months, at least, he is the creature of impulse. The season is one of extravagance,, kindliness and good cheer. Sentiment expresses itself in fact—in a deed. Affection and friendship are materialized in tokens that stand sentinels of our better selves throughout the sordidness and indifference of another year.

Who will deny that this period of good fellowship stands for something more tangible and lasting than a turkey dinner and an exchange of gifts that bring a marvelous profit to the dealers? This great army of men and women crowding and jostling each other's elbows with a wonderful exhibition of patience and unruffled tempers, is moved by a common impulse of love and comradeship. Parents renew their youth in the childhood of their children. Family ties are drawn closer. Brother forgets his feud against brother. Sisters long separated meet as of old around the same board and under the shelter of the same roof. The brotherhood of the family is extended beyond the hearth of the home and becomes the brotherhood of general humanity.

It is perhaps well that once a year we should go over the old sweet lesson of peace on earth to men of good will, for the stress of life is such that without

NEW YORK CENTRAL &

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF FIR AND BALSAM TREES FROM THE ADIRONDACKS AND MAINE READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

TURKEYS FOR SALE ON THE EAST SIDE.
IN FEASTING AND MERRY MAKING DOES THE SPIRIT OF THE HOLIDAY MANIFEST ITSELF.

HUGE CRATES OF MISTLETOE AND HOLLY ON STREET CORNERS.

this constant yet genial reminder the best things of life would slip away from us, and too late we should seek to recover them. With the scent of the fir tree in the air, the sight of the holly wreath and mistletoe in our eyes, the children clamoring for Santa Claus and the office door locked tight against our restless momentum of grind, the least festive of us is obliged to pause a moment and listen willy-nilly to the Christmas anthem.

Some great lover of the people once gave voice to the sentiment that the man who most merited the gratitude of his fellow beings was he who gave a holiday to the nation. The legal holiday which forces the gentle yoke of leisure upon the bowed head of the worker is no more than the paternal attitude of the government, which takes the needs of its big family in hand, and enforces obedience as the father from his child.

The true Yankee, like the true Greek of ancient history, celebrates by an abundance of feasting at the board. To spread the table at which he presides with the stuffed bird of his country, flanked by cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies, seems to the American man, from the millionaire to the day laborer, a debt of honor he owes himself and his family.

"Does your little boy go to Sunday school?" asked a worthy Christian of his washwoman.

"Yes, sir, and he gets his turkey regular every Christmas," replied the true American of the washtub.

The holiday season without a turkey would mean a distortion of the day's proper spirit to the man, woman and child of patriotic sentiment.

A TIDAL WAVE OF SIGHT-SEERS AND SHOPPERS.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE MARKET ON WEST STREET.

A DISPLAY OF VENISON, GEESE, DUCKS AND RABBITS AT PADDY'S MARKET.

It is calculated that at least 750,000 turkeys are killed for the New York markets. The aggregate of these turkeys is about nine million pounds, and they cost at least a million dollars.

Whence comes this vast supply of the national bird? In thousands of outlying farms in Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Long Island the Christmas turkeys sent to the New York market for holiday consumption represent an important source of revenue. These turkeys give the girls a trade, send the boys to college, or pay off the time-honored mortgage on the farm. Which of our big corporation lawyers is it who remarked with a mixture of pathos and humor: "It was mother's geese that kept me from being a gander"?

We might go a step farther and say that if the history of the farm home were revealed, more than one of our Presidents might be found to admit that it was the Christmas turkey sent to market that put him in the President's chair.

A certain Rhode Island farmer, by the way, has taken unto himself the honor for the past fifty years of supplying the White House with its holiday turkey. As a matter of fact, he is no ordinary turkey. As a perquisite of his exalted calling he is fed upon all the luscious dainties dear to a turkey's heart, such as corn, chestnuts and cornmeal of a certain preparation. When he is finally shipped to his destination he tips the scales at thirty odd pounds.

Besides the turkey which reaches the New York markets in ton loads at a time, there are millions of bushels of cranberries, tons of golden pumpkins and forests of fir trees from the forests of Maine and upper New York State.

The New York housewife is not given to baking or to the compounding of mincemeat, but the pie factories put on extra labor, and turn out a delicious array, reaching into the hundreds of thousands of the national pastry.

In such feasting and merry making does the spirit of the holiday manifest itself. Peace on earth to man and good will is the true message first received in the family circle, and then passed on to one's neighbor. It is the expansion of this neighborly fraternity that creates the true Christmas tide lesson—that of universal kinship and brotherhood.

Photo by Burr McIntosh.

MRS. MARGARET GLADSTONE-STUART.
A GRANDNIECE OF GLADSTONE, AND EXPONENT OF THE NEW CULT OF SOUL COLOR.

THE SEVENTH SENSE AND SOUL COLOR

By Mrs. Margaret Gladstone-Stuart

WHEN I was a wee bit of a lassie, my grandmother took me to call upon a certain dowager duchess. "I have been longing to see this dear child," she cried out effusively.

"Leddy, you must na tell a lie," was my startling rejoinder, as I drew back from her touch.

Even at that tender age I possessed what my father called a "third eye." I could hear and see what others seemed to let slip by unconsciously. The dowager duchess did not care a jot about the "dear child," and although in those early days I knew nothing of soul aura by name, I felt an antagonistic magnetism as actually as though it had been a stone wall.

I come from those Highlands of Scotland where the native born is said to possess uncanny gifts—to have second sight. I know I come from a people with a wonderful love of truth. My father used to repeat with much humor the story of a certain preacher who was telling the story of the prodigal son. He dwelt with length upon the affection of the bereaved father who set aside an especially fine calf which he ordered to be fattened against the return of the wanderer. He related that years passed, and finally the prodigal was seen afar off approaching his home. "Bring forth the fatted calf!" cried the father through the voice of the preacher warmed into eloquence by the stress of his emotions. "You lie, it is na calf," cried an indignant voice in the congregation, "it's a coo!"

My father, who was a great and learned man, one of the most profound psychological students and teachers of metaphysics in his day, was nevertheless of most genial and childlike nature. A gentleman of the old school, he wore until his death knee breeches, silk stockings and shoes with big silver buckles. I have seen him make as profound and courtly a bow to a begger to whom he had given sixpence as to a prince of royal blood. In fact, he loved one as much as the other. He loved all mankind with his great humanitarianism, and I realize that I owe more than I can ever repay not only to his teachings but to his example.

"Laddie-lassie," he said to me, shortly before his death, "I have na gold or siller to leave thee, but keep thy soul white and thy body clean, and thee'll be wearing a coronet in the sight of God."

My mother died at my birth, so I was this dear father's constant companion. I was son and daughter to him—his "laddie-lassie," as he was in the habit of calling me. To tell the truth, until I was ten years old I did not know whether I was a boy or girl. "I'm a 'laddie-lassie,'" I used to reply, very much puzzled, when asked if I were a little boy or a little girl. I am happy to say I was a merry, healthy, all-around child, although I was studying Latin and Greek and dipping into metaphysics when other children of my age were plodding over their letters. My father loved merriment and wit. "If you have something to say worth hearing," he used to repeat, "be a gud talker about it if you want people to listen to you." He employed the word "gud" in the Scotch sense of "clever."

Occasionally, when, as the little chataleine of Balfour Castle, my home, I would adopt an overbearing or haughty bearing toward my young playmates of humbler birth, and insist upon their giving me my proper title, he would raise a reproving finger and say in his gentle, half-laughing way, "Children, children! no bickering over gewgaws. There is no Leddy Margaret playing with you—just simple Peg."

This dear father had planned to make me one of the most learned and brilliant women in England—an exponent of his teachings. When but a girl of sixteen I accompanied him on his travels to India and became a participator in his mystic studies and investigations. It was at this time that I learned to develop those powers of inner vision that enabled me later on, through a seventh awakened sense, to see and hear those things and sights that are continually about us, but unrecognized and invisible to those whose finer perceptions are dulled.

The term *clairvoyant* is misunderstood. It is, nevertheless, most expressive. Translated, for it is borrowed from the French, it is literally "clear seeing." "Medium," another term that has been sadly abused by the frivolous and fraudulent, is too good for the unworthy uses to which it is put. It describes beautifully and fittingly a person who through adaptability, inspiration and struggles has at last come into the possession of gifts that enable him or her to enter into communication with things unseen to ordinary mortals.

A sad accident brought me into full knowledge of my own peculiar faculties and powers, and determined the future course of my life. When about twenty-one years of age I was severely injured while ascending the Matterhorn. The accident paralyzed the nerves of sight and speech, and I was left blind and deaf. During these three years of darkness and silence I learned to distinguish personalities by a certain aura or color halo that became visible to my inner sight as soon as they approached me. I became intensely sensitive to their different characteristics through these colors that I learned to distinguish as the dominating magnetic quality of a human being.

A person of passionate and violent

nature became visible to my inner vision as crimson. A tender, motherly nature emitted a soul color of lavender. One who had reached a condition of peace and restfulness gave out a tender gray. Green came from natures that were imbued with hope and enthusiasm. Gold enveloped a man of ambition. When approached by a person a victim of some mortal sickness, I saw a black or purple cloud. Pure white gives evidence of godliness and truth.

In those days I did not tabulate these soul colors and their characteristics as I learned to do later on when I began to use my knowledge to benefit my fellowmen, and to teach them to change the color of their auras by developing their higher faculties.

During these years of invalidism mv life became altogether introspective. I was in constanct communication with a world which others could not see. It is well known that the blind have keenly developed senses unknown to those who see. It is somewhat akin to that sixth sense which gives women a sort of intuition in reaching curious conclusions, because as she says, she "feels things."

The seventh sense does not deal in feeling, but in facts. Its possessor actually "hears" and "sees."

While I was in this condition of blindness and silence I made a vow that if I could look once more upon my father's face before he died, and if he could once more hear my voice, I would devote all my powers to the betterment and comfort of my fellow-beings. My voice and sight returned as by a miracle, and since my father's death, I have given my time and strength to the fulfilment of my vow.

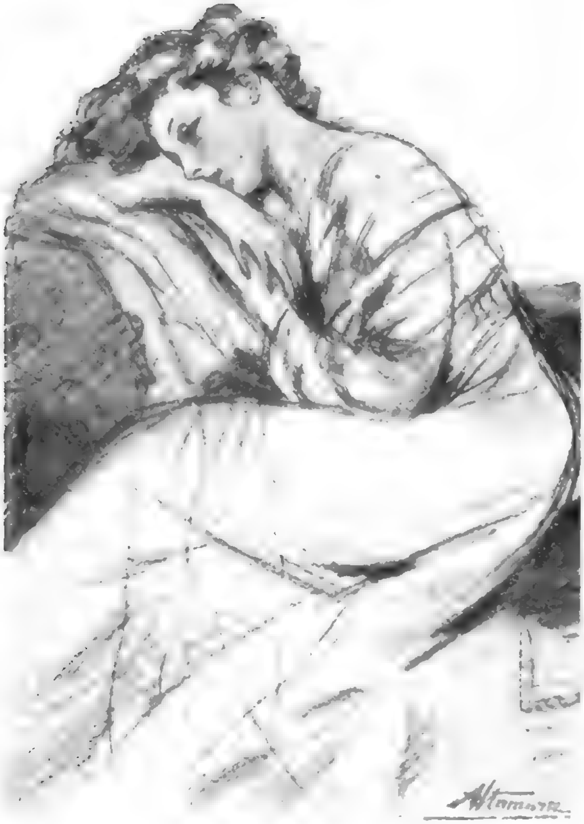
I try to help and comfort both the rich and the poor alike. A few days since, a poor working woman slipped a quarter into my hand saying, "Are you the lady who can talk to my dead boy?" I am glad to say I was able to give a message of comfort to this mother.

Not long ago in my mail I received a letter. "I want to know my soul color," it read. "I send you a piece of my shirt. You need not mind handling it, for I have had it thoroughly boiled." The humorous side of my work is bound to appeal to my Scotch nature, and I am afraid I laughed heartily over the bit of "boiled shirt."

In my work among the rich I find a dominating aura of red—the color of soul selfishness and passion. I try to dissipate this dense blood crimson by awakening feelings of more tenderness and kindliness toward one's fellow-beings. The American woman of wealth is somewhat lacking in graciousness to those she considers out of her set. She has not the quality of broad humanity that makes her love even the woman who scrubs her floor, as a sister.

In my classes composed of the wealthy I lay great stress on a soul aura that is composed of many colors—the aura of a complete, harmonious life, illumined by the great, white light of truth. I recall that my father once told me that my Uncle Gladstone was a truly great man, because he was always willing to change his point of view. At various momentous epochs in his career he was ready to say, "I admit I was wrong." Personally, I sum my Uncle Gladstone as one who loved truth before consistency, country before self, and humanity before country.

My father used to repeat to me, "Lassie, have no fear of changing thy thought; remember for thy comfort that dead men never change." The most beautiful soul aura to my eyes is the one of rainbow tints vibrating with lovely and tender radiance—the aura that bespeaks the harmonious and sensitive nature keenly awake to the noble import of life and the joy of imparting it to others.



WHAT PSYCHE SAID

By M. G. T. Stempel

"The saddest hour of my life,"
Said Psyche sweet,
Her eyes still heavy with the tears
That she must shed for many years,
"Was not the hour when I knew
We ne'er should meet,—
That Love had said his last adieu.

This I could bear:
Of earthly joy, of ecstasy,
I'd had my share.

And each of my warmest desires
Was satisfied,"
And once again did overflow
Sweet Psyche's eyes: Ah, yes, I know
My saddest hour! It was the one
When I descried
By inner light, that I had done
This cruel thing,—
That I had caused my precious Love
His way to wing!"

Oh, Psyche! Phyche! You say true!
It is most hard
To bear the burdens that we lay
Upon our poor lives day by day!
How they retard!
And when sweet Love afar we drive
We stand aghast!
We have no words our grief to tell!
Psyche, sweet one, I know this well,—
My joy is past.

Photo by Aime Dupont.

GUISEPPE CAMPANARI, ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF ITALIAN BARYTONES.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A VOICE

By Guiseppe Campanari

I HAVE a little daughter with the voice of an angel. Her trills and cadenzas, her sustained arias are delivered with the bravura, correctness and finish of a prima donna. Occasionally when my friends assemble to pass an evening with me, I say to the little one: "Papa would like to have thee try the 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust,' or the 'Waltz Song' from 'Romeo and Juliet.' It will perhaps entertain these gentlemen." Without hesitation she stands beside me at the piano, and, clasping her little hands behind her back, she throws back her head, and her voice pours out of her throat as clear and sweet as that of a bird.

"Bah!" exclaim my friends, "it is an accident." To prove that it is no accident I make the child repeat the song again and again. I make her go over the more difficult passages. The surprise augments, for each time her technique is absolutely flawless. Then these cynical artist *confrères* declare that I have trained her in secret in order to enjoy "springing a surprise." This is their way of putting it. "Bah!" I reply in my turn, "who can train to such perfection a mere infant of barely eight years?" Then I turn upon them with some anger. "My honored *confrères*, you have studied eight, ten and twelve years; which of you can sing as this child?" This way I command silence.

When we are quite alone the little girl comes to me, saying: "I am destined to become a great artist—is it not so, papa? I shall some day buy a diamond crown and a palace, for a great artist is as rich as a queen."

"My child," I reply, "the *bon Dieu* has given you a great voice. It lies within yourself whether you will be a great artist. A great voice lives no longer than a flower, but an artist has even in his old age a sunset as beautiful in its tints as the early dawn."

This brings me to my point. A natural voice is a great gift, but alas! it is an immolation unless it be united to a training so thorough and minute that its possesssor can manipulate his vocal instrument and direct it as an inventor his invention.

The artist may not always be in his best voice, but he never sings below the standard of perfection he has acquired. Whoever heard a Sembrich or a Jean de Reszké break upon a high note? Such a catastrophe would be an impossibility. La Sembrich, yes, has a great natural voice. De Reszké has, perhaps, a great created voice, but both have great knowledge of those marvellous cords within their throats. The vocal instrument, if in proper subjection, can play no tricks. It has no off nights. These so-called "off nights" are mere subterfuges for off training.

A natural voice is a gift of God. Oh, the pity of it that so beautiful a gift should be so often lost and mutilated—should not live out its full and glorious day through lack of courage and perhaps knowledge of the necessary apprenticeship! Believe me, art is greater than nature. Cologni, the great Italian baritone, has to-day, at the age of seventy-five, a voice as fresh and limpid as in his prime. He has no longer the physical force to use it as in the old days, but the quality of the voice is unimpaired. Your own Charlie Adams, of Boston, although fast arriving at an advanced period of life, has understood through an impeccable art to preserve the sweetness of his wonderful voice. These men, as you say in this country, know their business from start to finish.

Knowledge—knowledge! I cannot lay too much stress upon knowing how and why a thing is done. There is no chance—no accident in a note. A note that comes out of the throat should be a fact—an absolute certainty. My little girl, who sings exquisitely, is an ignoramus. Her voice, with the beauty and charm of an exquisite orchid, will live no longer if she should prove herself a dullard or a *paraseuse*.

I recall a certain occasion when, after the opera, I sat chatting at a café with Scotti, Dufriche, Plançon and a number of others. A so-called great tenor joined us. He was somewhat agitated. "I was 'off voice' this evening," he said, ruefully; "the fact of the matter," he continued, "I cannot manage that 'G.' My wife insists that it should be a head note. I maintain that it comes more readily from the chest. The discussion never ceases, and alas! I never cease to sing it badly."

For a time there was a heated argument at our table. Suddenly, to conclude it, I jumped to my feet and called out to the unfortunate tenor: "My friend, can you imitate a note?" "Perfectly," he replied. Then I expanded my chest and sang out the "G" with all my strength. "Ah! it comes from the chest!" cried the tenor, and at once he echoed the note. "Thank you, thank you," he returned.

"Now I know!" Then I drew him into a corner and laying my hand upon his shoulder I said, speaking very seriously, "My friend, that one note you know because I showed you; but how about all the others? There are many, many notes in the *repertoire* of a tenor."

A would-be singer, I care not what his natural gifts, should treat his vocal cords in exactly the same manner the tuner manipulates the inside of a piano. Each little peg that controls the vibrating string is twisted and turned until the note responds without a flaw to the required pitch. How tiresome it is to listen to a piano tuner in the house! If he is a good man at his trade he strikes and re-strikes the note until he is satisfied.

When I pass certain schools of vocal training and I hear through the open windows the marvellously beautiful voices of your American girls running up and down scales and chromatics as gaily and thoughtlessly as though running up and down stairs, I say to myself, "The piano tuning is all wrong. Another great voice perhaps is destined to go to pieces."

I came from a family of musicians. I was a growing lad when my father told me to prepare to enter the Conservatory at Milan to study the violoncello.

"Papa," I replied, "I wish to be a singer."

He was very angry and laughed scornfully. "You, a singer! You are a fool. Do you not know that you have no voice?"

"If I can talk I can sing," I answered, respectfully, but firmly. "I will make a singing voice out of my talking voice."

When I was sent to the Conservatory with my 'cello, where my big brother was studying the violin, I presented my request to the head of the vocal department. He tried my voice and laughed like my father. "You have no more voice than that," he said; and he struck the wooden case of the piano. Then he continued kindly: "My boy, strive to be a good 'cellist. That is also a beautiful voice which you can make sing."

I was determined that if they would not teach me at the Conservatory, I would teach myself. I began to train my voice in the same manner I was taught on the 'cello, very, very slowly, note by note, listening with ear and mind that the sound should be round, clear and true. Each note occupied all my attention. I fixed my mind and thought upon it. I never attempted a new note until I was perfect in the last. The 'cello was my teacher and my model. I could not have selected a better.

I became so great a nuisance at home with my never-ending practicing, hour after hour, that my father forbade me to touch the piano, but I still continued my studies at the house of a friend.

Believing in the theory that the one who accomplishes is the one who knows his business best, I frequently went to the opera, and especially to the same opera for a whole season at a time to study and watch the manner in which successful artists delivered their solos. I took note of how and when they failed and vice verse. Everyone, no matter how great or how humble, who is a follower of our chosen art can teach an earnest student either a fault to avoid or a quality to gain.

No less an artist than Edouard de Reszké, after seeing a performance of "Faust" by the Castle Square Company, adopted their Mephistopholes' manner of smiting a flame from the ground on which he strikes his sword in the first act.

One day, when I had about completed both my vocal and 'cello studies, a great musical celebration was given in Milan, in honor of Donizetti, whose ashes were to be reinterred. I went very early in the morning to the cathedral with my mother to rehease my 'cello solo. As I entered I heard the sound of heavenly music. Groping about in the twilight I came across an old man with a white, flowing beard and black tunic, playing on a 'cello before the grand altar. I thought it was a vision—some patriarch or prophet who had descended from heaven. I fell upon my knees and began to pray to the divine musician. After a while the figure took the 'cello and placed it in a box lined with red flannel; it then approached and addressed me in a human voice. It was Piotti, the greatest 'cellist who has ever lived. Through this encounter we became good friends.

"He who studies in the dawn," he used to say to me, "will play long after the moon has risen!"

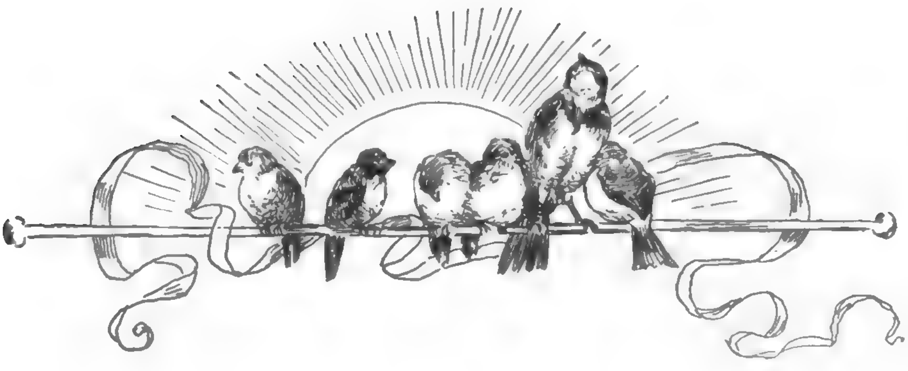
I had become a singer as well as a 'cellist when my brother, who was first violinist of the Boston Symphony, advised my joining the same orchestra. "I will go to America and sing in opera," I said to myself. "I will no longer 'scrape cheese' on my fiddle."

But in America it was as in Italy. No one would believe in my voice. I was not even given a chance to sing. When I would say "I can sing at the Symphony concerts," my companions would laugh merrily and say, "You are a good fellow, Campanari; you are very intelligent; on one subject only are you crazy—and that is when you talk of your voice."

One day Emma Juch's company, which was in Boston, needed a Valentine for "Faust," as the baritone was taken suddenly ill. I knew the role at my fingers' ends and Mme. Juch engaged me in a sort of desperate way. I was better than no Valentine. I rushed to the hall for my orchestra rehearsal. "Boys," I called out, "this evening I sing Valentine with the Emma Juch Opera Company! I wish you all to witness that I shall have a big success!"

"Now, indeed, the poor boy is crazy!" they muttered, looking at me very dolefully.

I had become so certain of my voice that even on that momentous occasion I was master of my vocal instrument. I sang and sang at my best. That evening's triumph was the beginning of my operatic career. That very evening, too, I gave up scraping cheese on my 'cello, and my friends no longer called me crazy. Through persistency and intelligent training I had created a singing voice from a talking voice.



MISS EFFIE SHANNON, WHO WON A GREAT NEW YORK SUCCESS IN "TAPS."

THE WAY OF THE ROAD

By Effie Shannon

THERE was a time, not so long ago, either, when I considered myself the luckiest girl in the world, because I was enough of a popular favorite to be kept in New York season after season. I was a type —pink and white coloring—blue eyes and nice, fluffy hair. The type happened to please. So years passed and I continued to be cast for the pink and white. blue-eyed *ingenue rôle,* until my very soul grew weary of it. The fact of the matter was I wasn't pink and white all the way through. I had plenty of bone and muscle, and a decent amount of gray-brain matter, and there came a time when every nerve in my body was tingling to strike out hard.

I remember years ago when I first began my girlish career in the Daly company, how Mr. Daly sized me up with one glance of his keen, all-absorbing eyes. That first day, he called me a type—"the young girl type."

"Don't try to strut across the stage with the tragedy air and grace of a Sarah Siddons," he said to me at the first rehearsal. "Be your own natural self. Don't try to act," he continually repeated. "Play yourself—be yourself!"

Imagine the difficulty of a girl of sixteen presenting to public view as an interpretation the shy grace and actual blushes of that winsome age. I made a glorious failure of it, although I admit I looked the *rôle*. It was only some years later, when I had really lost my natural girlish bashfulness, and my natural blushes, that I acquired what I might call the art of myself. Then began those long and weary years of parts moulded from the same pattern. I knew I was capable of stronger work. I longed to prove that I could be a charming old hag, that I possessed the calibre of a deep-dyed murderess, but what was a poor girl of my complexion and figure to do? I assigned myself to the inevitable. I saw myself doomed to an endless reiteration of lines that called for white dresses and blue ribbons, not to mention inane love-making scenes with young lads just out of college and leading strings.

One day I met a well-known New York manager. "Just the person I want to see," he called out. "We have a perfect Effie Shannon *rôle* up at our place. Come with me right now and we'll fix the contract in good shape."

"I am sick and tired of the Effie Shannon *rôle*," I retorted. I was in a bad temper that morning. "I am going on the road and I want you all to forget me until I come back."

It was in this way the decision was made. As a matter of fact, I had an offer to go on the road, but had not until that moment settled the question in my mind.

New York City is more or less self-centered. When a play or an actor is stamped with metropolitan approval, too big a dose of this approbation is apt to give the play and the actor an attack of artistic indigestion. The artist becomes not exactly careless, but a trifle dull-edged. He is playing continually before a fashionable audience, an audience that laughs and applauds in the same way at the same lines. After a while we lose our mettle. We dawdle away our mornings, we do a little shopping, we entertain and are entertained. There is no vital interest in our lives, yet we seem to be living in a tremendous hurry. Frivolities beset us from every direction, and our art seems to get smothered in a whirlwind of downy nothings.

When one is traveling, it is all different. Every new city represents a new audience. One is continually on the *qui vive* to question its mood and please it. One loses something in polish and veneer, perhaps, but much in directness and simplicity. One learns to sense the human appeal in every *rôle*. After all, human appeal is universal. It receives its response as quickly in a big city as in a mountain town. But it is all of an actor's art to sound this human chord with unerring touch in consecutive *rôles*. When one has learned this secret one has reached the fountain head of inspiration.

This is best done in a varied repertoire played before varied audiences. There is no question that a New York audience is different in feeling and temperament from that of Chicago, just as Chicago differs from San Francisco, and San Francisco from Helena or Butte. But one thing is positive: to play a sincere human story interpreted by actors who impress one as human beings sincerely moved by the great elemental passions, will always reach the heart and intelligence of any audience.

A traveling company soon learns that the road cares little for a star with a reputation. The play must make good as a whole. Any unknown individual in the cast knows that he has the same opportunity as the leading man or woman to prove his quality during a performance. Each actor is spurred by this knowledge to do his best. As for the star, he is soon shorn of all superfluous nonsense. He is continually put to the test. A road audience shows little favoritism.

Strange to say, one seems to have more time for reading and thought when passing through strange cities. There are many lonely hours to be filled, and it seems to me that one is more given to introspecting over one's *rôles*. One thinks them out from within. This attitude is quite natural, since every new town savors of a first night performance. There is always a new appeal to be made. So we fall into the habit of going over our lines and delving into them for fresh light.

While in New York I was too busy to read. During the past three years I have found sufficient leisure to go through a small library of new books.

There is one thing, however, that an actor should bear in mind. He must not permit New York to lose sight of him or his doings. It is well that the way of the road should lead to the metropolis. Refinement, elegance, polish, subtilty, all these are to be found in the great centers of culture. It is well, too, that New York should lead to the road, for the road, with its greater liberty, its greater action, its greater fellowship, is the way to the heart.

Photo by Aime Dupont.

EMIL PAUR, THE NEW LEADER OF THE PITTSBURG ORCHESTRA WHO IS RECEIVING A SALARY OF $12,000 A YEAR.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND THE HOME

By Emil Paul

Leader of the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra.

WHERE there is a deeply rooted home life there will be found a deep and serious love of music. Therefore, I maintain that the success of the symphony orchestra depends fundamentally upon the depth and strength of the ties that bind the family circle. The reason of this is obvious. In my own country, Germany, for instance, we have for generations strongly rooted habits of celebrating our series of feasts and festivals by little gatherings in which all the members of the family unite in music and song.

Children are taught from infancy to cherish those emotions that awaken sentiments of a sweet and poetical nature. We enjoy simple pleasures. The father, mother and children are not ashamed to burden themselves with a basket of provisions and go for a day's outing to the woods. They are satisfied to sit for hours under the green trees, watching the clouds sail by, or the oldest son takes out his flute and all join in a merry dance on the green. Perhaps a storm arises, then there is a great breathless running across the meadows, helter skelter, to the nearest farmhouse.

Is not this Beethoven's pastoral symphony in everyday life? It must not be forgotten that music appeals less to the senses than to the abstract emotions. It awakens memory, it quickens the imagination, not through words, not through vivid pictures, but through the speech of melody.

I like to think that Pittsburg, my new field of work, is a city of homes, or as I prefer to call it, a city of family circles. I am led to hope that I shall find simplicity and interior growth—more silence—less volubility of expression.

It seems to me that in America we speak too much. There is too little folded away—hidden out of sight—to be coaxed into being. Our pleasures are too complex, and the children, alas! are imitators of their elders.

American women are bright, clever, broadminded. But they are, perhaps, somewhat restless. Their emotions are external, and every wish, as soon as formulated, seeks material realization as soon as possible. This is the fault of a young country and so without doubt is the commercialism that makes the struggle to live more important than life itself.

Music, which must be received in silence and leisure, is a force against the evils of restlessness and commercialism. It forces one to realize the existence of that other world of dream, hopes and desires which envelop us as surely as the heavens above us.

The lack of American song writers prove the dearth of melody as a national inspiration. Our great symphony orchestras, even if they would, can find no more than one or two composers whose works guarantee an interpretation by a body of musicians.

The opera is patronized by the fashionable in the partierre and boxes. At our best concerts these boxes are oftentimes wofully empty. There is one consoling feature, however, and that is the crowded upper galleries filled with earnest students and music lovers. These young people who come to learn, to listen and to enjoy, are the bulwark of musical America. Many a time before a concert I have received a message of encouragement from those eager, intent faces bending toward me from the upper tiers.

I should like to hear the voice of song in every American home. In how many family circles, I wonder, do the members gather together in the evening, each one with a different instrument, to render those exquisite gems of chamber music, written by the great masters for intimate and quiet moments?

In Germany it is no uncommon sight to see the mother seated at the piano, the father with a violin, and the children, each one the master of a different instrument—the family forming a little orchestra in itself.

It is this sort of home life that gives the composer and the music lover to the world. It is from this sort of a home that the symphony orchestra receives its seal of success.

LETTERS FROM KITTY

By Louise Culver.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I CAN'T put any address at the head of this letter because I haven't the slightest idea where we are. I only know this is the fastest train I ever saw; it seems to enjoy hurrying me away from you as fast as it can. Last night I felt as if I must get off at the next station and walk home to you; but when I pulled up the curtain and looked out of the window we were in the desolate hills. I should think a jack rabbit would die of loneliness there. Up in the sky there was a baby new moon with one star cuddled close to it; it was the only thing I saw that wasn't dripping with loneliness.

I think they must have had a different engine on last night; it screamed diabolically. When I didn't hear it, I was waiting to hear it. It seemed as though a horrible demon were chasing us through the darkness. It is such a hopeless thing to be hurrying away from home when a demon is chasing you.

When the engine wasn't screaming, the man who has my upper berth was coughing. It is a most heart-rending cough. It sounds like old Father Reynolds'. Don't you know how the Dominie always stops in his sermon when that cough begins? I know he hasn't consumption, for he looks strong enough for a football player. He is very tall and frightfully good looking, with dark hair and big brown eyes. So you see he doesn't look much like Father Reynolds.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Doubtless you wondered why my last letter wasn't signed. I didn't have the courage. I left the tablet with the unfinished letter lying open in the seat while I went down the car to hold a wailing infant for its poor little tired mother. I thought after a time that my position was a permanent one; but the mother at last remembered and relieved me. When I went back to my letter there sat the man from the upper berth.

I nearly jumped when he said: "You are right; my name is Reynolds." He said he had to move the pad to sit down, and he couldn't help seeing his name. We both laughed at the coincidence, and he apologized so sincerely that even Aunt Charlotte, with all her rules and by-laws, would have forgiven him, especially as he is Van Allen Reynolds, a descendant of those Vermont Reynolds that she is always talking about. It was his great grandfather who sat next to Lafayette when he went to those wonderful ceremonies at the beginning of the University of Vermont, and they had that huge banquet. When I found that his second cousins were the ones Aunt Charlotte knew, I was sure it was all right to talk to him. I gave him some of her cough lozenges, and he said they were as fierce as the ones his aunt used and he knew they must be good.

Here we are at a station. Yours, in a hurry, KITTY.

DEAR MAMMY:

These letters are as frequent as Marna's to Dana in the "Confessions of a Wife"—she wrote one every fifty minutes, and I write one every fifty miles.

The people across the aisle are perfectly lovely; the lady is gray haired, and such a darling she reminds me of you. We all went out on the back platform of the observation car this afternoon. Mr. Reynolds came out, too. It was almost dusk. The far hills were gray, the low bushes were gray, and we had a gray talk—about ghosts. Far away in the distance we saw something that looked like a ghostly rider with a long white lance. When the train stopped at the tiny station, we discovered that it was a boy carrying a huge yucca stalk hung with creamy white balls. Mr. Reynolds bought the stalk; I'll put one of the blossoms in this letter.

Mr. Reynolds says the spookiest place he ever saw is the old chapel at San Juan Capistrano Mission. He says he has been in there once or twice in his life after dark; and that once or twice in his life after dark he has believed in ghosts. The Mission fathers held service there while the main part of the church was being finished. There is a flight of stairs at one end of the chapel leading to the choir loft where a priest was found dead years ago. No one goes in there now. I suppose the night has been shut in so long that it is positively inky. There is some more about it that I won't write you now for it would worry you *fearfully,* and there is no use in your being worried about me at all. Mr. Reynolds said he was sorry he had said anything about it; but it was too late to be sorry. I just write you this so in case anything *does* happen to me you'll know he wasn't to blame. You know I always have been fascinated by the old Missions. Now don't worry!

To-morrow morning we reach Los Angeles. Don't expect a letter from me soon. I shall be too busy to think.

Love to everybody,

KITTY.

MY DEARS:

Here I am in Los Angeles. Aunt Charlotte met me at the station. She was horrified to see me talking with a stranger, but when she learned he was one of The Reynolds, she brought out her Colonial Dame manners and was perfectly lovely.

She is giving me a heavenly time. We rush around all day sight-seeing till we are nearly dead, and rise up in the morning to get ten times more weary. We've found a lot of curio shops with old Spanish relics and unearthed a wonderful mystery. It fits in very nicely with the thing Mr. Reynolds told me and that I was afraid you would worry about. It sounds very gruesome and ghastly, and as you always read all my letters to Grandma and she is so timid I fancy I better not tell you about this one, either. I know you will be glad to have me so thoughtful about her, for I don't believe she'd sleep a *wink* if she knew about it.

The choirmaster of Aunt Charlotte's church was here to-day to ask me to sing in their church next Sunday. I had to make up a great many excuses to keep from telling the real reason for my refusal. I can't tell you, even, for it is part of the thing you would worry about; but Grandma's worry and yours are both connected with the San Juan Capistrano Mission, and we are going there to-morrow, so you will soon know the worst, if it is the worst. I hope it will all come out beautifully. I feel so important; and you know Sherlock Holmes always was my ideal. If you were here I'd be perfectly happy.

Here's a long distance hug from

KITTY.

It is too much trouble to date my letters. I think this is Tuesday.

MY DARLING MAMA:

Here I am with Aunt Charlotte at Capistrano. We are staying at a hotel. It is simply delightful. We came into a grocery store, and signed our names at the hotel register. Then we passed out at the rear door and climbed some stairs that lead to a back porch. Then we went down a long narrow hall and out on the front porch and into our room. The hotel is really the second story and the grocery store the first. It is lovely, and we have a fine view of the Mission from the upper porch. I think Missions rather bore Aunt Charlotte, but she likes this one.

I never knew Aunt Charlotte to be so interested in anything as she is in my finding the money that old priest had buried there. The worst of it is I lost the paper telling the exact place where the money is hidden in the old chapel. When I found it in that queer old book in the store, I showed it to a Spanish friend of auntie's, who translated it for me. He was frightfully excited, for the girl it will belong to if it is found is the one he is engaged to, and they are both as poor as poor can be and have been waiting perfect ages for money enough to be married and keep house. He wanted to start right away to look for it, but I begged so hard to do it that he gave up. At any rate, he couldn't very well leave his music pupils. And now I've lost the description of the place. I am certain it was in my handbag with my calling cards, and that the bag hung on my arm all the time, but it's gone now. I only hope some honest person will find it. This is the mystery I thought Grandma would worry about.

Yours with love unmitigated,
KITTY.

I don't feel a bit like Sherlock Holmes.

MY DEAR:

Well, your beloved child Kitty is safe, but not entirely sound; and here's the way it all happened.

Last night Aunt Charlotte and I started out on our adventures. We had been worrying all day about that paper I lost, and I thought it was a good time to carry out that plan I made when Mr. Reynolds told me about the old chapel that night on the train. When you have one worry, nothing makes you forget it so soon as another worry.

I wish you could have seen the old Mission in the dazzling white moonlight. The whole place seemed asleep; there wasn't a sound. The wind had died away, and not a leaf stirred in the beautiful old garden. We were breathless with the wonder and beauty of it all. That is, Aunt Charlotte was. I was breathless because I was frightened. For if the light was bright, think what the shadows were! I felt shivery when I opened the door to the deserted chapel, and looked in at the blackness. Then I wished I hadn't told Mr. Reynolds that I wasn't afraid to go there alone and sing at midnight. This is the thing I thought you would worry about.

Outside the door poor, bewildered Aunt Charlotte sat on a stone and waited for me. When she gave me the lighted candle to carry, and I saw how her hand trembled, I felt brave as anything; it's good for you some times to have to be brave for two.

I took the candle in one hand and picked up my skirts in the other and stepped into the quintessence of night. A mean little wind puffed and blew at my candle. I couldn't help wondering if the dead priest really cared that I was there. It seemed as if he were following me up the narrow stairs, and my heart was thumping terribly; but I knew I must begin, so I sang that song you like:

"It was the very noon of night, the stars
above the fold
More sure than clock or chiming bell the
hour of midnight told."

When suddenly a great white something rose from the other end of the chapel and came toward me. I didn't dare to stir; but just as it almost touched me, the wind found the candle light, and in the horrible darkness I screamed and ran stumbling down the stairs. And that's all I remember. They got me to the hotel safely; but my ankle is badly sprained and aches fearfully.

My room is full of roses and oleanders and I am very happy indeed in spite of the pain. Love,

KITTY.

P. S.—Wasn't it the *strangest* thing that Mr. Reynolds found my handbag and that valuable paper? He was waiting till night to look in the adobe wall for that money for me when I came in to sing. He saw the great white owl flying toward me in the darkness; but didn't have time to warn me. If he hadn't helped Aunt Charlotte bring me to the hotel I don't know what we should have done.

MY DEAR MAMA:

There isn't time to write a letter. This is just a note to tell you my ankle is nearly well. I can't understand Aunt Charlotte. She was just crazy to get to Coronado, but she seems perfectly contented here; and has suddenly developed a mania for taking long walks alone, though you know she has always loathed them. I should be very lonely if it were not for Mr. Reynolds. Lovingly,

KIT.

DARLINGEST MAMA:

My ankle is all well. Mr. Reynolds and I went over to the old Mission last night and worked and fussed and poked till we were all worn out, and finally we found that wonderful hidden money. They are old, old mouldy coins that don't look fit to be thrown away, but Mr. Reynolds says he knows a man who will go simply crazy over them. It seems the man needs these very dates to complete his series. And now that beautiful little Spanish girl will not have to wait much longer for her home and happiness. Isn't it a too-good-to-be-true story?

Love to everybody from

KATE.

MY DEAR DARLING MAMA:

We've changed all our plans, and leave to-night for home. Aunt Charlotte is writing you a fourteen-page letter, but I'm too happy to write. I thought the little Spanish girl was the happiest girl in the world, but I am a million times happier. I ought to tell you in our own particular corner in your room, but I can't wait to tell you that Van Allen and I are engaged. He's coming North with us, of course, and I wish we could bring the old Mission along, too. But we must leave it here to be a blessing to some other lovers, maybe, in the years to come.

With dearest love from your happy

KATHRYN.

IN THE HOME FOR AGED PEOPLE

By Horace Seymour Keller

In The Home For Aged People, where the hours come and go,
Burdened with the falt'ring footsteps of Old Time who's dragging slow,
Was an aged couple seated by a window looking out
On a garden desolated, where the lilies used to float.
Ah! the old man, he was sighing as he tapped the window pane;
He was dreaming of the joys nevermore to come again.
But his partner, she was smiling, and she leaned to him and said,
As she softly laid her fingers on his bended silver head:
"Why this sighing and repining, why this sadness and distress?
See, the spring again is coming with its flowers all to bless.
Underneath the snow that glistens, cold and chilly, ne'er forget,
Is the crocus that's awaiting, and the tender violet."

"And beneath the snow they're sleeping—all the loved ones that we knew.
I am lonely here without them, they were all so sweet and true.
Ah! I'm lonely for the voices that I nevermore shall list,
For the faces that have left us and have vanished in the mist."
"They have gone away and left us? Never! Joys cannot die,
That are safely gathered, dearest, in the mansions of the sky.
As the flowers wait the coming of the sunshine and the rain—
All our dear ones they will greet us, and will welcome us again."
"But I'm lonely here without them; I have waited, ah! so long,
And my ears are hungry, dearest, for the old familiar song."
"Soon you'll hear it, soon you'll greet them. Peace, be patient, you and I:
There's no home for aged couples in the mansions of the sky."

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THOMAS W. LAWSON, OF BOSTON.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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THOMAS W. LAWSON'S BOSTON HOUSE, CHARLESGATE, EAST.

LAWSON OF BOSTON, THE CITIZEN, THE EMPLOYER, AND THE MAN OF FAMILY

By Joseph Lewis French

THE most talked about and least known individual on the American continent to-day is Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. The sum of general knowledge about him is epitomized in the descriptive phrase that has become a part of his name before the people. "Of Boston" is about all everybody knows about the man who, like a new St. George with sword and spear, has invaded the lair of the twentieth century dragon—"Frenzied Finance."

Perhaps the comparison is not a good one; for the fact remains that however splendid a figure the Boston financier may make before the masses as the self-appointed champion of sound finance, the foe of inflation and fraud among the great money powers of the country, his compeers are always satisfied to believe that there is a personal aim, an intimate selfish motive, behind every move that he makes. While the past history of the man and his career, up to the present moment would warrant this general assumption, it cannot be doubted that he is speaking the truth now; and that the outcome of his present crusade against Wall Street and the monopolists will react to the interests of the whole people, rich and poor alike, simply as an example of contemporary exposure.

Lawson's current crusade, the two salient features of which are the remarkable (alike for style and matter), series of articles now running in a publication and the trenchant utterances over his own signature in the daily papers, which have come to be known as "Lawsongrams," is without a parallel in the history of civilization. Without any genuine literary merit the articles in the magazine hold the reader's close attention by sheer force of the personality behind them. It is true Lawson knows a good story and how to tell it, in such a way as to bring out the point, but he is entirely devoid of literary conscience, and only cares to score. And, after all, that is about all the American people cares for. So just at present we have Lawson in full armor, centre of the stage and full limelight. He is more than dividing the honors of current notoriety with the man whom at many points he much resembles, Theodore Roosevelt, and while the general public does not seem to be exactly sure of him, or just what he is up to, we are all just now ready to cry "Banzai!" at the least suggestion of his name. The great fact about Lawson is that he appears to have the courage of his convictions, and the masses will always make way for such a man. Next to his utterances, the chief interest of course centres in his personality. In the case of most heroes of the hour the personal interest usually soon becomes rapidly abnormal. With regard to Thomas W. Lawson the careful observer will not have failed to remark that the interest is altogether normal. The people have been willing to accept Lawson so far, at his own valuation, although a personal interest in him is daily growing. Who and what manner of man is Thomas W. Lawson is now the paramount question of the hour.

The striking fact is that outside of Boston, of which he is altogether the most notorious product, absolutely nothing is known of him. "No man is a hero to his valet," says Thackeray, and the closer one gets to Boston, plain old primitive conservative Boston, somehow the closer one gets to the personality of the man who is shaking the kings of finance on their thrones. A Bostonian then is Lawson in every lineament and feature. Correct in his habits, while not altogether simple, as becomes the possessor of millions; a good family man, a good citizen, a good churchman, he is one who, outside of his unappeasable fighting instincts, would never attract any manner of attention, except as a model citizen of this republic. Almost the first thing the Bostonian who has the pleasure of Lawson's personal acquaintance will tell you is that his family relations are ideal. Of magnificent physique and splendid health at 47, with that unfailing good judgment, good nature and generosity, which often accompany these two ideal attributes in a parent, he is the natural leader and chosen companion of his children. These are now growing up about him, the son at Harvard, the daughters his cherished companions at home. A marked literary feeling has always distinguished Mr. Lawson and he keeps keen pace with the world of letters through his eldest daughter, who reads the current book reviews to him weekly. At home, at his town house in the Back Bay, the Saturday evening always finds a united family. The son is over from Cambridge, and the financier has laid down the gage of battle, over Sunday at least, and is the father of his family and the companion of his children for the ensuing thirty-six hours. On Sunday morning, and one may be sure the breakfast is the typical Boston one of baked pork and beans and brown bread, the family repairs to church together. In the afternoon a quiet drive; in the evening, home and the distractions of a cheerful fireside. Whatever is done by the Lawsons is always done *en famille.* This has passed into a proverb

"DREAMWOLD HALL," MR. LAWSON'S COUNTRY HOUSE, WITH VIEW OF GARDEN IN REAR.

in Boston society. If it is a theatre during the week, not one or two, but all the members of the family, may be seen in the box, the financier himself the most interested member of the group. Caring little for general society the Lawsons have always been sufficient unto themselves; and it is unlikely that a happier family or a better ordered menage exists in this broad land to-day.

In the summer the scene of domestic felicity is transferred to Egypt where, on his broad and splendid domain, Lawson lives the life of a country gentleman. "Dreamwold" has cost its owner over two million dollars, and is absolutely unique in the character of its appointments as a country seat reflecting as it does purely the personal tastes of its owner. For Lawson is a man of such a grade of general intelligence as to be perfectly capable of dictating every detail of so extensive an establishment. With family headquarters at "Dreamwold," a goodly part of the pleasures of the summer are inspired by the sea near at hand, for the builder of "Independence" and quondam "cup defender" is a passionate yachtsman.

Next to the harmony that molds the inner domestic circle is the harmony that prevails in every department and detail of the Lawson households. There never lived an employer who was better loved for his generosity; there never lived a servant who more willingly served than each and every unit of the small army of personal attendants of the Lawson family. While it may sound like an exaggeration to the great public who has its glimpse of this man only as a fighter, it is a simple fact attested by all who have come in contact with him as an employer, and certainly this is the surest vantage ground of judgment, that generosity with Thomas W. Lawson is a second nature. Not by great gifts to public institutions does he make this trait manifest, but by the surer means of a constant stream of ever-recurring bene-

SOUTH VIEW AND APPROACH TO "DREAMWOLD HALL."

factions to those who are dependent upon him.

When "Dreamwold" was building, five years ago, it was a matter of common gossip in Boston that the specially selected corps of artisans and workmen employed on the place received a daily allowance of food, which in quantity and quality was equal to the ordinary ration of any guest at a good hotel. On the afternoon that "Independence" was launched, one thousand gold pieces, varying in amount from twenty dollars to five, were distributed among the workmen and others directly interested in the event. As Christmas approaches each year, one of the clerks in the offices of Lawson, Arnold & Co., goes through the tall building on State Street and gets the name of every man officially connected with it down to the humblest window-washer, and on the holiday each one is the recipient of a substantial gift from Thomas W. Lawson. Instances like this could be multiplied to fill a volume. They are characteristic of the man, who, since good fortune has come to him, gives with both hands and who yet, as unerringly guided in his benefactions as in his business affairs, never throws away a dollar. Still, it can be said of Lawson, as of few men, that he gives for the mere joy of giving. He is a big-hearted Irishman, much of the general type of the late Senator Fair, of California, whose principal pleasure it was in his declining years to walk forth of a morning with his pockets full of coin, which he bestowed until the last one was gone. Many are the tales told, too, of men who have touched bottom in unfortunate speculation and come back to Lawson to be handed the check that has started them again on the road to fortune.

The twin personal facts about the man, then, seem to be: his life as a family man and his benevolence. But this is the story of many men, of most, if not all of those who figure to-day before the public in the cause which he has at once espoused and attacked. He, himself, has practically sworn to the probity, in the common, everyday sense of the term, of his opponents. "Who shall cast the first stone," says he in "Frenzied Finance," "at the private life of Rockefeller, of Rogers, of Addicks, of Schwab, even?" The present contest, then, in the eyes of the great public simply narrows itself down to a battle of the Titans. Lawson was beaten by "Standard Oil" in 1901. Grown strong he attacks his enemy with renewed courage in 1904. Reading between the lines, to the exponent of common logic, the moral of "Lawson" is simply that a man "cannot afford to be found out." So "the shouting and the carnage dies, the captains and the kings depart," and after the smoke has all cleared away, there remains only the everlasting truth, that dealing in stocks is a game at cards; that the commodity itself has an honest value, whether it be gold, or copper, or corn, or wheat, or oil, but that the shadow of the commodity is a thing no honest man may touch; and that the frenzied members of the community of high finance, of whom Lawson is through all the smoke and strife of their own vain conflict only the self-elected apostle, are, after all, but the atom of the conscience of any honest wage-earner of this American republic.

THE BLIND GOD

By Rebecca Middleton

I MET them one summer in Italy.

They were on their honeymoon, somebody derisively said.

He was a scholarly looking elderly gentleman—probably a professor of languages or expounder of fine arts in some high class college.

She was of the typical provincial down-east schoomarm type.

She was drying her hair one sunny morning in the sheltering court-yard attached to the old-fashioned "Pension" where we were all three staying.

She was sitting up primly upon the extreme edge of a shattered marble pedestal that had at one time held a Greek goddess. She wore a negligée of white cotton—atrociously ill-fitting and unbecoming—and the better to air and sun them—she had drawn like a veil, the dank strands of her faded hair about her thin shoulders and grim-jawed, sallow-complexioned face.

Anything so absolutely incongruous to Italian scenery and classical surroundings—so hopelessly plain and unattractive as this elderly spinster bride I thought I had never seen, and as I lay back in my lounging-chair pondering—as one will in idle moments—over the mystical law that had drawn any man to her—I heard a deep voice behind me exclaim:

"She looks like a Boticelli Madonna—does she not?"

And I turned to find myself confronting the woman's husband, who doubtless fancied he saw in my eyes the admiration that filled his own.

A YOUNG JAPANESE WIFE IN HER HOME.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF JAPAN

By William S. Birge, M. D.

With Special Illustrations

IN contemplating the women of Japan, they present themselves to us, as in our own country, in various grades of society, from the humble boat-woman and the noisy burden-bearer to the modest and retiring wife of the wealthy merchant, and the secluded but gaudy wives and daughters of the Mandarins.

Even in a hasty trip through Japan the stranger could not help noticing the condition of the women, in most every respect, is superior to that found in any other Asiatic country. The general principles which regulate the position of women in relation to man, such as her unquestioned inferiority and dependence, her absolute subjection to her hus-

JAPANESE MAIDENS ENJOYING A HEARTY MEAL.

band, if married, to her eldest son, if a widow, to her father as a girl, and to her elder brother, if fatherless, and the general laws and customs in regard to marriage, concubinage and divorce, are about the same as prevail in China. But marriage, the home and the family are certainly much more significant in Japan. The little family circle is much more left to itself, more free from the interference and demands of father-in-law and mother-in-law; the husband and wife manifest more affection for each other, heartily love their children, both male and female, and seem mutually to work together to create a pleasant and happy home.

Among the masses of the people their wants are few and easily supplied; their homes are very simple, their furniture very limited and cheap, and their clothing scant and inexpensive. The house is built of wood, light and airy, and generally only one story high. They are partitioned into rooms, not by permanent walls, but by sliding frames or folding screens, so that they can alter almost at will the size and shape of the rooms. The floors are covered with mats made of straw and rushes several inches thick, so that they serve at once for seats after the peculiar fashion in which the Japanese sit, and for beds—a Japanese simply folding himself in his outer coat and stretching himself on the matted floor, resting his head on a peculiarly shaped pillow. The window frames are all movable, generally filled with oiled paper instead of glass. The furniture of the house is on the same simple plan. A Japanese, no matter what his rank or wealth, has but little furniture. The room looks always bare and empty. A few shelves hold some cups and saucers, and there are generally several small trays on stands. There are no chairs, and the tables are low, small and plain. As to the kitchen, one or two small movable stoves, a few pans of metal and some brooms are all that are needed. Everywhere, however, you will admire the cleanliness observed in these homes.

Marriage is universal, the great problem which disturbs so many in western countries—how to keep a wife and home—being unknown. Their future house is taken, containing three or four little rooms, in which clean mats are put.

A JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN AT TOKIO.

Each, then, brings to the housekeeping a cotton-stuffed quilt and a box of wearing apparel for their own personal use; a pan to cook the rice, a half-dozen large cups and trays to eat off, a large tub to bathe and wash in, and the great problem of home and family is solved.

The Japanese young women have very pleasant features, a complexion in general of a soft pale brown, which, in the higher ranks of society, becomes still paler, and by no means so pleasant. The features vary greatly from heavy, stolid coarseness, to a shape and expression of delicacy and refinement, showing that the Japanese are evidently a mixed race. I do not think that the young women add at all to their natural charms by their arts of adornment. On a gala day they may be seen by thousands about the temples and other public places richly and even beautifully dressed, but their faces, necks and busts besmeared with white paint or powder, several brownish triangular spots painted on their necks, and the natural pink of the lips rendered disgusting by a layer of red paint. The miserable customs which prevailed for centuries in Japan, of the married women coating their faces and bosoms with powder, painting their lips, plucking out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth, giving them a really repulsive appearance, thanks to the new influences that are now operating so vigorously in Japan, are rapidly passing away, and another generation will undoubtedly show less contrast between the handsome daughters and the homely mothers.

The traveler will at once be impressed by the far greater freedom of action and publicity enjoyed by the Japanese women than those of the other Asiatic countries, and by the greatly less burdens of labor imposed on them. Indeed, she has been treated for ages in Japan as a human being of a gentler sex than that of the man. She has always received more or less of education, has been taught various arts and accomplishments, can write and read, play several instruments of music, and some have raised themselves to positions of high consideration in literature and art. The new civilization finds ready acceptance among the women and girls, and the new and greatly enlarged movement in the direction of female education finds a prepared people among

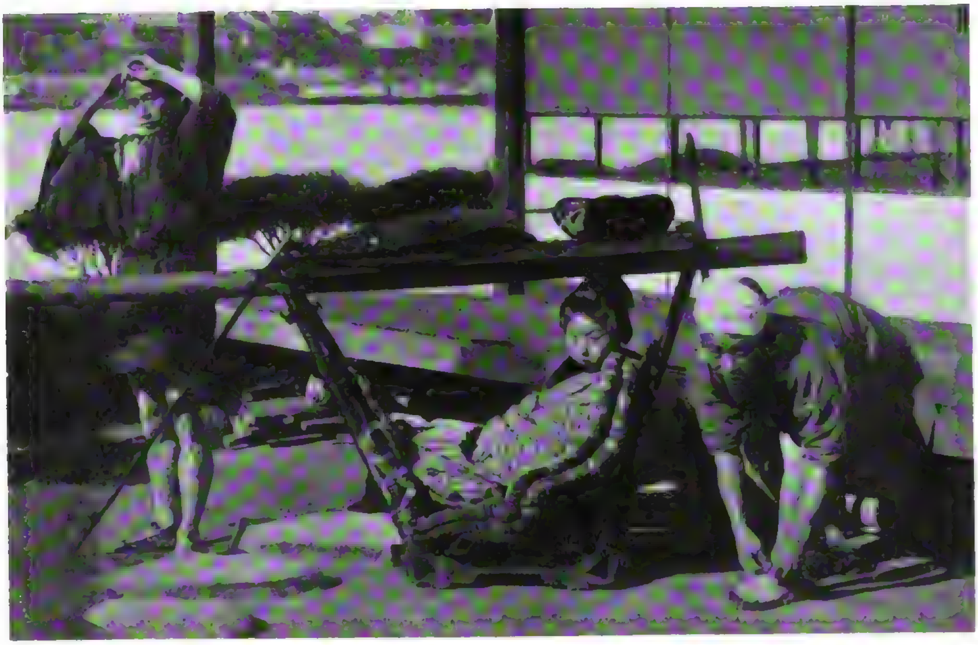
A TYPICAL RESIDENCE STREET IN OSAKA.

VIEW OF THE FAMOUS FALLS NEAR TOKIO.

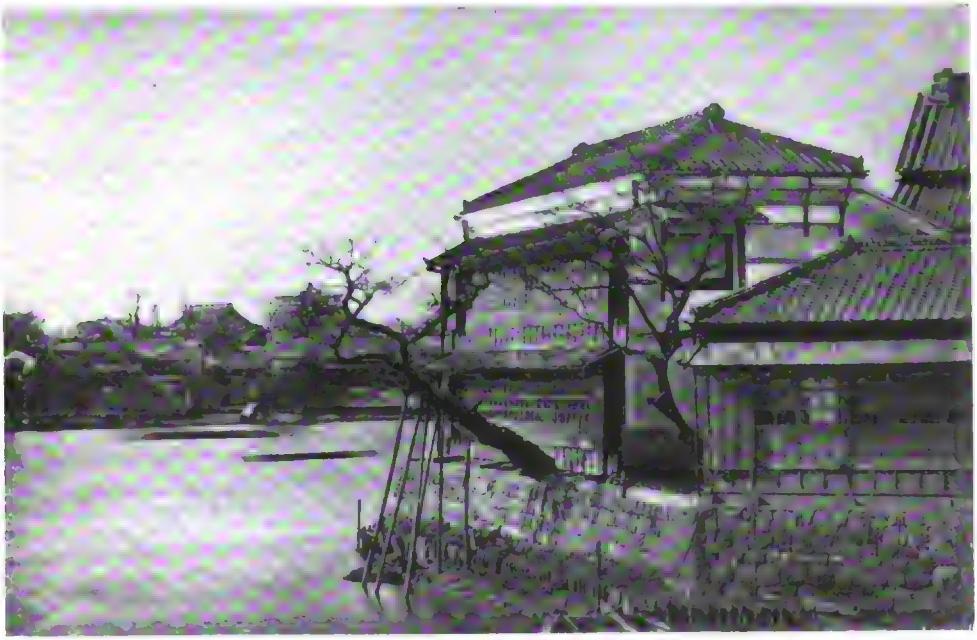
JAPANESE GIRLS ENGAGED IN PAINTING SCROLLS.

the women, who enter into it with enthusiasm and success. It was a pleasing sight to see a half-dozen bright, pleasant looking girls in the car from Osaka to Kobe buy the daily papers, and sit down quietly to read them, and not at all unhuman to see the same girls now and then cast coquettish glances at two or three fine-looking young Japanese gentlemen in the same car. Another time in riding from Tokio to Yokohama, the past winter, I saw a party of four young men and three quite pretty and gaily-painted young women in the same car, who were having a glorious time. They had two or three bottles of various liquors, oranges and fancy cakes, and they ate, drank and sang, besides playing jokes on each other and frolicking like so many kittens. You may travel the whole length of the Chinese Empire and never witness such a scene. A Chinaman's sense of dignity is too great to allow him to unbend in public sufficient to carouse in such an open manner.

A feature in the life of Japanese women that ought not to pass unnoticed, because I believe it is greatly misunderstood, and, in consequence, often wrongly stated, is the belief by many that licentiousness is the first and characteristic trait of these women, and that ordinary chastity is next to unknown in Japan. This is certainly a mistaken view. Wifely infidelity in the Japanese courts is punished most severely, and there is no reason to believe that there is any more infidelity among the wives of Japan than in other nations claiming a higher degree of civilization. The Japanese maiden is an anomaly among Asiatic women. She is bright, gay, affable, free; seems to have but little if any sense of delicacy in the exposure of her person; in former years would be found with other girls and women promiscuously mixed with men in the public baths, and multitudes of them (many, however, involuntarily), are leading lives of shame. These last, however, are scarcely ever seen on the streets. The Yoshiwara is an institution in many of its features peculiar to Japan. Most of the inmates are purchased for life or hired for a term of



A YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN OF WEALTH PAYING CALLS.



THE HOUSES ARE BUILT OF WOOD, LIGHT AND AIRY, AND ONLY ONE STORY HIGH.

A JAPANESE HOME CIRCLE CONSISTING OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW, THE WIFE AND YOUNG DAUGHTER.

years. Of this institution I have nothing to say here, except to affirm my belief of the truth as stated in these words of Mr. Wiley, a missionary, who resided many years in Japan: "The Japanese maiden, as pure as the purest Christian virgin will, at the command of her father, enter the brothel to-morrow and prostitute herself for life (or for a term of years). Not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, and to disease, premature old age, and the grave she goes joyfully. The staple of a thousand novels, plays and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, and refrains because her purchase money has enabled her father to pay his debts, and she is bound not to injure herself."

The Japanese maiden outside of these houses, is as much misunderstood by foreigners and other Asiatics as our bright, free, loquacious American girl generally is in Europe. Out of the public bath she will come with her toilet completed, a very picture of womanly reserve and modesty. Certainly no woman can be more decently clad than those of Japan. As to their indifference to personal exposure, we can only say it is a custom of the country. They live in a climate and country where men, women and children have been indifferent for ages to the covering of their persons. Fathers, brothers and husbands all sanction it, and, from childhood the feeling must grow up as effectually shielding them from self-reproach or shame as their sisters in Europe in adopting low dresses in the ball room or any generally adopted fashion of garments or amusements. There is in them no consciousness of wrong. It is to be remarked, however, that the sense of indelicacy is now springing rapidly into life in the presence of the full-clad foreigner, and the lightly-covered maiden or woman, perfectly unconscious of anything wrong in the presence of her own countrymen, will draw up her dress or conceal herself when the foreigner appears.

In taste and neatness of dress, in politeness, courtesy and etiquette, the Japanese lady is not easily surpassed in any country. In her love of her children and care for them, in her care for her home, its cleanliness and adornment, in her impulsive and affectionate nature, she will compare well with the women of any nation. Still, in her whole character, she suffers the repression and consequent degradation of her subordinate position. Her whole life and duty is summed up in one word—obedience, first, to her father, then to her husband, and then, if widowed, to her oldest son.

The literature, history and romance of the Japanese teem with instances of the woman's power and willingness to share whatever of pain or sorrow is appointed to man; valor, fortitude in affliction, greatness in the hour of death, filial devotion, wifely affection, in all the straits of life when codes of honor, morals and religion are tested; in the annals of persecution, in the red roll of martyrs, no names are brighter, no faces gleam more peacefully amidst the flames, or on the cross of transfixing spears, or on the pyre of rice-straw, or on the precipice's edge, or in the open grave about to be filled up, than the faces of the Christian Japanese women in the seventeenth century.

A BEGGAR BOLD

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

"I am a Beggar at your gate,
Yet will not kneel to humbly sue;
But boldly ask, ere 'tis too late,
You lift the latch and let me through."

"What will you do when you are in?
I pray of you, Sir Beggar, proud!"
"I'll steal your lips, your heart will win,
And keep you from the motley crowd.

"I'll blind the eyes that look on me,
And give to you of lotus flower;
Until your own liege Lord you see,
In me, the Beggar of an hour."

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

BERT LEVY, GHETTO ARTIST, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THE "BROADWAY MAGAZINE."

"A STRANGER AMONG HIS PEOPLE"

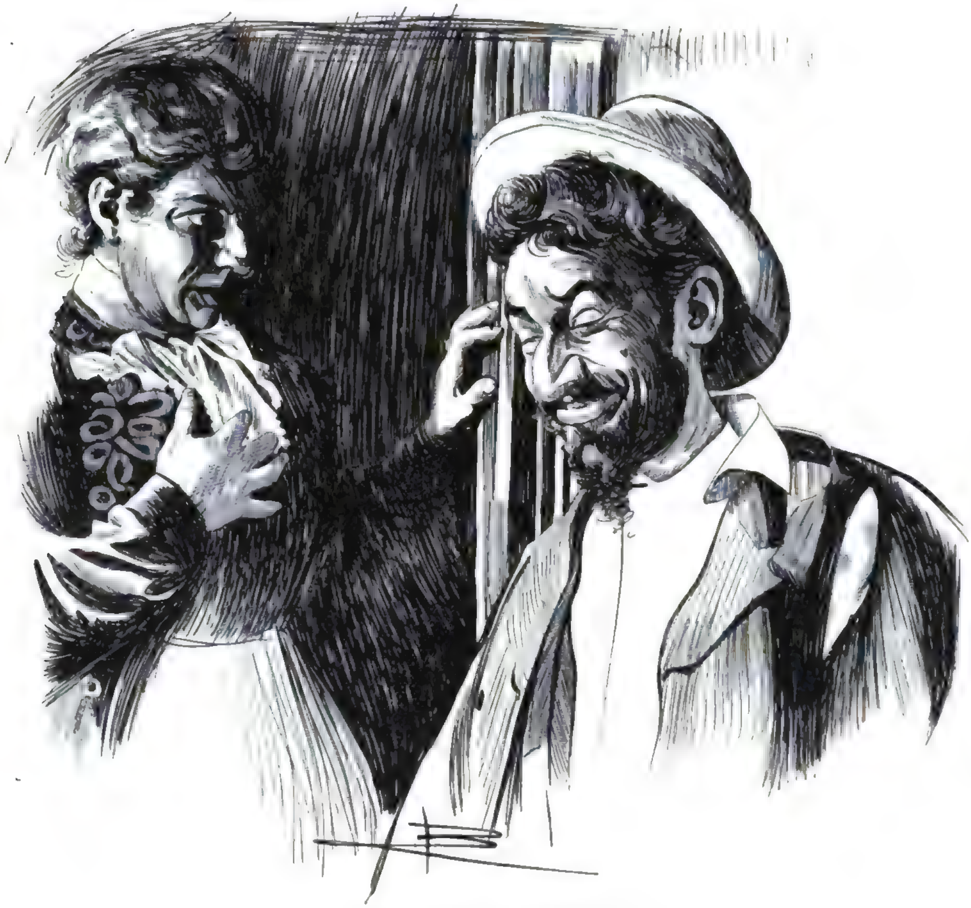
By Bert Levy

With Illustrations from the East Side Ghetto by the Author.

I STOOD for the first time in the Ghetto of Chicago, gazing at the face of a Christ-like old man. His deeply-furrowed, pathetic face, Rembrandtesque in its intensity of light and shade, told more eloquently than words the tragic story of his race. He was but the foreground to a scene of abject poverty, and as I gazed my heart sent forth to my lips the words:

"My God, so these are your chosen people!"

To leave the "Yidden" of my own dear native land, Australia, and to wander among my co-religionists of the Ghetto in any of the great cities of



A PRODIGAL SON OF THE GHETTO.

America, is indeed a violent contrast in emotion.

In the Ghettos of this wonderful country I stand "a stranger among my own people," for I understand not their tongue—yet what is it that stirs the emotion within me? It is that on every hand I see the faces of my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters. There it is—the same cast of features, the same action. The environment only is different. But the memory of my father's trials and tribulations, and the wealth of affection bestowed upon me by my mother make the tears come to my eyes, and I feel, as I move unnoticed among my people, the desire to cry out: "I am a Jew!"

Much has been written by the non-Jewish writers of the visible and sordid aspect of Ghetto life, but the charitable Christian, looking upon the face of the typical Ghetto Jew, will see the face of his Saviour, Jesus, for was not Jesus such a man as this?

To see the Jew as I have seen him in his home is to be inspired with pure and noble thoughts. Amid his pathetic environments he will light his "Shobbos" (Sabbath candles) and, surrounded by his ill-clad, hunger-stricken wife and children, lift the Kiddish Cup of wine and thank God who has given him "This life and the fullness thereof." The snow-white Shabbos (tablecloth) amidst the poverty-stricken furniture and surroundings is the high-light on a sombre picture, and one instinctively feels that here is a man whose God is not the dollar, but whose religion is his life.

It took many days of wandering among the great tenement houses in the Ghetto, on the East Side of New York, before I had gained sufficient of the confidence of my fellow Jews to enable me to eat with them. At length, however, the exhibition of a few of my sketches of Hebrew life gained me a few friends and an invitation to make "Shabbos" with one of them.

As I sat at the table in the rear of a poor little poultry shop on ———— Street, listening to the old father making "Shabbos" (reciting the Sabbath prayers), I looked about me, my heart full of pity.

The room was absolutely bare, with the exception of a table and chairs, which had been carried from the front shop, and the efforts that had been made to make the place presentable to receive me were painfully apparent.

Beyond, through the shop windows, we could see the Ghetto streets teeming with sordid life. Thousands of poor mothers and fathers, with ill-clad children, were slowly making their way to the river side for a breath of fresh air. Worried and worn looking people were lying about on the fire escapes, sidewalks and doorsteps.

The evidences of a struggle for mere existence were on every hand, and I marveled at the wonderful and beautiful faith of the old man who lifted the cup of wine and thanked God for "This life and the fullness thereof."

Still more did I marvel, when, at the conclusion of the scanty meal, the father closed his eyes to "Bensh" (say grace), I observed the emotion with which he uttered the words in Hebrew. "We will bless our God of whose bounty we have partaken, and through whose goodness we live." This taught me more of contentment with my lot than I had ever known.

One of the most pathetic ceremonies of Jewish life is the "Minyan" (mourning for the dead). The bereaved family occupies low stools for a week after the funeral. Pictures and mirrors in the room are covered or turned toward the wall, and upon the mantelpiece stands a saucer in which a lighted wick floats in oil.

Every evening during the Minyan week the Rabbi holds a service in the house of death. Friends and neighbors crowd into the house for the service, and, after the ceremony, they pass before the low stools and, shaking hands with the mourners, wish each "a long life."

The Jew throughout the civilized world is taught from boyhood the beautiful "Kaddish" (prayer in praise of God, especially recited by male mourners), for some time during his life he will say it for a parent. Complete happiness comes not to a Jewish father or mother until a son is born unto them, for to be without a son is to be without a "Kaddish."

During my wanderings in the Ghetto one night I saw a mournful group before the door of a little second-hand shop. My Jewish blood instinctively told me that there was Minyan in the house, and as I crossed the road and stood at the door the recital of the "Kaddish" reached my ears. "Yiskadol—Ver Yiskkadosh," how familiar it sounded!

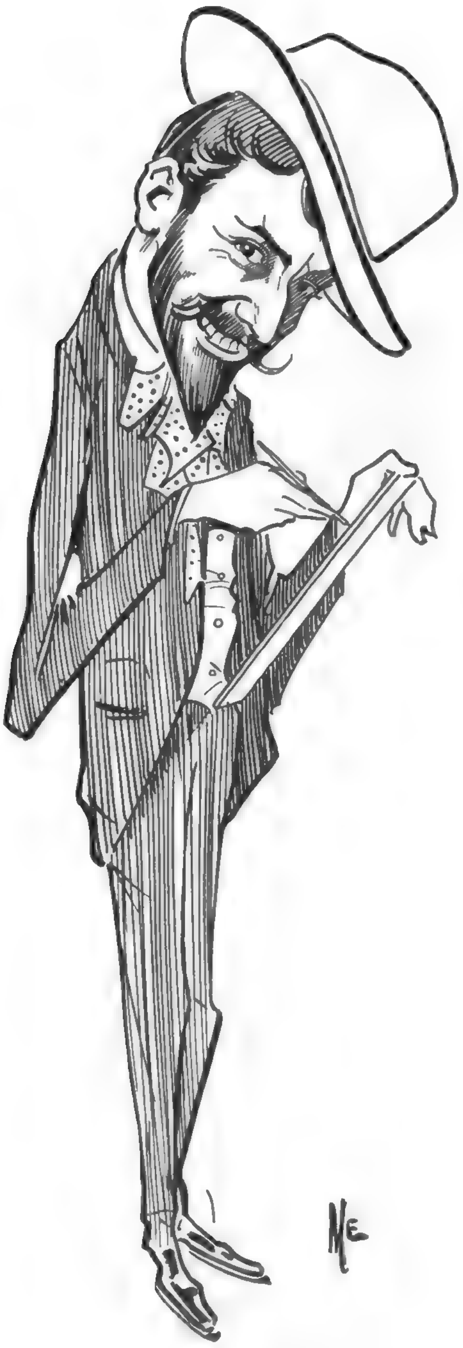
As the crowd in the inner room uttered the responses to the mourners' prayers, the words traveled along through the still more crowded shop to the group on the sidewalk, who reverently bowed their heads and repeated: "Amen."

Though a foreigner in a strange land, the beautiful "Kaddish," which I had learned at my mother's knee, bridged the gulf between these people and myself, and I went into the strange house and shook hands with the bereaved family, wishing them "long life."

Some day I will say "Kaddish" for some one dear to me, and I feel that if I have to say it in a strange land there will be people by me, who though I understand not their language, will take me by the hand and wish me a long life.

A weird old world custom among the orthodox Jews is cutting "Krea" (rending the garment, usually cutting the coat lapel) as a token of mourning.

I was taken to the house, or, rather, the back room in an immense tenement, of a characteristic old Russian Jew. His story is typical of many such.



AS BERT LEVY SEES HIMSELF.

After a life of persecution and suffering in his own country he had at last reached this land of liberty, of which he had heard and for which he had longed. Here, at least, he could worship his good God in peace.

His one ambition in life was to send for his wife, whom he had left in Russia until he could save enough to pay her passage here.

For months he had starved, prayed and saved so that his life companion might rejoin him. But a letter came instead. He sent for a neighbor to come and read it, for the old man's sight was growing dim. The neighbor, a countryman, told him as gently as possible that his beloved Leah was no more. The old man cut "Krea" and murmured in Yiddish: "The good God knows best." And now the dim light of the floating wick casts huge shadows of the pathetic old man as he sits turning the pages of his great age-stained prayer-book—alone with his sorrow.

To the student of human nature, the Ghetto is redolent of character-study, grave and gay. To turn from a group of happly, careless young people on the stoop of a tenement house to the poor old apple seller on the sidewalk, is to turn from humor to the deepest pathos.

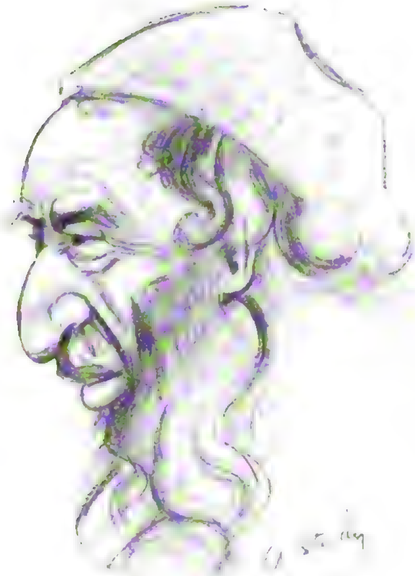
On the one hand, there is, in spite of the comparative poverty of the group on the steps, laughter and singing, the merry noise of dozens of playing children, but the old man sits for hours and hours unnoticed, and hopefully waiting for someone to patronize him, even to the extent of a single cent.

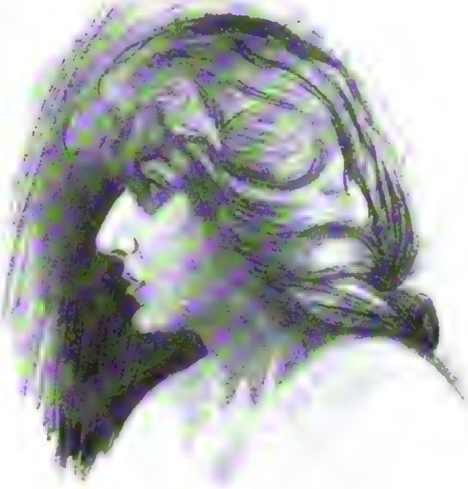
I stood for a long time watching that old man until my patience became exhausted, and I walked a few blocks away—only to return—for his presence fascinated me; besides, I wanted to find out how long it took him to sell a one-cent apple-on-the-stick.

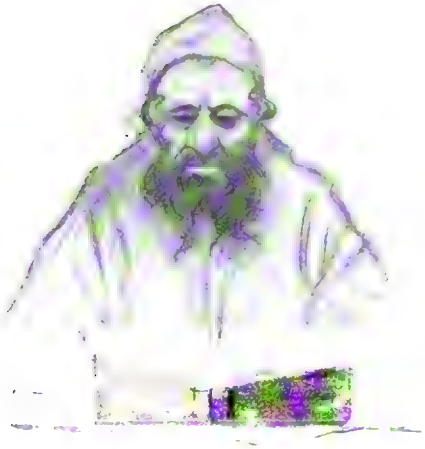
Not a soul spoke to him, it seemed, for hours.

What wonderful patience—the patience of his race, the patience of his religion, the patience born of thousands of years of persecution.

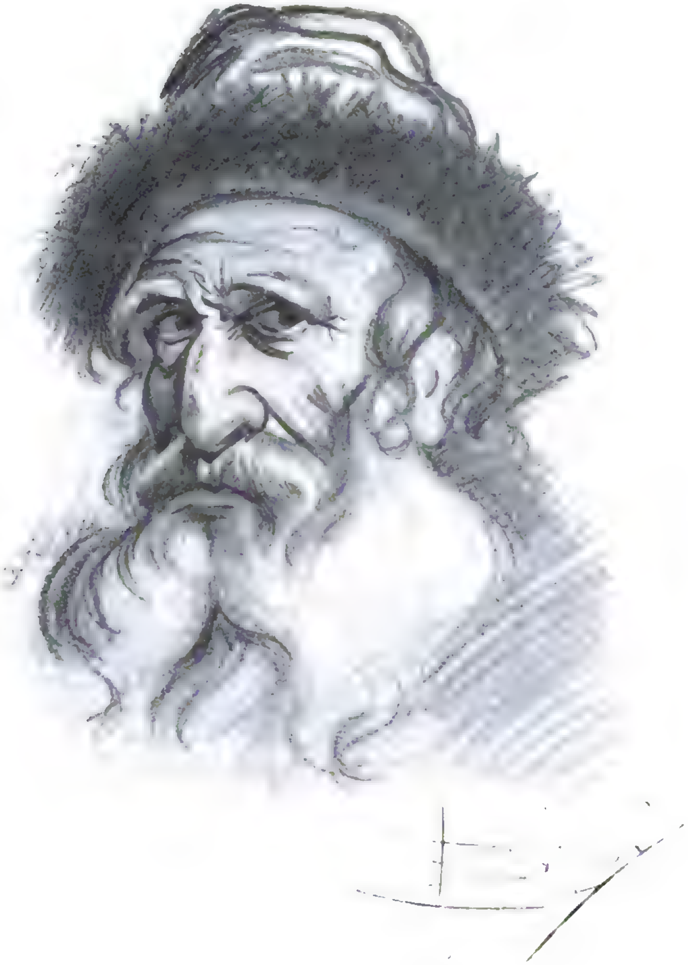
Every morning this old man rises and says his "Tephillin" (phylacteries, used







CHARACTER SKETCHES OF GHETTO TYPES DRAWN BY MR. LEVY IN HIS RAMBLES AMONG HIS PEOPLE ON THE EAST SIDE.



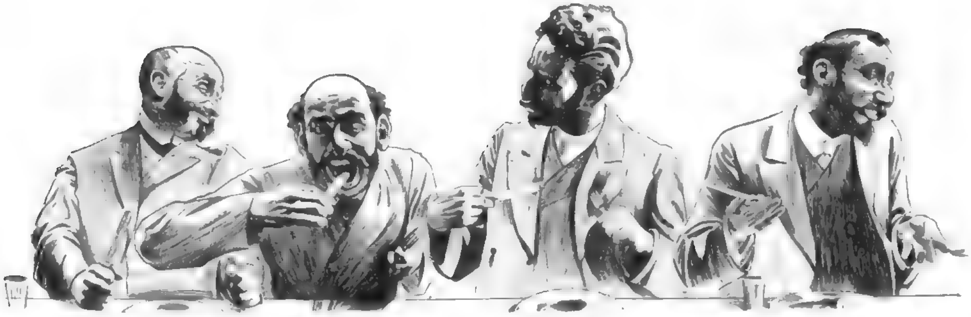
A STUDY FROM LIFE.

for morning prayers) by the gray light of the dawn and goes forth with a few apples and a box on which to place them for sale.

Through the long day he sits by the sidewalk, waiting, waiting. If he sells out his stock it means at the most from ten to fifteen cents, but more often than not he disposes of from three to four cents worth of apples. At sunset he returns to his room reverently touching the "Mezuzah" (case containing a scroll, with Hebrew verses—Deuteronomy vi., 4-9, 13-21—affixed to every door post). and, kissing the fingers that touched the scroll, he murmurs his thanks to the good God for the joys of the day.

The Jewish stranger, leaving the melancholy sights of the over-crowded portions of the Ghetto and coming, for the first time, upon the recreation piers and playgrounds of the district, feels a heart full of gratitude towards the American people, who have done so much to brighten the lot of these aliens.

Like a burst of glorious sunshine on a cloudy day is the sight of thousands of the little ones, almost mad with joy in their freedom among the swings, boats and apparatus built for their use.



AT A GHETTO RESTAURANT.

One realizes, after a few hours among these thousands of little ones, that America is their real and most loving parent. This fact came to me very forcibly when I walked among the playing children on a recreation pier by the riverside.

A neatly uniformed nurse politely requested me to keep outside the barrier. She explained that the authorities keep all adults outside, for "all possible space and fresh air are required for the children." The nurse went back to her duties, forming rings of playing, swinging children, most of them mere toddlers. Other attendants were reading, reciting or doing physical exercises which hundreds of children imitated at the word of command.

As I looked about me I could not find a child who was not of Jewish origin. Here were hundreds and thousands of the offspring of alien parents—parents who, when they left their own country, did not bring one solitary dollar to this—their new home.

Outside the barrier I saw a typical old Russian couple sitting together fast asleep. Now and again one of their children would rush from the enclosure and playfully try to awaken the old couple, but they were sleeping peacefully after the day's toil, happy in the fact, no doubt, that a paternal city government was nursing, amusing and exercising the limbs of their little ones, and, over all, were stalwart policemen on the steps of the pier to keep off intruders.

An Australian friend turned to me and remarked, as we gazed at the scene:

"After all, that big Statue of Liberty out there in the bay does mean something more than empty sentiment, and the Russian Jew in particular should bless the American people in his prayers."

To the imaginative mind, a visit to one of the "Ghetto schools" (synagogues) on the Sabbath morn is reminiscent of old-world pictures and fables. The strange symbolic airs chanted by the intensely emotional congregation, the special Hebrew melodies with their jingle of rhymes and assonances, which have come down to the Jew from the dim haze of antiquity, the many quaint and striking moments in the service, all go to make a deep impression upon the beholder.

Each male worshipper wears a "Talith" (praying shawl), and at the most sacred parts of the service, many of those present, in a frenzy of religious feeling, cover the heads with their "Talith" and bend almost to the ground in grief. This is especially so on "Yom Kippur" (the great day of atonement), when every Jew in the civilized world closes his place of business and attends synagogue, for it is on this day that the year's sins and transgressions are to be wiped out with prayer.

For twenty-four hours, sunset to sunset, the good Jew fasts on "Yom Kippur," and sits in the house of God, with prayer and supplication, calling upon the Almighty to be merciful and forgive his past sins, and when, at the end of the service, the "Shofar" (trumpet of ram's horn, blown during the penitential season) is sounded, he leaves the synagogue with his family, a happy and thankful ful man, full of good resolutions.

Crowded about the porticos of the Ghetto synagogue on the Day of Atonement are Jews from every quarter of the globe. Many and varied are the types, but, in the faces of all, there is that indescribable something which belongs entirely to the race. The Jew is never a stranger among his people.

IN THE PARK

By Aloysius Coll

I stood in the park at eventide;
By a red, red rose I stood,
And the rose-lips parted, wonder-wide,
At the flowery multitude
That knelt in the grass, adoring her—
But her heart was not for these;
Her breath was warm with the sweet of love,
But a love for the breeze—the breeze!

Primrose and modest violet,
And poppy with bended head
Adoring her in the grass, dew-wet,
Who pined for a lover, dead—
A lover that might no more return
Till the cycle of her years
Had wrapped her heart in a shroud of brown,
And a tomb of frozen tears.

But the red rose turned her head away
From the flowers at her feet—
The primrose, bright for its sleep all day,
Poppy and violet sweet;
They knelt in the grass, adoring her,
But her heart was not for these—
Her breath was warm with the fire of love,
But love for the breeze—the breeze!

I stood in the park at eventide,
By a red, red rose I stood,
And my mute lips parted, wonder-wide,
When out of the multitude
My love appeared, as from a dream—
My love—but her eyes were dim;
Her eyes were soft with a tender thought,
But a thought for him—for him!

I knelt, her adoring violet,—
I knelt in the evening grass;
I plead for a love that lingered yet,
And I would not let her pass;
I swore that he might no more return
Till the cycle of her years
Had wrapped her love in a broken heart,
And sealed it with her tears.

But my love, she turned her head away
From the worship at her feet;
The words she said were few and low,
Her voice was sad and sweet;
I knelt in the grass, adoring her—
As she turned her eyes were dim;
Her voice was soft with a word of love—
But a word for HIM—for HIM!

WANTED: 2,000 MEN TO SHOVEL SNOW.

REMOVING SIX MILLION CUBIC YARDS OF SNOW IN MANHATTAN BOROUGH

By Alfred P. Thorley

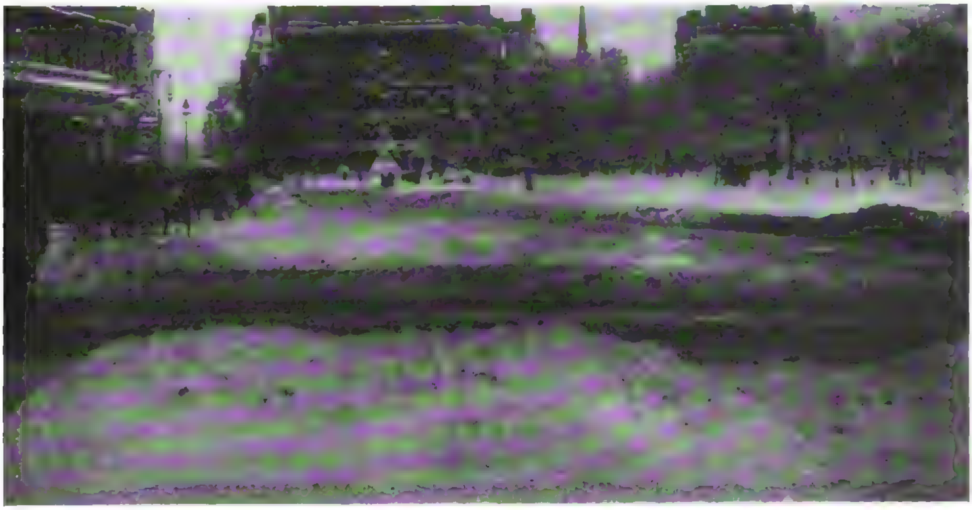
First Assistant Snow Inspector.

A FLURRY of snow, a word of command from headquarters, and at a moment's notice the Department of Snow Removal of the great Borough of Manhattan is ready to send out a force of ten thousand men with pick and shovel to clear a passageway for pedestrians and traffic. The snowflake is an insidious enemy to a city's well-being and commercial activity, but within twenty-four hours the ravages of the fiercest blizzard can be brought under control. Nature is held in check by the municipal science of the city fathers.

For the past twenty-three years our department has kept an elaborate system of charts, with colored markings, which give a record of every street handled by our gangs and every inch of snow removed. These records are interesting as a testimony to the growth of the city and the development of our snow removal system.

By referring to our first chart of 1881 I find that our department, then in its infancy, removed 23,000 loads of snow. A load, by the way, is rated a cubic yard and a half. A little more than ten years later in the season of 1892-3, with a fall of 77 inches of snow, 86,213 loads were removed; in 1899 there was a fall of 58

STREET CLEANERS AT WORK ON FOURTH AVE. NEAR EIGHTEENTH STREET.



THE INTERSECTION OF FIFTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH, DURING A SNOW STORM.

THE LAFAYETTE STATUE IN UNION SQUARE IN A MIDWINTER STORM.

inches only, and a clearing away of one million loads, and our latest records of 1903-4 show that our men covered forty-three million square yards of area in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. About six million cubic yards of snow were removed, 987 miles of streets were cleaned, and from seven to ten thousand men were given employment during each of the twenty-five days and nights of actual work.

It is curious to note that during the last twelve years the average fall of snow is rarely above 35 inches. A decrease of about one-half in comparison to previous years, but, as a matter of fact, our department would rather handle fifty inches of freshly fallen snow, than two inches of a "frozen over thaw." In the winter of 1902-3, for instance, our work was carried on under the most adverse circumstances—the worst in the history of our department. Not only were the streets torn up through the internal upheaval of the subway, but no sooner did an inch of snow fall upon this chaos of construction, than it became a dangerous sheet of ice; our men had actually

THE GREAT VANDERBILT MANSION, FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH TO 58TH STREET.

UNION SQUARE DURING A BLIZZARD, WITH VIEW OF COFFEE WAGON.

IN LINE FOR A JOB AT THE SNOW STATIONS AT 6 A. M.

to hammer it out inch by inch. We generally allow a day's work of eight hours for every inch of snow.

Our work includes the three boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. In Manhattan and the Bronx the work is done by contract; in Brooklyn it is handled by department officials. The city is divided into districts, and the districts are distributed among a certain number of gangs, each gang wearing a badge of a distinguishing color and under the charge of a foreman. The latter is appointed by the contractor. He is a salaried official of the department, and this work is a part of his office routine. He, in his turn, is under the supervision of the district superintendent, who makes a tour of his district and telephones the condition of affairs to headquarters every two hours. All day long and throughout the night this two-hour report is sent in, so that an exact and minute tab is kept on every inch of ground covered by our men.

The dump streets are cleaned first. It is absolutely necessary as a preliminary that these avenues of rescue should be opened for the carts. Chaos would otherwise be the alternative. This rule leads to misunderstanding by those who look on without a knowledge of the workings of our machinery. We are occasionally accused of devoting our energies to unimportant streets to the neglect of important ones. We have a schedule that we carry out with mechanical regularity. From Fourteenth Street down, everything is cleaned on the West Side. From Houston Street down, everything is cleaned on the East Side. Above that, all thoroughfares north and south are cleaned, and up to Fifty-ninth Street the crosstown streets are covered as well. After that the transit in the Bronx is opened by Third Avenue and the Boston Road as far as Westchester.

The snow removal men are not to be confounded with our regular street cleaning force—the so-called "White Wing

SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WM. C. WHITNEY, CORNER 68TH ST. AND FIFTH AVENUE, RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR $1,600,000 BY THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, "SILENT SMITH."

THE LINCOLN STATUE IN UNION SQUARE.

Brigade." The latter are regularly employed by the city at a salary of $60 per month and have the same status as any other uniformed official.

The men who compose our snow removal gangs are a curious lot—men down on their luck, the most of them starving and without a penny in their pockets. It is oftentimes the stepping stone to better things; it is sometimes the last desperate effort of a man who is a failure, to claim a right to live. The university man, the lawyer, the doctor, the actor, stand by the side of the newly arrived emigrant. It is a certain and an honest day's labor of eight hours at the rate of 25 cents an hour.

No questions are asked. The man gives his name, and after declaring he is an American, he is provided with pick and shovel and assigned to a gang. Every district is provided with one and sometimes two station houses where the men can apply for a job. It is recognized as a sort of institution for the "down on their luck." It is a sad sight to watch the great crowd of cold and hungry men massed around these district centers in the early hours of the morning, waiting for this last poor chance to prove themselves honest and a worker among men. The gangs are put to work at seven in the morning. At four o'clock the second squad goes on and, if necessary, is kept at it until midnight and even through the entire night.

There was a time when every applicant had to appear with his pick and shovel. Nowadays these are supplied by the contractor, and I am sorry to say that last year there was a deficit of about two thousand shovels. This year we are making an effort to prevent the possibility of theft by painting our instruments a brilliant red and placarding our ownership in black lettering.

Is there any show of promotion for the man in the gang? Is he ever by any chance inspired with an ambition to rise to a higher level? As a matter of fact, he gets out of it as soon as he can. Indeed, in spite of our efforts, it is difficult to keep the same men in a gang during the clearing away of a storm, but there is in this work, as in all others, a chance to prove one's calibre. An especially earnest and efficient man is apt to attract the attention of his foreman, and in this way he will have a chance to be asked to assist him in keeping note of the men and their punch tickets. The notice of the foreman, who comes directly from the office of the department, may possibly lead to promotion of some kind.

But as yet there is no record in our department of a man from the gang ever rising to a position of importance, and as I mentioned before, we have been keeping records for the past twenty-three years.

THE SNOW MOTHER

By Walter Beverley Crane

Swift a little snowflake courier,
 In advance of all the rest,
Came to tell me of your coming,
 Mother pure and mother blest.
Swiftly, softly, came he riding,
 Muffled were his mount's white feet;
Fluttered by, and faded from me,
 Ghost-like in his quick retreat.

And I longed to see you, mother,
 Once again my head to rest
On the whiteness of your bosom,
 On the stillness of your breast.
Wrap me in your arms, white mother,
 Clothed anew for my long rest.
Pure my sleep, ah, deep my slumber
 On the stillness of your breast!

Like a mighty jewelled army,
 Rich with plunder from the north,
Mustered, then, your vanguard, mother,
 By the Snow King ushered forth.
Fell upon the earth these millions,
 Sweeping clear the path for you,
For on velvet white and flowing,
 Comes the Snow Queen to review.

Holds her court within the forest—
 Palace made of gnarléd ice;
Windows closed by winds of winter—
 Windows never opened twice.
To your chamber, white and icy,
 Take me, mother, for my rest;
Even though the court hold revel
 There is stillness on your breast.

Drifting are the years, white mother,
 Into realmless, shapeless forms,
Buried like my heart, white mother,
 Underneath the past's wild storms.
I would dream awhile, white mother,
 Wake me with the whispering spring,
She will make me over, mother,
 When the earth begins to sing.

Cool my fever, snow white mother,
 Lull me, soothe me, bring me rest;
He who once had called me brother
 Loved the stillness of your breast.
Wrap me in your arms, white mother,
 I will wake with whispering spring,
She will make me over, mother,
 When the earth begins to sing.

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 14 YEARS.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A SCHOOLBOY

By Edmund Lyons

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to skye.

Give me again all that was there,
  Give me the sun that shone,
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
  Give me the lad that's gone!
    STEVENSON.—*Songs of Travel.*

IT was my good fortune to have known Robert Louis Stevenson as a schoolboy; in fact, we were schoolboys together. And to have known him was to have loved him. While he was undoubtedly the greatest man I ever knew, I shall endeavor to give my impressions of him exactly as I remember him and as I would of any other of my old schoolfellows. And I think that it is in these early years that we see somehow clearest. At any rate, looking back on early days, I always get a far more vivid impression than of what happened yesterday or five years ago. My remembrance of Stevenson begins when he was a lad of fourteen attending the academy on Bourne Street in Edinburgh. The academy, while a private institution, got many of the bright graduates from the public schools, and was considered the best school of its grade in Edinburgh, which meant in Scotland. We were taught Latin, Greek and French, the higher mathematics and a smattering of the sciences. The education was what would be called classical, of about the same grade as that of Eton or Harrow. My father, who was a theatre owner and manager, at Dundee, fifty miles away, had sent me thither in the hope of giving me so much education that I would not care to become a strolling player, and I was afterwards sent to the University of St. Andrews with the same end in view. But all to no purpose. For an actor I have been for thirty years and before the New York public for the last decade and a half of that period.

I shall never forget a conversation I had with the author of "Treasure Island," just before I left St. Andrews,

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT THE AGE OF 6 YEARS.

where he was then himself attending lectures, in which as young men who saw life stretching out before them we discussed the future. I always had a strong penchant for letters, which was, perhaps, the greatest bond of fellowship between "Bob" and myself (many a day we have read and ranted Shakespeare together), and at this last talk, with my career as yet undecided (except by *myself!*), Stevenson besought me to stick to the muse. It was a long talk and a serious one, but finally I convinced him. I shall never forget his final words, as he shook my hand at parting: "Well, Teddy, go and act; I'm going to write." The whole world knows and loves Stevenson to-day. He is, in fact, one of the immortals. Still, I have never regretted my choice of a profession. I believe it was simply Kismet. And I believe it was no more (or less) in his case.

When I first knew Stevenson at the academy he was a smallish, very lanky lad, with promise of growth in him, but very frail in comparison son with the average Scotch lad. His face was usually pale and his hair fell over it, long, black and straight. Except for his eyes, which were remarkable, large, deep and brown, with wonderful variety and power of expressing his emotions, there was nothing remarkable about his looks. He was a poet always. We lads did not know just what a poet was then. There were no poets in Scotland, but looking back at him now I can see that this is the only way to describe Stevenson even as a lad. He was in one word, "Soul," nothing else, with the kindest heart in the whole world. He would do a good turn for anybody. He was constantly giving his soul out to us. We knew we could have it whenever we approached him. Such a boy is always apart from his school-fellows; somehow by the very bond that draws them to him. We all loved "Bob" Stevenson. We would, in fact, almost any one of us, have gone down on our knees to him. We tacitly yielded him a leading place whenever he appeared among us, whether in our own sports and games, in our regular fights with the public school boys (and pitched battles these were with stone and fist and sling), or on our forbidden and secret excursions into the Canongate of a night to "see the sights" of Edinburgh's great slum district.

While he was not strong he was never a coward, no one ever even thought of Stevenson as likely in any emergency to show the white feather, and I cannot recall a single occasion where he ever failed to hold his own. On the contrary, there sticks out of my memory one occasion when he performed the part of a hero. In one of our Saturday fights with the "Killeys," as we called the rough town boys, we had charged them down into a little "brae," just outside of town, where the opposing forces had met. At the bottom of this brae flowed a small but turbulent stream. As the "Killeys" fled across, one lad of the smallest size belonging to them, fell into the water and floundered for help, crying out with fear. Stevenson, who was in our own front ranks, dashed in and lifted him out to safety. This rescue was performed amid a shower of stones from the slings of the "Killeys," who rallied as soon as they had got the stream between us.

I consider the most intense characteristic of "Bob" Stevenson at this time was his love of life in all its forms. He was so gentle of nature that he would go out of his way even to help a domestic animal in distress. His essay on "The Character of Dogs" records instances of this kind told by himself. His sympathy was boundless even at this boyish age. We would sometimes form small parties of us to explore the Canongate on Saturday nights, and while "Bob's" eager interest in these expeditions was that of a healthy adventure-loving lad, he always seemed to get far more out of them than any one of the rest of us. He was, in fact, so far as planning and carrying out an expedition of this sort went, a born leader, and we tacitly yielded to him. I believe "Bob" Stevenson would have been a great general if his constitution had not been so frail. He had the spirit in him, as he showed the world afterward in his David Balfour in "Kidnapped" and other heroes. It was in the toy and coffee shops of this district that he came across those cheap tales of adventure, those "penny-dreadfuls" that first took hold of his imagination and later made him a romancer. His love of the drama was instinctive. There used to be in those days a set of old plays published in paper covers under the title of "Skelts' Juvenile Drama." These "Bob" fairly reveled in. I remember the price was "a penny plain—two pence colored," and Stevenson sometimes bought the numbers plain and colored them with his own hand. They were of the good old melodramatic type, "as acted in London and the provinces" forty years before.

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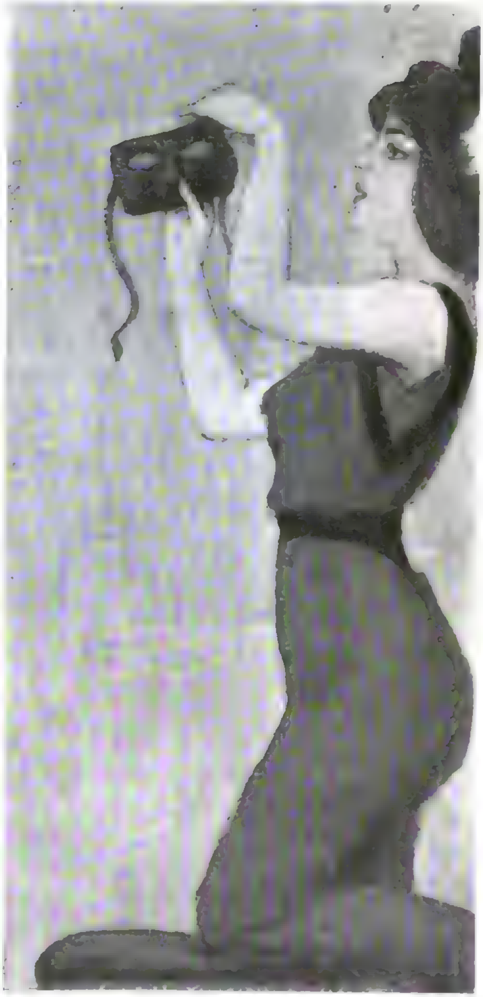
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AGE, 20 MONTHS.

I shall never forget some of the titles of these old-fashioned "penny dreadfuls." There was "Aladdin," "The Red Rover," "The Wood Daemon," "Jack Sheppard," "The Smuggler," "My Poll and Partner Joe," and "Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica." In the window of one of the more prosperous of these shops there used to stand a little pasteboard theatre with a stage set and in working order. "Bob" and I delighted of a Saturday afternoon to linger here even though our pockets were utterly empty, as was often the case. Shops like these where the precious plays were sold were fairly besieged by boys of all sorts on Saturdays, and in some cases the proprietor would sternly demand of us on our entrance, whether we came with money or with empty hand. I have never known any other tradesman to reach such a commanding eminence as that in my after life.

From the academy we continued on together to the University of St. Andrews, a period which I have already referred to in an earlier part of my story. Stevenson the schoolboy evolved rapidly into Stevenson the man, after we left the benches of the old schoolhouse in Edinburgh.

MASKED!

By M. G. T. Stempel



Yes, Dear, I wear it yet,—
The mask of smiles!
And none have seen
The cruel scar upon my heart.
'Tis better so,—each hath his part
Of the world-pain,—I will bear mine.
I've had my drop of life's true wine.

No word of sympathy
Ever beguiles
Me to unmask:
But sometimes on a moonless night,
I take it off, and in God's sight
I am myself! But with the dawn
I hasten me to put it on.

I thank my God for it,—
This mask of smiles!
And how I pray
That when I leave this poor face here
I may leave it smiling, my Dear!
The dawn has come! 'Tis time to mask!
And smiling is again my task!

Photo by Armstrong, Boston.

MISS NANCE O'NEIL.

THE ACTOR AND THE CRITIC

By Nance O'Neil

IN England and France the dramatic critic is an institution. He is a man with a well-defined and recognized purpose. Some of the masterpieces of English and French literature are the musical and dramatic reviews of its accepted critics. These men uphold the art standards of their respective centres and approach their task with reverence and knowledge. They are what might be termed "experts" or "specialists" in their line of work. They are certainly men of vast experience either as artists, or musicians, or dramatists. And as a matter of fact only a musician is called upon to give his views on the performance of a musical work, only an artist attracts serious consideration when he expounds the qualities and deficiencies of the season's salon, and only the man of histrionic insight, with sufficient maturity of judgment to have reached a safe and correct standard of comparison would attempt to analyze a serious dramatic interpretation.

When all is said and done criticism is discrimination, and discrimination is looked upon by the Buddhists as the

Photo by Armstrong, Boston.

MISS NANCE O'NEIL.

last and greatest of all gifts bestowed by the gods. It is the possession *par excellence* of the venerable and the wise. It is by no means the prerogative of rash and impetuous youths who rush in where angels fear to tread.

To discriminate is to recognize with unerring judgment the good from the bad. It is more than that. It is first and foremost a broad, comprehensive understanding of the interpretation as a whole. It is then a dispassionate analysis of the weak as well as the strong points in detail. It seeks to guide the actor and to educate the audience toward the best and highest standards. As I said before, it is an institution inseparable from the history of the arts.

In this country, I regret to say that dramatic criticism has not risen to its opportunities. Much of so-called criticism is mere witticism, a dealing in personalities, and, indeed, given some prior acquaintanceship with the appearance and characteristics of the actor, and some knowledge of the play that is to be rendered, a critic with a pretty turn for the ridiculous and some sense of humor, could write his column of dramatic copy without having put his foot inside of the theatre.

The public enjoys this column, not as a guide to the merits of the play or the actor, but as a sort of relaxation invented by the manager of the daily for its amusement. It is all funny enough, but it lacks something in dignity and serious purpose, and the artist and the public who depend upon this dramatic review of an evening's performance to mould their interpretation or formulate an opinion are lost in a maze of fine phrases or startling alliterations.

Someone has qualified our American critic as "a gentleman with indigestion," which is only another way of declaring that the unfortunate artist before the footlights is at the mercy of so slight an accident as an underdone or overdone dinner. Once the pen of the critic has started on a certain hilarious or perhaps gloomy mood, every trifle serves to whet his instrument of torture. A calcium light gone wrong, or a mannerism of the leader in the orchestra, and woe betide the cause of histrionic art if a cat should appear at the wings or a stray dog should show the tip of his ears.

For this reason the actor has found by experience that the audience insist upon applauding what the critic condemns. It has been my privilege to play in almost every city in the world where an English audience could be gathered together. In the great cities of Australia, in Africa, in Asia, from the farthest cities of the Pacific to the great metropolis of the Atlantic—wherever there has been a playhouse and the desire to witness a play, I have watched the pulsating of the heart in response to the great fundamental passions that sway feeling. I have learned to play to the people before me, and not to the isolated man taking notes on his pad for the next morning's copy.

I must admit that throughout my entire career I have struggled to work out, in fear and trembling, an interpretation of even the most traditional of *rôles*, according to the light of my own individuality. I have never imitated others, even unconsciously—and much imitation is unconscious—for the reason that I have had little opportunity to indulge in the luxury of going to the theatre as one of the audience. This breaking away from the beaten road has necessarily made me a sort of target for comment of some kind from the critics, and what I have lacked in the literary quality of the many columns they have wasted upon me has been well made up in quantity.

But I have staunch fighting blood in my veins. From the Murray Hill Theatre to a tour of the world and a "wind up" in Broadway is something of a record for a young, unknown actress without backing and still in her twenties.

I know there is a great field of progress still stretching out before me and I know there is many a battle to be fought whether the critics approve or disapprove, but I am determined to have faith in nothing but industry. I am determined to be at it late and early—to persevere and work right on through censure and applause or else abandon art.

FOR MY LADY

By Lewis Worthington Smith

How can speech give hue and shaping
To the shoulder's silken draping,
To the airs and dainty graces
Of my lady's fluttering laces?
  I but feel them and forget
  Idle words that fail me yet,
  When her eyes in dreams are set.

How can brush or pencil fashion
Just the falling eyelid's passion,
Just the rounded throat, the sweetness
Of the rose's tremulous fleetness
  On her cheek? I can but feel
  What she fain would all conceal,
  If her eyes were not so leal.

How can music, breathing, sighing,
Half reveal the wonder lying
In my lady's cadenced laughter,
Falling to caressing after?
  I but feel it and forget
  That my dreams are waiting yet.
  Here is heaven's portal set.

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MRS. FISKE, IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "LEAH KLESCHNA."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

WE have been waiting so long for the "great American play" that perhaps we do not recognize it when we get it. In the fullness of time we may be forced to admit that the jovial librettist of half a dozen of the old Casino "review" successes, C. S. McLellan, has given us as good a drama as we are likely to see as the work of an American in this generation. At all events, the critics generally—by which I mean the great public which pays for a seat in the parquette, dress circle or gallery—have declared that they never have had a more satisfying serious drama than is "Leah Kleschna," at the Manhattan, with Mrs. Fiske in the title *rôle*.

MRS. FISKE. GEO. ARLISS. CHAS. CARTWRIGHT. WM. MACK.
SCENE FROM ACT IV., "LEAH KLESCHNA."

At first blush it might be thought that Mr. McLellan had followed a well-beaten road, and that, therefore, he would be unlikely to produce anything different from the usual run of plays which have their day as successes, and then are heard of no more. The surprise has come, however. McLellan, who used to devote himself to the manufacture of "gags" and the turning out of neat lyrics for the pleasure of the Casino fun-seeker, gave it to us when he sat himself down to do some dignified work that should last. Then he wrote "Leah Kleschna."

There has been a story afloat that the dramatist saw the original of his principal character—his heroine, in fact, for such she may be deemed when one has reached the denouement—in Paris, and that her experiences were about the same as he has depicted before the footlights, allowing for a little dramatic license. A playwright hardly could handle a sordid story like that of poor *Leah* without investing it with a few decorations that would make it attractive to the average audience. So he put it into its Sunday clothes and fine effects in millinery before the curtain went up.

"Leah Kleschna" is a study in several things, most of them pertaining to that sad twist of human nature to which Lombroso taught us to apply the convenient term, "degeneracy." When a woman becomes a thief, and afterward is led into the right path by the influence of a man more or less good, we feel that there is some underlying instinct which is worthy of consideration, and we are grateful to the author who works out the problem for us, whether he does it in the pages of a novel or before the footlights, with the aid of a company of artists of high degree, such as is to be seen at the Manhattan Theatre on any evening.

"Leah Kleschna" is a remarkable play. Not only does it compel admiration on account of the extraordinarily natural development of a bold plot by the desperately artificial machinery of the theatre,

"THE FORTUNES OF THE KING," IN WHICH JAS. K. HACKETT IS APPEARING.

but it amuses you from rise to fall of curtain. You are not asked merely to study it as a clever stage work, but you are invited to spend an evening in the enjoyment of a capital entertainment.

Mr. McLellan understands the art of making melodrama which shall fit a theatre in Broadway. Possibly he could write one for the exclusive edification of the Bowery and Third Avenue. I do not know. My opinion is that he could, because we have seen already that after proving himself equal to the production of an international musical comedy success like "The Belle of New York," he could originate a drama which so careful an artist as Mrs. Fiske would accept.

The cleverness of the playwright is equalled by the discernment of Mrs. Fiske. She needed no one to tell her that in "Leah Kleschna" she would find a play and character exactly suited to her. I believe that when she produced her other great success, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," some eight years ago, she and Mr. Fiske saw the possibilities of the novel for the stage, and of the character of the unhappy *Tess* for her own portraiture, when no one else believed that Hardy's powerful work could be adapted to the

A SCENE FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE," IN WHICH MISS VIOLA ALLEN IS THE STAR.

stage in plausible shape. It is understood to have been the same way with "Leah Kleschna." The playwright hawked his play from one manager to another, with little encouragement, until it was read by Mrs. Fiske. She decided on one reading that the drama must be hers, and the eagerness with which every critic has shown his appreciation—in vindication of his judgment when a really meritorious play comes across his field of vision—has probably amused, as well as gratified her.

The story is simple, as it usually is with a strong play. *Leah* is under the domination of a rascal with more than the average rascal's brains and education. He is something of the same species as *Svengali,* less the picturesqueness of the Du Maurier personage, and he leads his victim *Leah* as easily into dirty crime as *Svengali* compelled *Trilby* to sing notes that would not have been in her repertoire but for his hypnotic suggestion. At the end *Leah* finds happiness in the love of a man who can recognize and understand her real nature, despite the shadow that envelops her, and the audience is relieved from a suspense which has become almost agonizing, by the logical action of a manly man.

Outlining the story of "Leah Kleschna" gives only the bare idea of the general character of the drama. Its heart-gripping power consists in the masterly treatment of the subject by the dramatist and the splendid work of Mrs. Fiske and her associates.

Of Mrs. Fiske's representation of *Leah* it is difficult to speak in adequate terms. Her art is peculiarly her own. She has shown that in half a dozen different characters since she electrified New York with her *Tess.* Even as *Becky Sharp*—a personage with whom most people have a more or less intimate acquaintance—Mrs. Fiske contrived to make a new reading, and yet without

KATIE BARRY. ADELE RITCHIE. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

A SCENE FROM "FANTANA."

violating traditions which her audiences—particularly the ubiquitous Thackeray enthusiast—would be likely to consider their personal property, and, therefore, sacred.

As *Leah Kleschna* Mrs. Fiske had a clear field. She could actually "create" the part, an achievement not so common as one might think from the frequency with which actors take credit for it. Mrs. Fiske's creation of the character of the poor girl of the people, rescued at last by the exercise of a stronger will than that exercised by her evil genius, is a classic. It cannot be less.

John Mason, as the broad-minded man who saves the girl from herself; W. B. Mack, as the young thief, and George Arliss, in his wonderful study of a degenerate youth, who fights vainly against the devil within him, are all worth as much consideration as could be given to them in an article devoted to their separate and individual impersonations. Still, it matters but little how much or how small a quantity of reading space is given to them. Every playgoer will see "Leah Kleschna" if possible, and many people will enjoy that great drama who seldom trouble themselves with what goes on in the theatre.

Lew Fields, in his new house, has made a great hit in his musical play, "It Happened in Nordland." The fact is particularly gratifying because it proves Mr. Fields' contention that he is not a

MARIE CAHILL. LEW FIELDS.

"IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND."

one-part actor, as some of his kind friends have been good enough to intimate. While he has become so strongly associated with certain stage personages in the minds of his admirers that it would not be safe for him to break away altogether from German delineation, he has taken the bit in his teeth and declined to be only the lanky "Dutchman," with a broken dialect and freak make-up, to which he accustomed us in long years of travail with his little partner, Joe Weber. Visit "It Happened in Nordland" and memories of the old Weber and Fields day melt away. You see in Lew Fields the true artist, the educated actor, the studious exponent of human character—unusual, if you please, but always strictly within nature.

Those who have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance know that the Lew Fields of the footlights and of private life are two entirely distinct personalities. The loud-voiced "comic" of the old Weberfields stage, and the quiet, almost grave gentleman, who talks with scholarly penetration about the drama in the abstract, as well as his own particular connection with it, would hardly be recognized as one and the same. Mr. Fields, like many other men who can make an audience laugh uproariously

A SCENE FROM "COMMON SENSE BRACKETT."

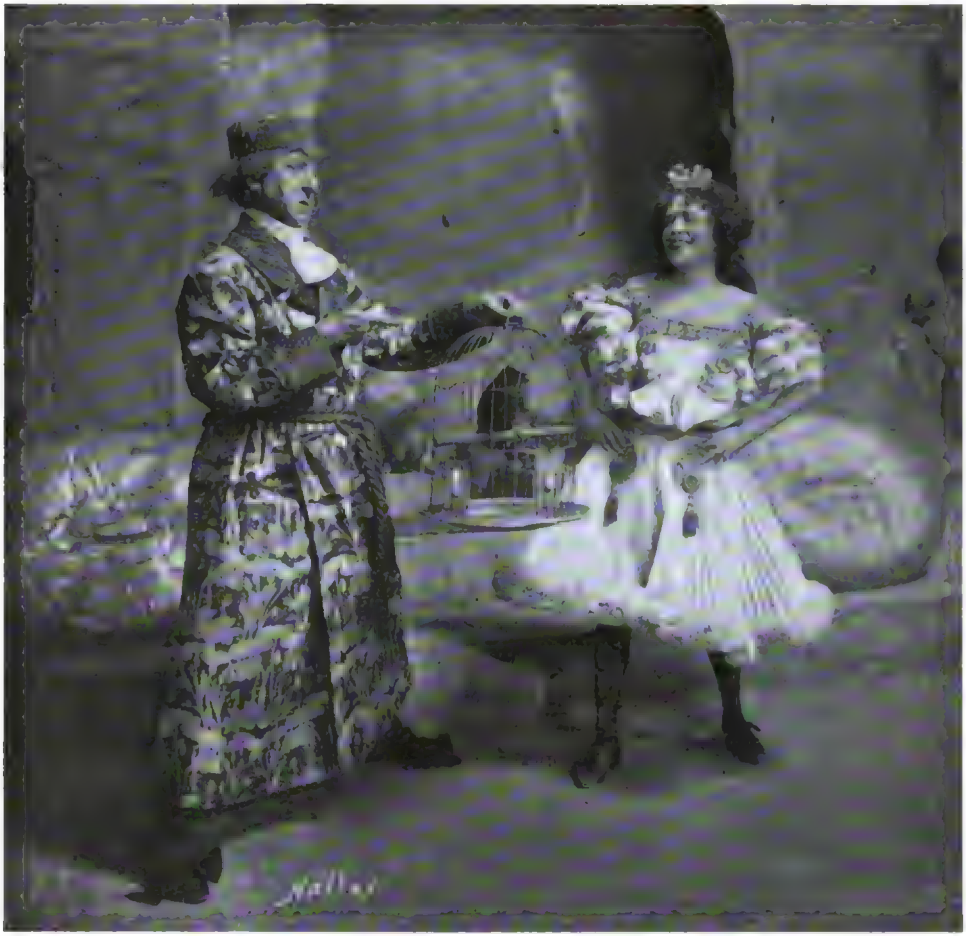
A SCENE FROM "HOME FOLKS."

SIR CHAS. WYNDHAM. MARY MOORE.
"MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE."

when they will, is seldom found in noisy company off the stage. He prefers the companionship of his books or of some congenial friend who will not talk "shop" as it is heard in theatrical chop-houses and along the rialto. To him the profession to which he belongs is an exacting responsibility. Because he takes that serious view of his life-work, he is a good comedian.

There are many tuneful melodies in "It Happened in Nordland," besides much good music which appeals to the cultivated musician rather than to the mere lover of "tunes." Victor Herbert wrote the score. This accounts for the general and diversified merit of the musical setting of the piece. Glen MacDonough, who knows the technique of the libretto as well as any man who is devoting his talents to that form of writing, has given us a story which is well worth while, while his smooth lyrics fit the flowing measures of Victor Herbert so neatly that the combined effect is always pleasing.

Marie Cahill is a capital opposite to Lew Fields, and there are several other well-known artists to keep the fun and interest alive. The staging of the entertainment is masterly, as was to be expected when it was known that Julian Mitchell did the work. The choruses are well-drilled, and the standard of feminine



GEORGE SCHILLER AND NELLIE DALY IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

LADY TEAZLE

A SCENE IN "LADY TEAZLE,"
THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, IN WHICH LILLIAN RUSSELL APPEARS IN TITLE ROLE.

Photo by Sarony.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,
WHO HAS GIVEN UP HER SEASON'S WORK ON ACCOUNT OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

attractiveness is kept up to the standard set by Mr. Fields and his old partner, Mr. Weber, in the little music hall down Broadway.

The Lew Fields Theatre is a pretty little house, but some improvements could be introduced in the arrangement of the seats in the orchestra. It is not as comfortable for an ordinary-sized man to squeeze into them as it would be if the rows were an inch or so further apart. There are some theatres in New York in which it is a comfort to sit. I could name them, if I chose, but doubt the propriety of doing so. Perhaps the Broadway is the best of them all. It seems so to me, at least.

Annie Russell is still looking for a good play, apparently. "Brother Jacques," in which she appeared for a few weeks at the Garrick in December, is an invertebrate affair, credited to a pair of Frenchmen who might have employed their time better. It is all very well saying that Annie Russell is charming in "Brother Jacques." Of course she is. Is

A SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER,"
WITH MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN THE ROLE OF LADY BABBIE.

A SCENE FROM "BROTHER JACQUES," IN WHICH MISS ANNIE RUSSELL IS APPEARING.

a Wife without a Smile

A SCENE FROM A "WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE," THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS WHICH DID NOT PLEASE NEW YORK AUDIENCES.

she not charming in anything? But why not give her a good play oftener? Is it absolutely necessary to fall back on "Mice and Men," or "A Royal Family," whenever Miss Russell's admirers are not to be put off longer with inferior material? Surely someone must be able to write something which would give Annie Russell scope for her unique abilities. Such a sweet woman and finished artist deserves something better than "Brother Jacques."

James K. Hackett has one of the most successful vehicles that have fallen in his way for two or three years. "The Fortunes of the King," which deals with the experiences of Charles Stuart, who afterwards became Charles II. of England, is a pretty good melodrama. It has most of the old-time devices for awakening curiosity and provoking thrills, such as secret panels, trap doors, mysterious chests, moonlight rencounters, and one of the most awful "second heavies" of the old school that I ever saw. He has a way of scraping his feet, and scowling with a sort of "A time will come!" intensity, that is impressive—or funny, as you choose to look at it. The principal villain is William Courtney, which means, of course, that the rascal is presented convincingly and artistically.

I enjoyed "The Fortunes of the King." It gave Mr. Hackett a good opportunity to show what a splendid romantic actor he is, as well as to indulge in the best sword combat the stage has known for years. The big fight on the stairs in "A Gentleman of France," with Kyrle Bellew standing off seven or eight swordsmen at one time, used to be the great battle of Broadway. But James K. Hackett's is better, if the thrill it gives you is the criterion. He has a foeman worthy of his steel in Mr. Courtney, which is a most important factor, because you are never sure, until the final disarming, whether Charles Stuart really will overcome the obstinate ***Roundhead*** or not.

Photo by Hall.
MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL, WHO APPEARS IN "COMMON SENSE BRACKETT."

Charlotte Walker is graceful and effective as the girl for whom the lightheaded *Charles* has conceived an honest passion, according to the dramatists, and she does her full part toward keeping up the sentimental interest. *Charles* hides in the famous "King's Oak," and this is one of the effective incidents of a decidedly effective play.

One of the mid-season theatrical sensations in New York was the appearance of Edward Terry, the popular English comedian, for the first time. He has a play which achieved greater success in London than it has in New York. This does not mean that New Yorkers condemn it, by any means, but there is a feeling that so clever an actor might have obtained a more pleasing setting for his talents.

Photo by Windeatt, Chicago.

MISS MAE NAUDAIN,
WHO IS APPEARING AS DUCHESS HELEN IN "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND."

I think Edward Terry is destined to be as great a favorite on this side of the water as in England. He has magnetism, repose, distinction, and a fountain of humor which wells up spontaneously.

You enjoy a feeling of perfect security while he is on the stage. You know that he would be equal to any unexpected emergency, and that he is so thoroughly imbued with the character he represents that he could not be forced out of it even if the drop-curtain should drop upon his head. We have not many actors of this calibre. What few we have are starring, as a rule, and even their right to print their names in larger type than the others in the cast does not always give them the cachet of absolute superiority. Mr. Terry is a star, and he is one by right of exceptional brilliancy.

Two particularly meritorious domestic dramas are on the New York boards at present. One is "Home Folks," at the New York, and the other "Common-Sense Brackett," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. C. T. Dazey is the au-

Photo by Sarony.
MISS DALLAS TYLER,
ROBERT EDESON'S NEW LEADING WOMAN.

thor of "Home Folks," and if he has not equalled the success of "In Old Kentucky," his first great hit—I had almost said his only one—he has assuredly written a play which will last. The title tells you the kind of play it is. It is splendidly produced, and among the sterling actors in the cast is my old friend, Sam Reed, who could not be dull or inartistic if he tried.

Richard Golden, who was "Old Jed Prouty" so long that we find it difficult to greet him as "Common-Sense Brackett," or by any other name, is giving us a capital character study in the title *rôle* of *Brackett.* This is one of Henry W. Savage's productions, and it came sliding into town with little heralding, for the reason that it was obtained at the eleventh hour to fill the place of another play which had been engaged for the Fourteenth Street Theatre, but had been found below the standard required for that house. Besides Mr. Golden, particular mention must be made of Miss Florence Rockwell for her delightful presentation of a young country girl. I am told that Miss Rockwell will star in a new play next season, by the way.

Fritzi Scheff is filling us with pleasure at the Broadway in a series of revivals of famous comic operas. The first one presented was "Fatinitza." Miss Scheff is a perfectly bewitching *Vladimir,* although she does not look very manly, I must confess.

There are so many fine productions in New York just now that I cannot even name them all. One of the most notable is Viola Allen's offering of "A Winter's Tale" at the Knickerbocker. James Young is her leading man. The performance is simply magnificent.

Everybody is marveling at the youthful beauty of Lillian Russell. So much attention is given to her personal attractiveness that less credit is given to her rendering of *Lady Teazle* than it deserves. Lillian Russell is a clever actress and singer, as well as the loveliest woman on the English-speaking stage today. No one will question this assertion, I am convinced.

"Siberia," stupendously staged by Joseph R. Grismer and William A. Brady, at the Academy of Music, proves that there is life in this famous old Bartley Campbell drama to this day. A great stage picture of the Kishineff massacre is one of its features.

Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are with us again. They are presenting a new play by the author of "When We Were Twenty-one," Henry V. Esmond, entitled "Love and the Man." It was given for the first time on any stage at Toronto on the 9th of January.

"A Wife Without a Smile" would not do without the dancing doll. Charles Frohman soon saw that, so off it went.

WHEN THE EXPECTED HAPPENED

By Catherine Carr

DOROTHY and I had been formally engaged three weeks when she came to me dimpling and smiling.

"Oh, Rob," she said, "I have the most perfectly lovely idea."

"That's nice," I replied. Not with a great deal of enthusiasm I'll allow, but then I was tying flies and every fisherman knows that concentration of attention is necessary for the purpose. Besides, she had on one of those frilly ruffly dresses that create a small whirlwind whenever their wearer moves, and she had scattered some of my materials.

Also we were a sensible couple agreed upon no nonsense. Indeed, at this date Dorothy and I were defying all traditions of romance, while existing under its most orthodox conditions.

Our fathers, like the story book parental clan, had been college chums, business associates and close friends; and had arranged our marriage when I was a youngster in knickerbockers and she in the shortest of frocks. Their wives having both died young, we had no mothers to caution against this course, and from these early years we were told that we were to be married on Dorothy's twentieth birthday.

So familiar did we become with the idea, that the threat not to fulfill the contract became a favorite one with us both, when the other displeased in our childish play. The last time I repudiated my obligation was when I was ten years old; whereupon she, aged seven, appealed to my father with wrathful tears.

"Hasn't Wob dot to marry me, when we's drow'd up?" she said, flashing rage in my direction.

My father was a man of choleric temper and explosive habit.

"Got to marry you? Well, by the Lord Harry, I should say he has," he affirmed. "See here, young man," and he laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, "if I ever hear again of your refusing your engagement, by George, I'll cane you within an inch of your life, sir."

He read me further a lecture on the subject of chivalry, with personal application, which so impressed me that I never repeated the threat.

As we grew older we saw less of each other, being given over to tutors and governesses; and later Sacré Coeur and Yale claimed us, respectively. When I entered college I was repeatedly cautioned about my attitude toward "Girls"; and I daresay that Dorothy was likewise warned that young men, for her, were not of an abstract quantity.

"Never forget that you are to marry Dorothy," my father had said, as if issuing an irrevocable edict.

"Oh, of course," I assented carelessly, giving my attention to the packing of my football rig.

Strangely enough this insistence did not arouse the spirit of opposition as might reasonably have been expected, and send me a worshipper at forbidden shrines; but I was a most enthusiastic athlete and the feminine never dominated my scheme of existence. I then thought that she never would. I was temperately fond of Dorothy, and had an approving possessive sense of her beauty, but I found it no great trial to forego her birthday party because I was in training, and I usually deputized some chum to attend her when she came to the games. She, on her part, never resented these things, and appeared as content with the situation as myself.

When I left college my tastes for athletics turned to those of the sportsman, and I was making a tour of the hunting grounds of the world, when Dorothy came out. In her letters she said that she was enjoying herself immensely, and as I was myself, I had no fault to find. It was May when I returned, and as Dorothy would be twenty in October, it was quite time for me to give formal declaration to our tacit bond; being un-used to that sort of thing I accomplished it without distinction.

"See here, Dorothy," I said, "we're going to be married on your birthday, aren't we?"

"So it is written," she replied. "At least I've been told so ever since I can remember."

"Well?" I ventured.

"I hope it will be well, I'm sure," she said. "I don't want to make any journeys to South Dakota."

"Goodness, no! And I say—It's this way, Dorothy. I think a lot of you, and all that, but—but I'm not sentimental, you know."

"No?"

"And we can be sensible, you know—chums and that sort of thing. Half the trouble of married people comes of their not having a thorough understanding."

"I daresay," Dorothy assented.

The affair was thus easily settled, and intent on my duty I kissed her. That is, I started to kiss her, but she moved suddenly and I came rather abruptly in contact with her ear.

"I thought you were going to be sensible, Rob," she said, going over to the mirror to arrange her hair.

I surprised myself by rising to the occasion's demands.

"Wasn't I proving myself so?" I asked.

"Bless me," Dorothy said, turning from the mirror and opening her eyes very wide. "I really shouldn't have thought it of him." She selected the largest chocolate from a box and presented it to me with ceremony. "Reward of merit. For a clever boy," she said, showing her dimples.

Dorothy looks very charming when she smiles, and I was conscious of a vague regret that she had evaded me, but I don't like to be guyed, so made no further attempt to perform my duty in such direction.

My reception of her "lovely idea" is so explained. Dorothy, herself, understood, of course, and she proceeded to give it in detail.

"You know Hermoine Herrick?" she asked.

"I do not."

"Why, I've told you all about her, any number of times."

"That's different."

"And you've seen dozens of pictures of her."

"That also, is different," I said. "The modern photograph of a young woman is more illusive than the advertisement of a fishing resort."

"Oh, *her's* don't do her justice. She is perfectly lovely, and brilliant and sweet."

"All right. I'm willing she should be, but what's Hermoine to me? You don't want me to fall in love with her, do you?"

"Of course not. I was thinking. There is your friend Alan Van Cleeve."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sure that they would be perfectly suited to each other, and I want you to write and insist on his accepting father's invitation. I've written to Hermoine and she's coming the last of the week."

We were staying at Mr. Feversham's hunting lodge in the Adirondacks, and with Alan for a companion my sportsman's Paradise would be complete, he having been my chosen comrade on many hunting trips. He was altogether the sort of fellow that makes you content with your race. Companionable, genial and manly; and of versatile quality, possessing distinction as a sportsman and a cotillion leader. Privately, I doubted the fitness of any woman to mate with him, but of course I could not say anything like that to Dorothy.

"Alan's a fine fellow," I said, "and I have no doubt that Miss Herrick is all that is charming, but about this matchmaking—I'm afraid it's a bit risky. We shouldn't like to be responsible for any divorce cases."

"We won't be. I can trust to my intuition, and I feel that they will be entirely sympathetic."

"Without ever having seen him?" I reflected. "Certainly a woman's intuition is a wonderful, if not a fearful, thing."

"It is often a lot more reliable than a man's judgment, anyway," she insisted. "And you'll write, won't you, Rob?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"And don't say anything."

"Not say anything? You demand the impossible. How am I to write to him and say nothing. *That* is a woman's achievement."

"Nothing about Hermoine—*stupid!*

"Oh, I see."

Dorothy stood looking at me, with an odd little smile deepening her left dimple.

"I've no doubt you *think* you do," she murmured.

I went on tying flies then, but afterward I wondered a little about what she meant.

Miss Herrick arrived on Saturday, and she largely restored my faith in photographs. Certainly she was an uncommonly beautiful young woman, of perfect poise and much charm of manner. She was of a stately dark type, in marked contrast to Dorothy's dainty blondness and vivacious ways. Seeing them together I remembered what a widow, in a revealing mood, had once said of the two girls. That even if Hermoine Herrick and Dorothy Feversham were not fond of each other, it was genuine art for them to appear together, since being such perfect foils neither detracted from the other.

Miss Herrick acknowledged my introduction warmly.

"I can scarcely realize that you are not an old friend," she said, as she gave me her hand. "I've heard so *much* about you from Dorothy."

"And I of you," I said." "I think that we may very properly dispense with all formal approaches to friendship."

"Of course you may," said Dorothy.

Later she instructed me alone.

"Now, I want you and Hermoine to become good friends just as soon as you can, so she will have confidence in your judgment when you praise Mr. Van Cleeve."

I had no objection to becoming a good friend of Miss Herrick's, so in pursuance of such purpose I sat on the porch and talked with her nearly all evening, Dorothy sitting just inside the wide window and playing a various repertory ranging from the Love-Motive in "Siegfried" to "Bedelia."

Miss Herrick wanted to hear all about my engagement, which she said was "so romantic," and she looked a little serious when I had finished.

"An arrangement like that seldom results so well," she said. "You are to be congratulated, Mr. Aldace. Dorothy is the dearest girl."

"Oh, yes," I assented. "Dorothy's all right."

"So unselfish. She would make any sacrifice for anyone she cared for."

"Yes indeed," I agreed, somewhat vaguely. Personally, I have never been impressed by any great display of unselfishness on Dorothy's part. Indeed, it seemed to me that she had rather a faculty of having her own way; but I reflected that I had been with her very little and our wills had touched only on small affairs.

"I think her devotion to her father is beautiful," Miss Herrick presently observed. "Her mother having died when she was so young, has made them more to each other."

"I suppose so," I said, inadequately. There was a tangible inference that I found disturbing. I was not accustomed to regarding Dorothy's assent in the light of a sacrifice, and I did not find the suggestion a pleasant one.

"Happiness," she continued, musingly, "is a strange thing, and it rarely pursues the path of duty. You are certainly a fortunate man."

"Certainly," I replied, without much conviction, however.

Miss Herrick must have noticed that the subject was becoming an embarrassment, for she tactfully turned the talk to my hunting adventures, which absorbed our attention until eleven o'clock. Naturally, I said nothing of Alan that night.

And I found it difficult to draw her interest to him during the two days that elapsed before his arrival. She would listen to my accounts of my friend, but her questions were always of my own exploits.

When Alan came Dorothy purposed to follow the tactics she had outlined for me.

"I shall convince him of my sincere,

friendly interest," she said, "and then he will depend on my judgment as Hermoine will on your's."

I was not altogether favorably impressed with this plan. Dorothy's method of conviction was largely of the tête-à-tête sort; sitting on the porch in the moonlight and taking long tramps, and while of course it had all led to no complications when applied to Miss Herrick and myself—Miss Herrick being a sensible young woman who thoroughly understood the situation—it was possible that Alan might not be so comprehensive. I did not, however, so voice my demur.

"What's the use of it?" I expostulated. "Why not give them a chance to take or leave each other as they like? This arranging other people's destiny is trying on the nerves."

"Nerves! What nonsense, Rob!" she scoffed. "The idea of *your* possessing nerves! And don't be *so* selfish. Why, I think it will be delightful, to know that we have made two people happy. And there's nothing like the power of suggestion. I heard such a fine lecture on it last winter. Abdalah something—or—other, a Hindu, gave it at one of Mrs. Lowe's Lenten teas. He said that by its use much of the misery of the world could be averted. If we make Hermoine and Mr. Van Cleeve happy, we shall have accomplished a little for the world's good."

"Uhum," was my non-commital response.

This sounded very well, and it might be unselfishness, and again it might not. I was all at once very much aware of Alan's "way with a maid," which was said to be invincible.

"Now go along and take Hermoine fishing with you," Dorothy instructed. "I'm going to take Mr. Van Cleeve to see 'The Lover's Leap,' and I'll have Parker bring lunch to Flat Rock, where we'll meet you."

Dorothy, as I have said, had a very effective manner of achieving her desires, and I was Miss Herrick's escort that morning. I also adhered to my part of ambassador to Cupid and spoke to some length of the excellent qualities of my friend. She remarked that he was very handsome, but I could elicit no further comment.

When Dorothy and Alan joined us, it was obvious that she had made much progress in gaining his friendship, and when Alan and I were alone that night he congratulated me with almost offensive enthusiasm.

"By George, Aldace, you're a lucky beggar," he said. "She's perfectly charming and such a beauty. I don't know when I've seen such eyes. And what an odd arrangement your engagement is!"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. The subject of my engagement was getting to touch me on the raw. "Our fathers are old friends. It isn't surprising that they should want the families united."

"Oh, no. The really surprising part is that you cared for each other. Falling in love to order isn't often accomplished. Though I don't see how you could help it with her."

I did not see the necessity of explaining the sensible attitude Dorothy and I had adopted, and it struck me that it would be much more to the point if Alan and Miss Herrick should give less attention to us "attached" ones, and more to each other; but in the three weeks that followed they certainly had small opportunity for so doing, and I could not be unconscious that this was due to Dorothy's management. Always I was assigned to attend Miss Herrick, being instructed to say nice things about Mr. Van Cleeve; and Alan was continually with Dorothy, teaching her fancy shots at billiards and having her play accompaniments to his songs.

It had been a year since I had seen Alan and I never knew anyone change so in that length of time. He did not seem the same fellow at all. He seemed to have lost his taste for sports, and his social distinction was, somehow, almost aggressively apparent. I found it difficult to be at ease with him.

They say that really to know a man you must camp with him, but I believe a house party is a more crucial test. A woman is the touchstone that reveals the true metal of the average man, anyway.

Of course, I wasn't jealous, in the

least, but I didn't think it was just fair to Miss Herrick, after I had aroused her interest in Alan; even telling her once, when I didn't know just what else to say, how very much he admired her. Candidly, I did not like the situation, and my dislike reached a much stronger emotion when entering the billiard room suddenly, I came upon Alan holding Dorothy's hand, and talking very earnestly.

I would have given a good round sum to have kicked Alan off the place then and there, but on reflection I remembered that to hold a pretty girl's hand is neither a criminal nor inexplicable proceeding, if the girl permits; and that, if the girl is engaged the remonstrance should be addressed to her. I decided upon a dignified one and delivered it. Also, I essayed, in a dignified manner.

Dorothy was quite unimpressed. She laughed, dimpling provokingly.

"Mercy, you don't mean to say that you are jealous, Rob?" she said. "I thought you said there wasn't to be any nonsense."

"So I supposed," I said, coldly. "He was holding your hand."

"Yes. Well?" She looked at her small fingers meditatively. "He was reading my palm, you know."

"I *don't* know."

"I have just told you."

"Oh!"

"He is wonderfully clever at it. He says that I am to experience some heart complications."

"Indeed!"

I tried to say this like the sarcastic hero, but I'm afraid it only sounded sulky.

"But in the end it will all result happily."

"Cheerful," I commented. "Did he read anything about Miss Herrick's future?"

"In my hand? No, of course not. How could he?"

"As, judging from appearances, he is acquiring an acquaintance with her through your society, it seems quite probable," I said.

"Appearances are deceitful," she observed, with a sage shake of her head.

"Sometimes."

"And if one judged by them one might think that you were jealous, which, of course, you are not."

"Certainly not," I said. "I was speaking of a censorious public."

"A censorious public!" Dorothy repeated. She revolved about slowly, looking searchingly into the four corners of the room. "Where is it? There is no one here except Hermoine and Mr. Van Cleeve, and you and father. Oh, yes, and Aunt Emmeline. But *she* isn't a bit censorious."

Decidedly, Aunt Emmeline was not: being, in fact, the merest figure-head of a chaperon.

"And you all understand," Dorothy continued, "that is the greatest comfort to me, Rob, the way you understand. It's just as you said, misunderstanding each other's motives is the cause of most troubles of engaged people. Why, *we* haven't quarreled once, and I don't think we ever shall."

"I hope not," I said, feeling at the time savage enough to shake her and thrash Alan, but someway she seemed to have left me no opening.

I spent that afternoon at a remote fishing run, where I caught no fish, but reviewed the entire situation, and came to a comprehension of it, that was bitter and complete. I saw it all now and my former blindness was the profoundest wonder. The world now held for me but two emotions. My love for Dorothy, overwhelming, absorbing; the kind you read about and think has no existence, and my aboriginal fierce hatred of Alan.

I had a moment of wild impulse to carry her away to some hidden place where he could not find her—reckoning on force of arms I could have rather the best of it—but my reason told me the hopelessness of it all, and bitterly, the knowledge of the folly through which I had lost her. What girl could care for a man who told her that he was fond of her? Fond! Bah! It was a disgusting word—not fit to be in a man's vocabulary. And a man who said he was sensible and didn't believe in sentiment, too. Assuredly, the kind of idiot I was isn't printable, and my rage toward Alan was without reason.

It was the most natural thing in the world that she should care for him, handsome, debonair and attentive; and it was simply impossible for any man not to care for her. I realized that now, when it was too late. I threshed over the details again and again and finally, after a fierce battle with my own desires, I resolved that Dorothy should be happy at any cost. I would release her and she could marry Alan; and I should go away and kill things or get killed. It was a matter of indifference which. But, then, I remembered Miss Herrick, and I grew cold as I recalled her interest in my adventures. I am not a vain man, but the evidence of her caring for me suddenly appeared strong, and the situation resolved itself, in effect, into one I had often read about and seen in plays, where two affianced couples love oppositely, and who at the end, when all complications are straightened out join hands, and bow happily to a satisfied public. Only there was a very bitter twist in the present cast.

Dorothy and Alan could make acknowledgments to fate with a glad goodwill; and I decided that Miss Herrick should have a place in the line, feeling that it was due her, after the interest and possible expectations I had unwittingly raised. She was a placid sort of temperament that would be easily content, and I would be the only one to hide regreat and pain behind a smiling mask.

Well, after all, I reflected, lots of comedy is a screen for tragedy—one man's meat being very often strong with another's poison—but I should play my part as well as I could. At least, I could blame no one but myself and I should not whine.

Resolute on these things I started back to the Lodge in the late afternoon, and when nearly to the house I met with Miss Herrick. I turned and walked at her side. "'Twere best done quickly," I thought, and to spare Dorothy her father's wrath, I would take the initiative.

"Bad luck?" Miss Herrick asked, when she saw me empty-handed.

"The very worst," I said with more feeling than, I suppose, seemed warranted.

"And I couldn't get the flowers I wanted," she sighed. "They were so beautiful, but they were out of mv reach."

"Of course," I said in my best assumption of the society dialogue manner. "What else do you expect?"

Miss Herrick laughed.

"I wonder what you mean by that, Mr. Aldace?" she said.

"What does a man usually mean?" I asked.

"Nothing as a rule."

"Then I am an exception, for I mean what I say," I said firmly. Then as I had no notion of what I really *did* mean, and had no mind for banal discussion, I stopped suddenly and stood facing her.

"Miss Herrick," I said, "will you marry me?"

She gazed at me for a moment with some apparent doubt of my sanity.

"But, Mr. Aldace—I don't understand," she said. "You are engaged to Dorothy!"

"I have every reason to believe that Dorothy will be only too glad to be released from her engagement to me," I said, not with much tact I'm afraid. "I hope you will consider my proposal, I—I admire you very much—I—that is—"

I was groping for expression when she cut me short.

"That's lovely of you, Mr. Aldace, and I appreciate the honor you have done me more than I can say—but are you sure about Dorothy's feelings? And, you see, I'm engaged to Mr. Van Cleeve. There he comes now!"

Engaged to Alan! Good heavens! The earth seemed to slip from beneath my feet. She was engaged to Alan and Dorothy was in love with him. I saw him approaching with his assured manner and happy smile, and my rage was even greater against him than when I thought he had won her. It was impossible for me to meet him then, so I stammered some excuse to Miss Herrick and plunged headlong down a narrow path.

I tramped until dusk over the rocks and brush, railing against fate and cursing my folly; my newly awakened consciousness laying upon me the entire burden of blame. Had I been to Dorothy what I should have been, what I now would give years of my life to be, she would have been too happy herself to bother about other people's love affairs; and even if she had she would not have been attracted by Alan. Clearly the fault was all mine and that reparation was now out of my power made my regret more keen.

I finally became conscious that the conventions demanded my presence at dinner and I went back to the house fighting for self-control. How I was to get through the evening strained my imagination.

There were no lights in the big living room when I came in, and no one save Dorothy over in the shadowed window seat. She was looking out the window, so I could not see her face, but her shoulders drooped in a way that looked very dis-spirited. I had hoped for some diplomatic manner of imparting Alan's engagement to her, but when I saw her I could think nor speak of anything else. I came over and stood beside her, blurting it out boldly:

"Alan and Miss Herrick are engaged," I said.

So far as I was concerned then there wasn't another word in the English language.

"I know it," she said, without turning her head. There was a little quiver in her tone that broke down what remnant of self-control I possessed.

"Oh, Dorothy! Dear, dear little girl," I cried. "I know how you feel and I would give—any—everything to spare you, but I am helpless. If there were only *something* I could do to comfort you!"

She turned toward me.

"You *might*—kiss me, Rob," she said.

Then someway I was on the seat beside her, her head was on my shoulder and I knew why arms were given to a man.

"I love you—I love you, Dorothy," was all I could say.

"I know it," she said again, and the quiver in her tone was very suggestive of laughter. I began to see light.

"I've known it a long time, but the trouble was, *you* didn't," she said.

"So you flirted with Alan—you know you did—to enlighten me?"

"Forgive me, dear," she murmured, her cheek against mine, "but I knew it was the only chance for happiness for us both. You were *so* stupid."

"I was," I admitted. Then I thought of my absurd proposal to Miss Herrick. What would Dorothy think of that? It might be difficult for her to understand that it had been entirely for her sake.

"But Miss Herrick?" I questioned.

"Knew all about it."

"And Alan?"

"Was a sacrifice on the altar of friendship?"

"Well, I *am* blessed," I said.

And I am for life, though Dorothy says the credit is none of mine and I must confess that she is right.

THE CLOWN SPEAKS

By William C. Shrode

The first clown who has been starred for thirty years

WHEN Pierrot speaks he becomes a clown, a buffoon. He commits the unpardonable offense. Our work is done altogether by facial gesture, by movements of the hands and limbs. Silence, implacable, unbroken, is the tradition of pantomimic art. I want to draw a distinction between the clown and the buffoon. Many a man with his face painted white has no right to the title of clown. The buffoon resorts to cries and grunts, to horse play, in order to bring about his effects. He sprawls over the ground in awkward tumbles because he knows no better. He leaves the ring black and blue. If he draws a laugh he does it at the expense of innumerable mishaps and bruises.

I know whereof I speak. My father was a circus clown. He was a man above the average in his profession, true to the traditions of the school. He was an excellent acrobat, an expert tumbler and a pantomimist of no mean order. Never do I recall an occasion when he so far forgot himself as to voice a cry or a word.

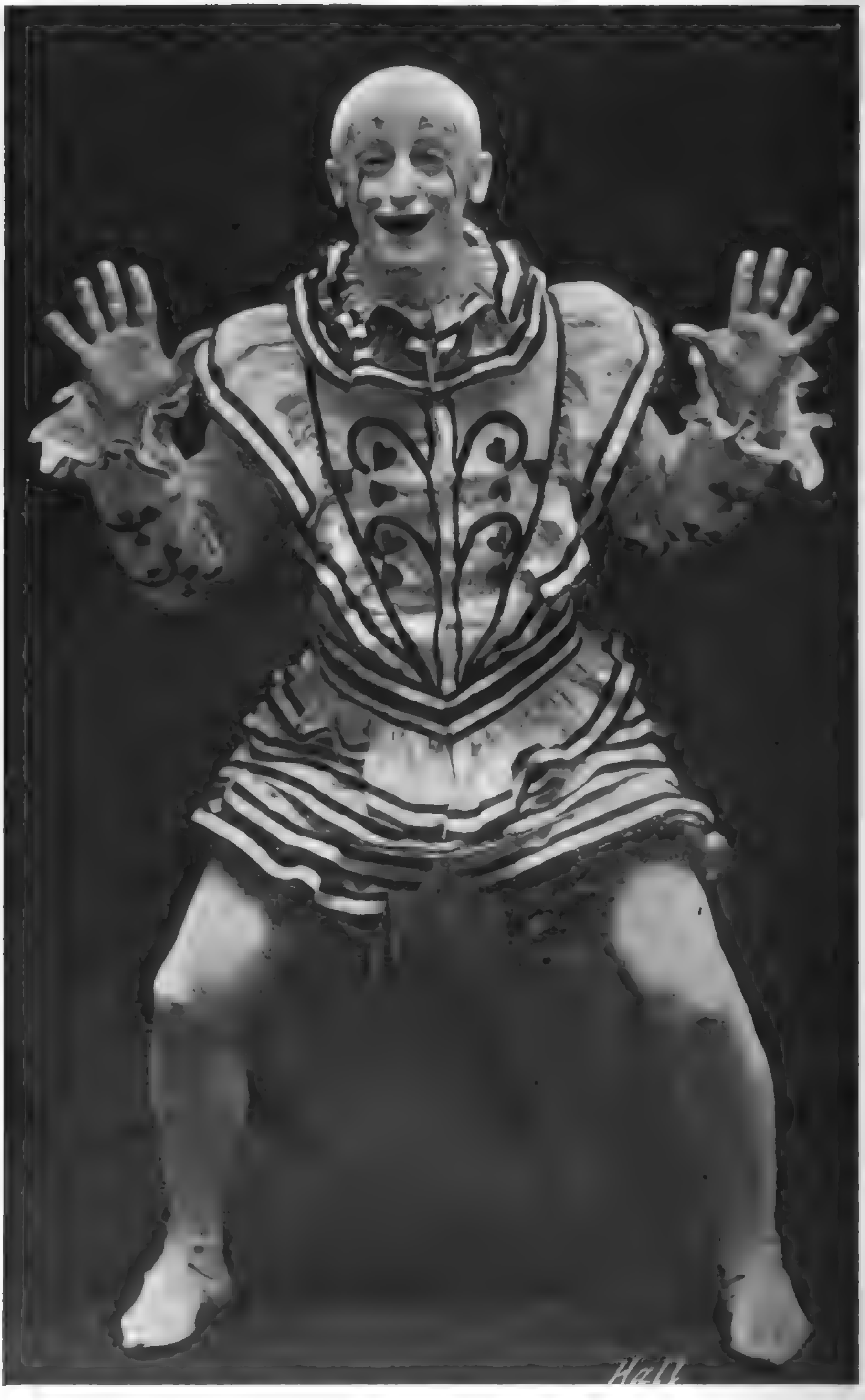
I may truthfully say that I was born in the circus ring. There were four of us—four boys who afterward became famous as "the Shrodes." We knew no other playground than the sawdust of the ring, and our only home was the tents. Before I could walk I could turn somersaults, and I was as much at home on a tightrope as on solid ground. We drifted into the life as a matter of course, and as soon as we were old enough we took our place in the troupe with a regular turn as salaried acrobats. But my father was a man of imagination and intelligence. Both he and my mother were natives of Germany, but we boys were born in Philadelphia and are patriotic Americans. I am an American Humpty Dumpty and am proud of the title. The Italians and French are admirable pantomimics and dancers, but they are overweighted by traditions. The English and Americans are more inventive and bright. They are continually creating. G. L. Fox, the greatest Humpty Dumpty ever seen on the stage, was an American. He was a superb actor. Thirty years ago he appeared here in New York at the Old Bowery Theatre, and old theatre-goers still speak of him with enthusiasm. He is my ideal and I ask no greater privilege than to follow in his footsteps.

I was about to say that my father was especially ambitious for his two younger sons—my brother and myself—who were twins. He put us through a thorough course of dancing, and ever impressed upon us the importance of pantomimic art as a means of rising to the highest standard of our work.

I have about reached the conclusion that many a so-called star would be the better for a severe course of pantomimic training. When one is an adept in the art, one cannot but note how handicapped are those famous men and women of the footlights by so simple a matter as the use of their hands and feet. They seem weighted down by them when not actually using them. In our work the fingers are among our most expressive mediums of speech. Every actor should first be a pantomimist—then a dancer.

My real stage career was begun at Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, when my twin brother Henry and I appeared at the age of nine as two of "The Four Shrodes." Our eldest brothers, George and John, had been before the public for years, and it was easy for us two youngsters to fall right into doing acrobatic and pantomimic work with them.

My own ambition was aroused a few years later by my association with a genuine and high-class pantomime organi-



WM. C. SHRODE, IN HIS FAMOUS CHARACTER OF "HUMPTY-DUMPTY."

zation, with such artists as Charlie Ravelle and the old Martinelli family. I played with them in all their successes, "Magoon, the Night Owl," "Joco, the Brazilian Ape" and the "Comanches." It was a great experience, and from that time on I was no longer an acrobat, pure and simple. My ambition was to rise to the highest possibilities of pantomimic art. I determined to follow in the footsteps of G. L. Fox and the Martinelli's. This was my secret ideal. To outsiders I was as before one of "The Four Shrodes."

The "Acrobatic Four" were next with Kiralfy's "Black Crook" for the space of a season, then with Barnum's Circus for a five years' engagement. We left that show to go with "Kazauka" during its long run at Niblo's Garden. After a tour in Australia, lasting a year, with Sells Brothers' Circus, we became identified with Hanlon's "Superba," where, for five seasons, I had the opportunity of playing Pierrot, the greatest and most serious of pantomimic *rôles*. Pierrot is an interpretation. True, he does not utter a word, but his work is the outcome of innumerable lines of a story that is replete with imaginary utterances. He must change from serious to gay in the twinkling of an eye. As the great Keene once remarked: "To give out a long, hearty peal of laughter without emitting a sound is the height of dramatic achievements."

Strange to say, children the world over are much more appreciative of the subtleties of pantomimic art than their elders, except in the centers of culture, where there has been an enormous amount of preliminary training through the best of foreign companies.

During our last season with "Superba" my twin brother Henry died. We were obliged to take an outsider to fill his place in order to keep an engagement with the Primrose & West Minstrels for the season of 1898. This engagement also came to an untimely ending through my brother Johnny breaking his kneecap during one of our performances at the New York Theatre.

Again it became necessary to take in an outsider to complete our team, but it seemed impossible to get anyone to take the interest in and do the requisite amount of work to make our act the "go" that it had formerly been. Becoming discouraged, after several futile attempts to train young athletes to successfully do the work, I had about decided to permanently retire from the profession when I received an offer to star in the title *rôle* of *Humpty Dumpty*.

At the age of thirty-six I had reached the summit of my ambition, after being before the public and preparing for it, for at least thirty years. There is plenty of work in the *rôle*, some danger and the exquisite pleasure of a gratified ambition. An acrobat must go through certain exercises every day to keep his muscles supple, just as a musician practices his scales. I take a daily constitutional from ten to twelve miles in order to keep my wind in good shape. A Humpty Dumpty out of breath does not know the first rudiments of his art.

As to danger? It is perhaps best not to dwell too much upon it. Every evening I take an Arab somersault of about twenty-five turns over an open trap door. If I miscalculate a hair's breadth, I run the risk of breaking my neck. As a matter of fact, I never give it a thought at the moment of performance, nor immediately before the act, but hours afterward the danger of it all sweeps over me, and I determine to take all sorts of precautionary measures. No sooner am I upon the stage than I forget all about my good resolutions. To tell the truth, our training is so superfine that it is almost impossible to miscalculate a distance or an effect. Our movements are as perfect and rhythmical as a bit of well oiled machinery.

I recall when I was a lad of sixteen with Barnum's Circus, that Miss Bailey asked me to ride in the procession on a bucking camel. It was on March 17, my unlucky day. I remember a fearful leap in the air and I was conscious of landing over the ring in the audience. The next thing I knew I was in my dressing room putting on my shoes. "Shall we be in time for our acrobatic turn?" I asked my brother.

WILLIAM C. SHRODE, WHO IS STARRING AS A CLOWN.

"Why, we've just finished it and the encore," was the reply.

Of course it was true, but in spite of all my efforts I can never recall even the faintest impression of that long and difficult acrobatic act in which I took part. On the whole, I have been singularly fortunate in escaping the breaking of bones or limbs. Those minor mishaps of which I have been the victim, have given me the impression that I am born under a lucky star.

On one occasion a part of my act required that I seemingly be thrown out into the audience. Of course I was encased in a harness to which were attached strong wires held by four muscular men, two on each side of the stage. But on this particular night, the man whose duty it was to fasten the wires to the collar around my neck, carelessly secured them to the silk handkerchief I wore to conceal the iron band of safety. Imagine my dismay when, instead of being jerked back at the proper time upon the stage as I expected, I landed broadsides in the laps of two stout matrons who had secured choice seats in the orchestra circle. Their shrieks almost created a panic.

Another evening, after we had been doing our act on a large stage with plenty of space for the necessary properties and distances, we moved to a much smaller stage. The stage hands miscalculated one of my springs and set the clock through the face of which I was to disappear within two feet of a solid housewall. I sprang through the clock with the result that the clown did not immediately reappear upon the scene as was expected by the audience. My head had hit solidly against the housewall and it was more than two hours before I returned from unconsciousland.

But the clown who hesitates is lost. All his precaution must be taken in advance. Before the footlights he is Pierrot with a charmed life. Pierrot who laughs and makes others laugh. Pierrot who remains silent, even if a cry would save his life. Pierrot who falls without tumbling, who speaks without uttering a word.

A SCRIBE'S WISHES

By Martin Coumbe

Just the converse of my fellows,—
And a girl;
Not the sort that shouts those "Helloes!"
O'er the 'phone;
But the kind whose ready wit
Keeps for me its choicest bit;
And whose curl—
Is her own.

Just a dance, a song, some music,
And a cook!
Not the sort that makes you sick,
When you eat;
But the kind whose ready hands
Anticipate commands,
And whose look
Is a treat.

Just a pencil and some paper,
And a thought!
Not the sort that cuts a caper
Through your head;
But the kind that means a lot,
And, when written, "boils the pot,"
And is bought
By the "Ed."

Photo by Marceau.

MARION WEED, AS KUNDRY IN WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."

FROM THE CHURCH CHOIR TO PARSIFAL

By Marion Weed

Prima Donna of Conried's Grand Opera Forces.

FROM a little church choir in the city of Rochester to the *rôle* of *Kundry,* in one of the most important opera houses of the world, seems a tremendous leap, when one spans it with a glance. But I want to assure every American who aims to achieve a career that the big spaces of art are not bridged over with soaring wings. It is a long, long tortuous road, too narrow and steep for a carriage and pair, where the weary traveler trudges afoot one step at a time. It is a road filled with sharp cutting stones and enticing pitfalls, and long before the glorious mountains of achievement are reached, there are innumerable preliminary foothills to be climbed over and won.

I was not born in a musical environment. My only equipments for my future career were a good, natural contralto voice, an excellent piano and an inordinate love of song. As a child I went through the usual routine of music lessons under teachers more or less efficient and deficient. But as I advanced in years and my voice began to attract attention, I became ambitious. My kind father was able and willing to give me a good comfortable home, but he told me frankly that he could not afford the expensive vocal teachers I required to prepare me for the concert stage. It was then I determined to earn the money to pay for my own musical instruction.

I was little more than a girl of sixteen when I obtained a position as contralto in a church choir. It was a modest enough organization, but our organist was a man of discrimination, and for two years I sang under his direction, the great masterpieces of oratorio. It was my only training and an excellent one, as far as it went. With the courage and effrontery of youth, instead of taking lessons I was giving them. I had a fair number of pupils, and at the end of two years I had saved a nice little sum of money. I determined to go to New York and study singing under the best vocal masters. I had the infinite courage of youth, and my father, who had witnessed my success as a teacher and singer in our little home city, was quite satisfied that I had but to enter New York to conquer it.

My ambitions did not leap very high. I had no thought of the lyric stage or a career. I had merely reached another turn in the road. I wanted to hear more and better music. I wanted better vocal training than could be obtained in Rochester, and it was thoroughly understood that I should earn the money through my own efforts for these musical luxuries.

In the spring of 1889 I found myself in New York, one of forty applicants foı the position of contralto in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church. I recall that I trembled and realized that I was a stranger in a strange city when I entered the presence of the choirmaster, and my eyes wandered over the great auditorium of the church, which my poor little voice was to fill with music. For the first time I realized that my undertaking was a serious one, and that my competitors were more fully equipped than the young unknown girl from a distant city. But as I said before, I had the beautiful faith and courage of youth. I threw back my head and sang "The Rest of the Lord," from the "Elijah," as simply and almost as fearlessly as though I were in the little church at home. The next day I received word that I had obtained the position.

I now began my old life of teaching and church singing with the added advantage of attending concerts and going to the opera as frequently as possible. But as yet I could not find a teacher to my liking, although I tried a number. Some instinct warned me when a wrong method for my voice was suggested.

On a certain evening I went to the opera. It was a gala occasion. A performance of "Tristan and Isolde," with Lilli Lehmann as *Isolde* and Niemann as *Tristan*. For the first time I heard that superb and glorious Lilli Lehmann. It was a revelation of lyric inspiration and vocal manipulation. Here was a woman who had delved into and conquered the mysteries of vocal art. That instant a new determination dominated my life. I resolved to go abroad and study under Mme. Lehmann.

For five years I saved every dollar I earned with that ambition as my goal. At the end of that time I had sufficient for a year's residence and a year's tuition abroad. I wrote to Mme. Lehmann and told her my story. The answer came in due time. It simply stated that she was willing to receive me and try my voice. It filled me with joy, however, and five years after my arrival in New York I found myself domiciled in Berlin, an accepted pupil of Lilli Lehmann and the happiest girl in the world, although I was starting from the a b c of my art, as Mme. Lehmann had informed me at the first trial, that my voice was not a contralto as I had supposed, but a pure dramatic soprano.

One day, as we were going through our vocal exercises, she turned to me suddenly, saying, in her quick, terse way: "For what end do you study, Marion?" I trembled with fear, thinking I was about to receive a dismissal.

"For church—for concert, Madame, as you think best. I am your pupil."

The agony of that moment was so intense that I could barely hear my own voice.

"I think best that you should prepare for grand opera. Remain with me for three years and I promise you a career. Do you consent?"

"Madame, I have but sufficient means for one year of study; to obtain this I have worked for five years"—and then I burst into a fit of sobbing.

"It is not a question of money," replied Mme. Lehmann in her quick, masterful voice. "It is a question of your consent. I await your answer."

There was but one answer, of course, and from that day began a system of vocal and dramatic training that was not a bed of roses. Madame Lehmann, as a disciplinarian, is pitiless. She is to others as she is to herself. "Excuses do not create a standard," she would say to me, when I would plead for indulgence on the plea that I was a stranger and unfamiliar with the language.

I had the natural longing of a girl to join other American girls at our *pension*, in their little parties, but I realized that the offence of a "tired voice" at my lesson next morning would be unpardonable. Mme. Lehmann's villa at Grunwald was at some distance from Berlin, and I never shall forget those bleak winter mornings when I rose at 6.30 by candle light and then crept through the streets of the still sleeping city to catch my train so as to reach the villa by 8.30.

The lessons themselves were exhausting, lasting for hours, and when I returned home I would often throw myself down on my bed, sobbing from sheer nervousness and discouragement. One day, one of the girls at the *pension*, also a pupil of Mme. Lehmann, caught me in a flood of tears.

"I am in despair," I finally blurted out. "I don't know if I do well or badly. I never receive a word of commendation."

"Then console yourself," was her reply, "for Madame told me only yesterday that your singing of the 'Aïda' aria was *wundershön*."

This was my first crumb of comfort, after two years of hard study! A year later, however, when I had about completed my studies, Herr Reinhold, the accompanist, came into the music room just when I had ended the tremendously difficult "*brief aria*" from "Don Giovanni." "Repeat it, Marion," commanded my teacher, "I wish Herr Reinhold to hear it." When I concluded, she laid her hand on my shoulder and said quietly: "It is arranged that you are to sing *Freiea* in "Rheingold" at Bayreuth this summer. I have spoken of you to my good friend, Cosima Wagner."

It was in this matter of fact way that she announced this great event in my life, and gave me this extraordinary proof of her kindness and interest. That summer I sang in Bayreuth and had the privilege of becoming acquainted with Mme. Cosima Wagner. She has an interesting and curious personality that has become what might be termed "eccentric" through the absorbing purpose of her life to glorify her husband through his great music dramas. She is extremely kind to young American singers, and makes a point of speaking to them in very good English.

Again, through the influence of my dear teacher, I was engaged at the Hamburg Opera House, where I remained for three seasons, each season lasting nine months. It is a tremendous school for routine. I started with a modest repertoire of twelve operas and left with fifty. One is called upon to learn new operas continually, and as for the old "standbys" one is supposed to know them backward. After a course of the Ham-

Photo by Davis and Sanford.

MISS MARION WEED, AS THE VOCAL STUDENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

burg Opera House all other work seems child's play.

The two years that followed at the opera house of Cologne were a delightful respite, although I am afraid that to many they would have savored of drudgery. It was here I really began to taste the sweets of success. I began to touch the goal of my ambition, for it was at Cologne that I met Mr. Grau and received an offer to return to my own country in Wagnerian *rôles* at the great New York opera house. I had some months of suspense when Mr. Grau suddenly retired from his work, but my triumph was doubly sweet when Herr Conried confirmed my contract. Last year, then, I made my début in my own country as an American girl, who had reached grand opera through long and persistent effort. When I appeared in *Kundry* for the first time, my mind flew over the intervening years, and once again I was afraid and trembled just as I did fourteen years before when I sang before the choirmaster of the Fifth Avenue church, one of fifty applicants. Then, as before, I took courage. I threw back my head and sang without fear, as though I were again in the choir loft of the little church at Rochester.

A "STRAIGHT-FRONT" ODE

By Laurana W. Sheldon

I remember, I remember the days of long ago,
Ere I became a puppet to Dame Fashion's yearly plan—
Before my Solar Plexus was a thing to vex me so
And my Vermiform Appendix proved relationship to man.

I remember, I remember the forest where I dwelt,
My coat of hair, my appetite, my Hypogastric scope—
I recall the meals at all hours which I stowed within my belt
And my Gastronomic skilfulness with edibles to cope.

I remember, I remember still earlier days as well,
Those days antediluvial—when in my primal might
My waist and all my viscera was one receptive cell
And I masticated aqueously on everything in sight.

I remember, I remember how from prehistoric days
No sorrow, alimentary, had marred my journey here
Till my latest evolution—when I struck the present craze
And arrested with a "Straight-Front" my Pylorical career.

I remember, I remember all the joys that I have known
At each reincarnation which my Ego has achieved,
And that feeing that my stomach has become a block of stone
Is something which, primarily, I could not have believed.

I remember, I remember—but why dwell upon it here?
Enough that my digestion is a thing of present pain—
Perhaps—and who can doubt it, for the fashions change each year—
That "Straight-Front" soon will vanish—I may yet digest again.

THE BALL APPEARS.

THE ART OF "PALMING"

By Madame Adelaide Herrmann

Illustrated with photographs taken expressly for the Broadway Magazine

THAT human nature loves mystery is a fact universally recognized. Whether it be in watching a Hindoo fakir making a fruit-bearing fig tree grow instantaneously from the bare earth, an expert parlor magician changing the spots on playing cards at will, or a professional prestidigitator in a theatre exhibiting his dexterity in palming billiard balls, coins or eggs, the performer may generally depend upon an attentive assemblage of spectators.

A large number of mystifying sleight-of-hand achievements are due more or less to the operation known as palming. Perhaps I may say all of them are variations of this particular accomplishment. When you have conquered the apparently impossible in showing an empty hand, and then, without going near to anything, either in the way of furniture or your own habiliments, produce, say, one, two, three or four billiard balls, you have surely become an adept in palming.

How is palming learned?

It is something that is acquired by long and assiduous practice. I could name one or two men considered fairly successful magical entertainers who cannot palm a billiard ball or coin with any degree of cleverness. They depend mainly upon mechanical illusions. The average professor of magic, however, studies palming until he can do it without extraordinary difficulty, and he employs it largely to mystify those who are watching him.

It is easier to palm a coin than any other object. Take a new half-dollar, with a sharp milled edge. Hold it lightly be-

TO THE OTHER HAND.

BETWEEN THUMB AND FINGER.

THUMB AND PALM.

tween the tips of the second and third fingers of either hand. Balancing it on the finger-tips, let the thumb resume its normal position, and at the same moment let the two fingers press the coin into the hollow of the palm. Contract the thumb so that the coin will be held on one side, and on the other by the opposite fleshy part of the hand.

Do not try to keep the back of the hand perfectly flat. It is not necessary to do so to convince your watchers that you are not palming something. Indeed, a perfectly flat hand gives an impression of strain which will defeat to some degree your purpose of deception. Watch the hand of a friend as it hangs carelessly at his side, and you will note that it is slightly arched. Do the same with your hand as you allow the back of it to be seen and you will find it easier to palm, as well as more convincing to those you are endeaving to entertain.

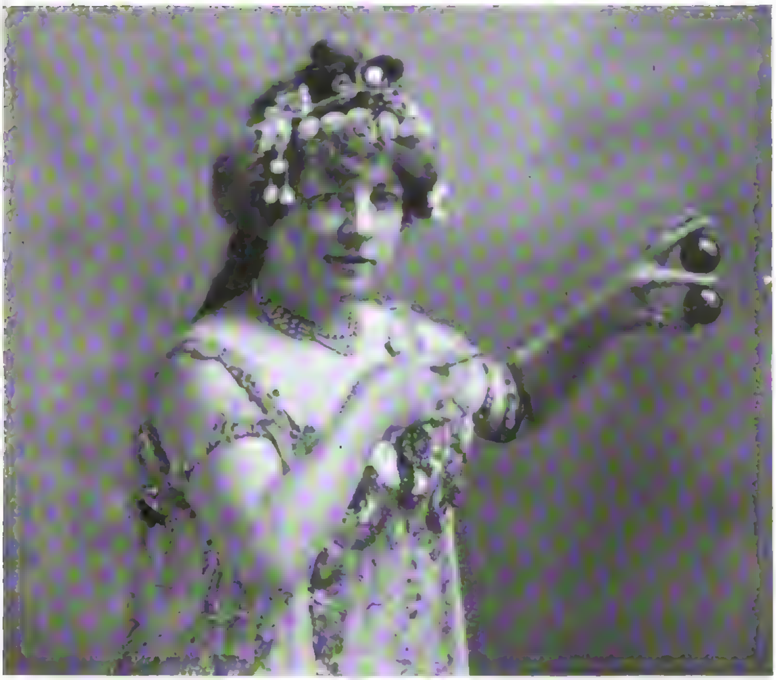
I have always found that my manipulation of billiard balls is one of the most effective features of my performance. My late husband, "Herrmann the Great," used to do it, and I watched him so many times that when I took up legerdemain, after his death, I found that I had control of the ivory balls that I hardly anticipated.

I wear a sleeveless dress upon the stage so that I have no opportunity to secrete anything in my sleeves. Again, I do not speak in the course of the entertainment. Everything is in dumb show, which makes it all the more difficult to deceive the eyes of perhaps a thousand persons all centered upon me. In my billiard ball illustration, I first show that my two hands are apparently empty. Then I suddenly show that there is a red ball in the palm of my right hand. I have not made a rapid movement to get the ball there, but I have contrived to divert attention to something else than my hand for a second, and practice enables me to bring the ball into sight in that infinitesimal period of time.

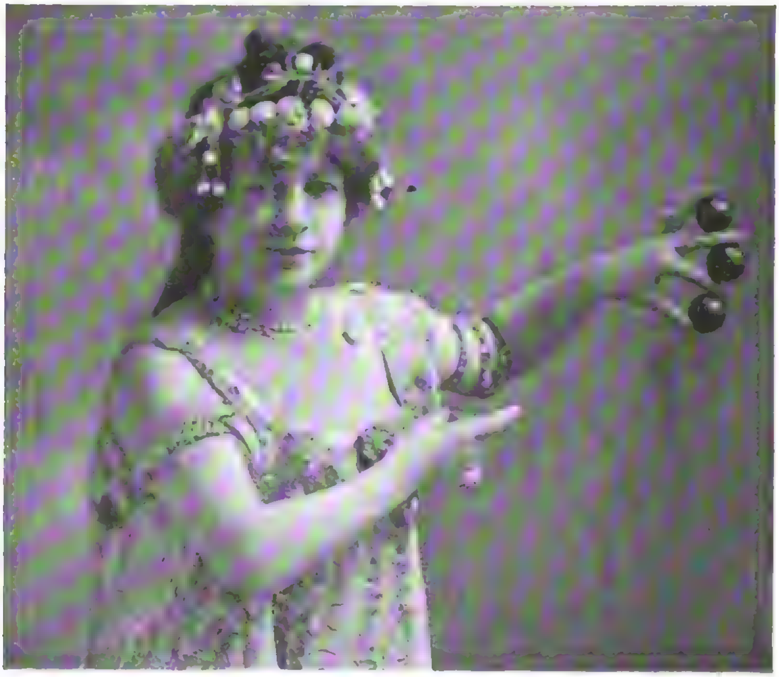
In the photographs taken to illustrate this article the process of producing one ball, then two and then three, may be

A DEXTEROUS PRESSURE

ONE HAS BECOME TWO.



LIGHTLY IN THE FINGERS.



THREE BALLS FROM ONE.

followed. I usually produce four between my fingers, but four are not shown in the photographs, because three were sufficient to exemplify the palming process. Having shown the four balls, they are palmed again, in reverse action, until all are gone.

There are several natural requirements for clean palming. One is strength in the muscles of the hand; another is lissomeness, and still another, perfect coolness. A sleight-of-hand performer must never be nervous. He—or she—must keep in good physical condition, because of course the condition of the body is reflected in the mind, and both must be normal if satisfactory results are to be obtained.

In my early youth my hands were not stronger than those of any young girl whose circumstances do not require her to perform hard manual labor. Of course, I played tennis and other outdoor games, like most girls, but my hands were not extraordinarily powerful. Constant practice in palming did more to strengthen my hands than anything, and I manage to hold four billiard balls firmly in my palms without showing any strain of the muscles.

Palming enables one to perform many curious feats, not only on the stage, but in any parlor or elsewhere in private life. One of the tricks which was a favorite with my husband, and which I learned from him, is to change silver into gold, and back again to the original silver. Handing a person half a dozen silver dollars, he would request him to close his hand tight. Then, having blown upon the closed fingers, Mr. Herrmann would tell him to open the hand, and there would be half a dozen double eagles. It is a pretty trick, and it is done entirely by adroit palming.

One of the coin tricks which was used effectively on the stage was with a borrowed hat from someone in the parquette. He used to catch silver money in the air and throw it into the hat. The coins could be heard to fall in and jingled after the first one. This was done by palming. In his left hand were secreted twenty to thirty coins, while one would be palmed in his right. Taking the hat in his left hand, he appeared to catch a coin in the air with his right and throw it into the air. Instead of dropping this coin, however, he palmed it, letting one of those in his left hand fall into the hat. He could do this until all the coins were gone.

The trick was always a popular one; but, then, every trick depending upon palming is popular—provided always it is skillfully done.

LONDON BRIDGE

By Horace Seymour Keller

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady."
"Here we've got a prisoner, prisoner, prisoner,
Here we've got a prisoner, my fair lady."
In the purple twilight shadows
Of the slow declining day,
There I see the maidens trooping
O'er the meadow land away.
And again I hear their voices
Chant the quaint old childish rune;
And my heart it thrills with gladness
As I list the echo'd tune.

"What's the prisoner done to you, done to you, done to you,
What's the prisoner done to you, my fair lady?"
"She stole my money and my key, and my key, and my key,
She stole my money and my key, my fair lady."
Underneath the bridge she's standing—
Ah, me! it is Haidee fair.
Cruel London Bridge a-falling,
You have got my lady fair.
'Neath the maples gilded o'er her
By the moonbeam's silver glow,
My heart's treasure she's in prison—
Weeping, wailing in her woe.

"How much you want to let her free, let her free, let her free,
How much you want to let her free, my fair lady?"
"Ten thousand pounds to let her free, let her free, let her free,
Ten thousand pounds to let her free, my fair lady."
And I listen to their pleading—
Will they free my lady fair?
Ah, me! how my heart it trembles
For my dainty Haidee there.
Rarest jewels I would give them
If they'd only loose her bands.
London Bridge, ah! you are cruel,
For you list not my demands.

"Ten thousand pounds we have not got, have not got, have not got,
Ten thousand pounds we have not got, my fair lady."
"Then to prison she must go, she must go, she must go,
Then to prison she must go, my fair lady."
Ah! disconsolate I stood there
Trembling in the meadow grass;
Would they never, never free her
From the prison pen, alas?
Heart and hope again are glowing;
Queens, you've won my praises warm.
London Bridge again is lifted,
And my lady's free from harm.

THE HEALING OF BRIER HEATH

By Alice McAlilly

THE village was a mile away when Stephen Heath brought his bride to the cottage he had built on his farm. The cosy home seemed to the happy couple the fairest spot in the whole world.

Stephen planted three sides of the small plot of ground around the house with osage hedges, but across the front he set a double row of sweet brier which became a thick wall of prickly brown twigs, bare in winter but taking on a glossy green robe at whisper of spring, that filled the air with fragrance through the long summer. Fruit trees, flowering shrubs and other blossoming things were set within the inclosure, and this small Eden, in its first beauty, came to be known as Sweet Brier Place. And when a little daughter came, one wonderful day, Stephen Heath, with the love of his pretty home strong within him, persisted in calling her "Little Sweet Brier," and finally she was christened Brier Heath.

Stephen had mortgaged his farm to build the cottage, and, happy in the delights of each passing day, he lived contentedly, supplying the wants of his family bountifully, and, unable to clear off his debts, met his failures with the cheerful hope of "better luck next year." But death folded his hands and the mortgage fell due. The farm, save for the small plot about the cottage, was sold to satisfy the claims against it and to meet other obligations. And so Mrs. Heath and Brier, who was only fifteen, began the battle for bread by sewing, knitting and making the most of the profits of the fruit and carefully tended garden.

In the meantime, the village, grown into a city, was fast creeping out to Sweet Briar Place, and in a few more years the purchaser of Stephen Heath's old farm had sold it off in town lots which were soon graced with handsome residences.

It was a mild May evening. The sun had dropped over the horizon. Nesting birds were twittering a soft good night to each other in the blossoming quince trees at the left of the cottage, and at the right, mischievous zephyrs were shaking the billowy row of snowball bushes and sprinkling the ground with tiny white disks. The pathway, a wavering line of gray beaten earth, slitting the yard in half, was fringed with grass and flanked with flowering almonds and bouncing betty. It reached from the cottage portico to the small wire gate set in the middle of the wall of sweet brier. The early darkness was full of rare perfume.

Brier Heath, a young woman of twenty, ran down the path to the gate to meet the young man who was approaching with strangely lagging footsteps considering that he was about to greet his pretty, light-hearted betrothed from whom he had been separated for several months.

"Henry, oh Henry, I am so glad to see you!" cried the girl, fairly pulling him into the yard. "I was wild with joy when I got your letter saying that you'd be here to-night. Why haven't you written these last three weeks? Our wedding day so near, too, and me with so much to tell you. Only think, I finished my tenth quilt this afternoon—the pink and white dove-at-the-window. It's on the line where I hung it to beat off the bits of thread and cotton. Come—I'll bring it in. Think of it, Henry—*ten* quilts with two spools of thread in the quilting of every one of them! I'm so proud of the lot, but the dove-at-the-window is the prettiest of all. But, what's the matter, Henry? You act so queer. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Don't look at me so, Brier," implored the young man, as the girl peered into his face with frightened eyes.

"Tell me what is wrong, won't you?" she pleaded, still clinging to his arm.

"Yes, I must tell you; but please don't make a fuss, Brier. It can't be helped now. I'm—well—it's hard to tell you. I'm already married."

"*Married*, and not to me? It isn't true. You are joking, Henry. How can you joke about such a thing. Say it isn't true!"

"But it is true. Don't be angry, that's a good girl. It came about unexpectedly. I couldn't help it somehow; but it was a dastardly trick to serve you, Brier, and I'm sorry for your disappointment and—the—the pain of it, you know."

"Who is she? Where is she?" gasped the girl, feebly.

"It's a young lady I met out West. She's at father's now. We're going away in a few days. You won't make any trouble, will you, Brier?"

"Trouble?" wailed Brier, desolately. "Trouble! oh, no, no! Oh, Henry!"

They were standing in the path half way to the house, and Brier's face gleamed as whitely through the deepening dusk as the snowballs at the right or the quince blossoms at the left. Her hand slipped from the arm to which it had been clinging, and she turned away; but the man caught her fingers and drew close to her stricken face.

"Tell me you forgive me, Brier. I never meant to hurt you so. Of course you'll soon forget me; but say you forgive me before we part," begged the false lover, remorsefully.

"Forgive you? You've ruined my life and broken my heart, Henry. Do you expect me to forgive a thing like that? Go back to your bride! What am I to you? Go!"

Henry Sultan went down the path and out of the gate. In a moment his tall form was lost in the shadows, but Brier Heath lingered in the pathway, gazing with unseeing eyes at the swaying snowballs whose pale flakes fell faster and faster as the touch of the night wind grew bolder. Across the plot of grass the birds were still softly telling each other goodnight; in the quince trees and all about was fragrance, but the girl was unmindful of her surroundings till something fluttered past her head and fell on the portico with a scratchy sound. Almost instantly a raspy gurgle of the intruder was followed by a long, mournful cry of "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

"Dear heaven, what next?" muttered the girl, frantically, breaking a fluffy limb from a flowering almond bush beside her and hurling it at the small black creature of ill-omen. It fluttered away into the deeper shadows, but from its distant refuge sent back its plaintive cry of "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Heart-sick and shuddering Brier hastened around the house and taking the pink and white dove-at-the-window quilt from the line, carried it into the cottage.

"Is that you, Brier?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did Henry come?"

"Yes; but he will never come again. He is married. Do you hear me, mother? Henry is married, I say. Let us never speak of him again."

"Light the lamp, Brier. I've been dozing in my chair, but that whip-poor-will woke me. Did you hear it?"

"Yes; but don't worry, mother. It has flown away again."

"It didn't come for nothing, Brier. Mebby it's me this time."

"Oh, pshaw! mother; it was only a happen. Don't go to worrying."

"We had the same sort of warning before your father died. It means something when a whip-poor-will cries on a door-sill. What were you saying about Henry? I couldn't 've understood you, Brier. You didn't say he was married, did you?"

"Yes, he is married. Please don't mention him again, mother. I can't bear it. Can I do anything more for you before I go to bed?"

"I'd like a drink right from the well, and I wish you'd leave the light burning. It's lonesome and dreary-like tonight. Henry Sultan *married*, and not to you? Why, I can't believe it, Brier."

Sweet Brier Place had become a blot in the very heart of the aristocratic residence part of a now thriving young city. Elegant mansions stood in stately lines along both sides of the avenue, and only the hedges Stephen Heath had planted so long ago broke the swath of velvety green that met the pavement for a mile's length.

For several years the property-holders along the avenue had fumed and threatened to compel Brier Heath to remove the trespassing hedges. Many errands had been made to the cottage to tempt her with more than market value for her home, but she would not sell. At last a formal complaint was framed and signed by many taxpayers, but when it found its way to a meeting of the city fathers, a friend of Brier Heath's childhood discussed the matter, and, when he had finished, no one present objected to laying the complaint on the table for a time.

Upon the lots adjoining Sweet Brier Place stood a palatial residence which had recently passed into the possession of Henry Sultan, who, having returned to his native town after years of absence, now chose to occupy a home in the very block where his discarded sweetheart still resided.

Mrs. Sultan began at once to insist upon the removal of the "mop and tangle" that defiled the view from the oriole window of her second-floor drawing-room, but for some reason she was unable to inspire her spouse to any action in the matter. She continued to agitate the question almost daily, however, and never approached the oriole window without glaring down at the humble cottage, nestling in its bit of untrammeled verdure, with increasing irritation and resolve.

Truly Sweet Brier Place was not inspiring to any but a lover of Nature's wildness, for the hedges and sweet-brier wall were densely matted; the trees and vines had long since woven their branches together in utter disregard of individual symmetry, and the snowball bushes had grown knotty and scraggy; but the small grass plot between the house and the sweet-brier wall was always green, and the air about the place was always laden with rare incense.

One morning a man climbed out of the milk wagon that had stopped in front of the cottage, and went up the gray path. A woman answered his knock at the door. She was straight and comely with a quantity of dark brown hair drawn back from her colorless face and coiled loosely. Her lips were set in habitual sternness and her brown eyes were dull and cold.

"Good morning, Brier! I've brought your milk clean to the house this time because I wanted to ask if you had any of them double-heel-and-toe, speckled socks on hand. Jim Brown's wife wants eight pairs of 'em. Her men folks 're awful hard on socks. It's a sin and a shame to ask you to knit such a pile, but I reckon a woman never gits too much pin money, and mebby you'd as lief do it for the company of it. Jim's spot cash, too."

"I haven't any on hand, John, but I can have them ready by week after next, if that'll do. I can knit a sock and a half a day when I try."

"That'll be plenty soon. You needn't kill yourself to git 'em done by then, neither. Jim's folks ain't barefoot yet, I reckon. I've got the yarn in the wagon. I'll fetch it in right now," replied John Dennis, hastening to get the cotton. For twenty years he had been bringing milk and knitting orders to the cottage.

After Henry Sultan's desertion of her, which was soon followed by the death of her mother, Brier Heath had closed her heart and her doors against friends and foes alike. For twenty years the goadings of outraged pride embittered her life, and wounded love, writhing in the secret chamber of her heart, refused consolation or healing. After long brooding the suffering woman began to wonder if her betrothed husband had really loved her in those dear, far-off days, and came to believe that it would comfort her to know beyond a doubt that his affection had been sincere until fickle fancy led him astray. There would be healing in the knowledge that he still thought of her sometimes and longed to undo the deed that had parted them, she believed. Only to know that he regretted his falseness and mourned for her as she had mourned for him, that was the balm she craved for the torturing wounds time alone could not heal. But the fleeting years had brought no sign from Henry Sultan, and never since that desolate evening had the twain beheld each other.

But, although Brier Heath had repulsed the world and chosen to live in morbid retirement, there was one person she had been unable to evade, and that was John Dennis. Unmindful of coldness, unhurt by rebuffs, he had come with the days—patient, cheerful, faithful—and left a measure of milk in the little box on the gate post. At first Brier had commanded him not to leave it, since he would take nothing for it, and at last she left it to sour in the box for several days. It was then that the man ventured to the cottage for his first remonstrance.

"Look here, Brier," he said, bluntly, "it's mighty hard on me to have you act this way. I owed your father a heap, and you'd orter ease my feelings a little by taking the drop of milk that's left over from my rounds. 'Tain't worth nothing in money, but it would do me a sight of good if you'd take it and use it. If your father could speak out of his grave he'd tell you to give me an honest chance to pay back a mite of what he'd done for me and mother."

"What did he do, John?" asked Brier, coldly.

"What did he do? What *didn't* he do? When mother was left a widow with her arms full of youngsters and nothing in the world to do with, he told her he'd go security for her if she wanted to buy the Halbert dairy farm, and help her into the way of making a living. We bought it and he stood by us through our hard times and helped us over many a rough place till I got old enough to manage things alone. He let us have the loan of two of his best cows till we got fairly started in the milk business and when we didn't need 'em any longer and mother wanted to pay for the use of them, he just laughed in his happy way and said: 'The cows ain't hurt any, Mrs. Dennis, and it might spoil my blessing from the Lord if I took pay for a favor done to the widow and orphan. Keep the money, and when you've enough and to spare, lend a helping hand to somebody else that's tugging up stream against a gale.' You see how it is, Brier; I feel the debt I couldn't pay your father, and I'm going to leave the milk right along for his sake, and if you let it go to waste, the sin'll be on your head."

Brier Heath had suddenly closed the door at this point, leaving the man standing on the portico, but she had never failed to get the milk thereafter, nor did she refuse to accept the orders, for the particular kind of socks, which John Dennis was continually finding on his rounds. And so the woman had earned her simple living and asked no favors, little guessing that John Dennis shipped a consignment of double-heel-and-toe, speckled cotton socks to a country store each year, receiving about half as much as he had paid for the knitting of them. Nor did Brier Heath imagine at what sacrifice of self-respect the man fabricated the lies that salved her pride and led her to believe that her skill was in constant demand by eager patrons.

But, though constrained to accept kindnesses at the hands of John Dennis, Brier was always forbidding in her attitude toward him and transacted her business at the door as quickly as possible without giving him any pretext for entering the cottage. On this pleasant May morning, however, after long years of submission to briefness in their dealings, John Dennis lingered at the door after bringing the speckled yarn from his wagon, and asked quite as if it were a usual request:

"Do you mind if I come in a bit, Brier? I'd like to talk over a little matter I heard mentioned down town this morning."

The woman stepped back from the door and allowed him to enter the room, but gave no hint of welcome.

"It's mighty cool and pleasant in here," said the man, sitting down and glancing about curiously. "Them roses crawling in that side window 're terrible sassy, ain't they, Brier? But they're a pretty sight. It always did 'pear to me the air round Sweet Brier Place was the sweetest I ever smelt. Don't let me hinder you, Brier. S'pose you let me hold that hank of yarn while you wind it."

The woman had untwisted a skein of speckled yarn and, ignoring her visitor's request was about to place it over the back of a chair when he rose, and, taking possession of the skein, awkwardly stretched it over his hands.

"Might's well let me have my own way, Brier. I ain't used to giving up to women folks, you know," he said. "Why, I hain't held a hank of yarn for thirty years, I reckon."

Without comment or delay Brier Heath began to wind the cotton, and John Dennis, flushed and smiling, tried to keep the thread from catching on his thumbs which were continually in the way.

"It's a regular game of tag, ain't it, Brier?" he asked, presently. "Who'd s'pose it was so hard for a body's thumbs to dodge a little thin speckled yarn like that?"

Brier did not reply. The work progressed in silence for a time, but finally, feeling the strain, she asked:

"How is your mother, John?"

"Toler'ble well, thanky, considering her age. She'll be eighty next August, you know."

The woman made no response. The skein grew thinner, the ball larger, and at last the end of the thread slipped through the man's fingers. He sat down with a smile of satisfaction on his face, having enjoyed the homely task immensely.

"Do you know who lives on the east side of your hedge, Brier?" he asked.

"No, and I don't care. It makes no difference to me."

"Well, you'll have to know. It's that consarned Henry Sultan. I wouldn't speak about it but for some talk I've heard. Tom Hull said to me this morning: 'You're a friend of Miss Heath's, ain't you, Dennis?' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I wish you'd try to git her to sell her place.' 'I won't do it,' says I. 'Why not?' says he. I don't mind just what I said next. I was riled, and things got worse when Hull said that Henry Sultan's wife would give twice what the place was worth just for the right to clear off the rubbish and square off the corner with grass to match the balance of the avenue. I said more'n I ort, mebby, and Hull he got mad, too. He swore you'd soon be made to dig out your old hedges and git into line, and a lot more stuff not worth telling you, Brier."

The woman, having already cast on the stitches of her knitting, was plying her needles diligently and betrayed neither surprise nor resentment as she gazed out of the window, where the roses were climbing in, at the pale pink apple blossoms lying against the tower of greenery beyond.

"It's what I've been expecting ever since the avenue was laid out, John," she said, placidly. "There's no call for you to get into trouble on my account. I'll get along somehow."

"Now look here, Brier; don't you let them stiff-necked nabobs ride over you. Sweet Brier Place was here before arry stock of them jimcrack houses was set up and down the avenue."

"Yes, I know; but Sweet Brier Place has had its day. It's hard to give up my home; but I don't know's it'll matter much after it's once done."

"It will matter! Don't you give up! I'll stand by you if they go to bulldozing you. I'll make that pesky Sultan woman wish she'd moved to Halifax 'stid of here."

"Was that all you wanted to talk to me about, John?" asked Brier Heath, calmly.

"Yes," replied the man, flushing at the implied dismissal. "I guess I'll have to be going now—the team gits restless when I leave 'em too long. But mind what I say, Brier, and don't you let them high steppers ride over you without giving me a chance to trip 'em up."

"Henry, do come here and look down into that bramble nest! That woman is demented!"

Henry Sultan went to the oriole window and stood beside his wife. In the midst of a wilderness of green, the small open space in Brier Heath's back yard was strung across with a clothesline. The spot was screened from all except the elevated oriole window of the Sultan drawingroom, and the spectacle that particularly incensed Mrs. Sultan on this occasion was the vulgar display of ten gaudy quilts which were gaily swinging on the line in the sunshine, illuminating the heart of

Sweet Brier Place like a glowing array of old-fashioned flowers. Brier Heath, in a dark calico dress, blue apron and brown sunbonnet, stood gazing at the treasures of happier days, and lent a touch of pathos and sombreness to the scene so suggestive to the man looking down upon her that his heart was wrung with remorse.

Unconscious of observing eyes, Brier Heath lifted a corner of the pink and white dove-at-the-window quilt, ran her fingers along the binding caressingly, and then, raising her hands, caught the line where the quilt folded over it and laid her face against the dearest token of her betrothal days.

"Look, Henry; what did I tell you? Why, that woman is crazy. I shall put in a complaint to that effect. She's liable to set us afire or—or—something! Oh, if she would only burn her old shanty and herself in the bargain, what a good riddance it would be."

Henry Sultan did not hear the complaints of his chattering wife. The years had fallen away. He felt a clinging hand within his arm, a lovelit, girlish face was near his own, and a voice ringing with happiness and exultancy was crying: "I have finished our tenth quilt, the pink and white dove-at-the-window, Henry!" The man suddenly clapped his hands over his eyes and groaned, "God forgive me!"

"What are you talking about, Henry?" demanded Mrs. Sultan.

The man dropped his arms limply and stared at his wife vacantly. It was evening, he fancied, and the cool air was full of fragrance; birds were twittering near; a cottage folded in shadows loomed darkly beyond a white stricken face, and a strained voice was crying, "You have ruined my life and broken my heart, Henry!" Again the man groaned aloud, and shuddered at ghostly winds that were silently beating pale, waxen flakes from a billowy row of swaying snowballs.

"What ails you, Henry? Are you losing your mind? Answer me! I *will* have that property!" exclaimed Mrs. Sultan, shaking her husband's arm rudely.

"Property? What property, Hetty?" asked the man, stupidly.

"What makes you so exasperating, Henry? You weren't listening. I mean that brier patch down there! There must be a way to make that crazy creature sell."

"Good heavens, Hetty, haven't you any consideration? That woman was born and raised there. Every stick and stone of the place is a part of her life. I won't consent to molest her."

"Oh, indeed! Well, sir, if you have more respect for the whims of a lunatic than for your wife and neighbors I shall take the matter into my own hands. I shall go to-day and tell Miss Heath that I will take legal steps to compel her to sell unless she will do so peaceably."

"Hetty, you shall not insult Brier Heath!" declared Henry Sultan, who was now thoroughly aroused.

"*Shall* not? Do you presume to command me? What is that woman to you?"

"She was my schoolmate, and she is a lonely, unprotected woman, who is battling with poverty and pride and sorrow."

"But she would have the money. A fig for your sentimental nonsense. I will go, I tell you, unless you will go yourself."

"Very well, I will go," said the man, desperately.

Henry Sultan opened the little wire gate and went up the narrow pathway glancing right and left seeking familiar things. The snowballs were in full bloom; the almonds were losing their early pinkness. Beside the sunken step of the portico a great clump of bouncing betty threw out its frowzy stalks in careless disorder, and under the front window a cluster of columbine steeples swung their honey bells in the morning breeze.

The cottage door was open and Brier Heath glanced up from the speckled sock she was rounding off as her caller stepped on the portico. She did not know him until attracted by his eyes which were eagerly pleading for recognition and mercy as he silently stood before her. Her own eyes widened with the agony of inquiry that gradually crept into them. She rose, the speckled knitting falling from her nerveless fingers and striking the bare floor with a click of the polished needles that quivered and flashed in the shaft of sunshine that stole in the window above the columbine.

With fast beating hearts these once plighted lovers, bereft of youth and content, gazed at each other.

"You are Henry Sultan," said the woman, with white lips. "What do you want?"

"Don't be harsh with me, Brier," pleaded the man. "I was obliged to come to save you the worse annoyance of a visit from my wife, who has set her heart upon buying Sweet Brier Place."

"I understand. My home disgraces the avenue."

"Not in my sight. I wish you to keep it, Brier. It pleases me to have you here where my happiest memories are centered in spite of the one memory that is my everlasting regret."

The woman leaned forward, her colorless face tense with longing to interpret aright the meaning of those last words, and Henry Sultan, reading the desire of her tortured soul, forgot all else and continued passionately:

"It is true, Brier; I have carried the burden of your ruined life upon my heart all the years that my hateful bondage has kept me from you, and, save for the brief infatuation that wrecked our happiness, I have loved you always."

Brier Heath's hands fluttered out as if to stem the flow of reckless words, but a wave of crimson flooded her face, and joy, overleaping restraint, reflected in her beaming eyes and tenderly quivering lips, the wraith of the winsome girl of long ago. Recognizing the wealth of affection springing from under the fallen years at his call, the man's pulses throbbed madly and, overmastered by passion, he held out his arms, crying softly:

"Come, Brier, my sweet, sweet Brier!"

For an instant the woman wavered toward him, but, remembering, sank into a chair, and such tears as she had not known during the sullen years of her misery, rushed to her relief.

Henry Sultan quickly approached her, but, meeting a stern repulse, recoiled and stood irresolute, waiting for her sobs to cease, and glancing about the well-remembered room. There was the old settle, the Franklin stove, the round table with the family Bible on it, the wooden chairs, the blue glass vases on the shelf beside the tall clock, the green paper window shades, and, on the wall directly in front of him, an India ink portrait of baby Brier between those of her proud parents, who were looking down at this older Brier with calm, unseeing eyes.

Conscience smitten, the waiting man's glance again fell upon the weeping woman beside him and scarcely conscious of the act he laid his hand gently on her wealth of silver-threaded hair. The birds were singing in the apple trees; a bee was buzzing about the columbine under the window, and the air was rich with rare perfume. Suddenly Henry Sultan bent, touched his lips to the bowed head and then, stepping over the speckled knitting on the floor, went out of the house. He brushed against the frowzy bouncing betty at the step of the portico, and all along the gray path he was conscious of nodding snowballs, singing birds and buzzing bees. At the gate he tore a sprig from the sweet brier wall and, with a sigh, went on his way down the stately avenue.

Brier Heath laid eight pairs of socks in a neat pile and wrapped them in a paper. But what marvelous healing process had been at work in her since Henry Sultan's visit a few days since? The colorless cheeks were flushed, the cold eyes were bright, a smile relaxed the lips so long set to sternness, and buoyancy graced every movement of the body long weighted with weariness.

The milk wagon stopped in front of the cottage and presently John Dennis strolled up the path to the door.

"Good morning, John!" said the woman, cordially. "Come in."

"Good morning, Brier," responded the man, confusedly, staring at the smiling face. "What's happened?"

"Why, the speckled socks are finished," replied the woman, half merrily.

A look of alarm flashed over John's face. "Are you sick, Brier?"

"No, I'm well. I've been sick a long time, but I'm well now."

"What's cured you all of a sudden?"

"A remedy that would have cured me long ago if I had known of it. I can't explain it, John; but God's pity has taken away my doubts and shown me the truth. A truth that makes me happy, almost. I'll live different now."

"Tell me about it, Brier."

"I can't, John; you wouldn't understand; but I'll tell you my plans. I have sold Sweet Brier Place. I went myself and made the bargain with Mrs. Sultan. She closed with my first price. I took the money to the bank, but I'd like your advice about investing it."

"What are you going to do? Where are you going, Brier?" asked the astonished man, quickly.

The hungry, anxious expression of his countenance touched the woman. The long array of desolate years through which this one steadfast friend's devotion had never wavered from her, arose before her. With quickened intuition she read the true reason of his constancy and a flood of sympathy swept into her awakened heart.

"Why, I—I have thought of buying a small home in some little town where living would be cheaper than here, or of paying for a life membership in the Dorcas Home, John. Which do you think would be best?"

"Oh, Brier, Brier, I can't bear to have you go where I can't see you now and then. All the pleasure I've had in living since you give me the mitten twenty-two years ago and took up with that consarned Henry Sultan, has been in coming here to fetch milk and sock orders. I'll never git over loving you, Brier, never. What'll I do when you're gone? But, if you'll be happier—" the man's voice broke with the stress of grief and disappointment. He picked up the bundle of socks, a gray pallor tinging his face and deepening the lines that told the story of bravely met years, and concluded: "I'll try to be satisfied. I wish you well, Brier, wherever you be."

"Would you so much rather have me stay, John?" asked Brier Heath, gently, a spirit of exultancy taking possession of her as she the more clearly fathomed the unselfish fidelity of this rugged hero's character and realized how necessary she was to his happiness.

John Dennis quickly searched the flushed face and beaming eyes—his heart leaped—the bundle fell from his hands, and he cried eagerly:

"Would you stay for my sake? *Would* you, Brier?"

"Perhaps, if you are very sure you want me to," replied she, tremulously.

"Want you to? Oh, Brier, Brier!" exclaimed the rewarded lover, growing radiant with joy.

A company of workmen were digging out the hedges and uprooting the trees and shrubbery at Sweet Brier Place. Back of the cottage a smoldering heap marked where Brier Heath had heaped her household belongings, set fire to them, and watched them crackle and crumble to ashes in the hungry flames.

"I shall take nothing from Sweet Brier Place to your home, John," she had said. "It isn't my way to do things by halves. These things are diseased, and poisoned with bitter memories. There is only one way to disinfect them. I'm cutting loose from the past for good and all, and I'm going to live a new life in your love and for your happiness."

John, too happy to remonstrate, had allowed the work of destruction to go on without a word of disapproval. At last everything had perished in the flames except the ten bright patchwork quilts and the cedar chest in which they were kept. Every quarter of the gloomy years gone by, Brier had aired, gloated over, and again secured from moths and dust these homely treasures of her youthful romance. Folding them now for the last time, she had laid them in the chest, with caressing touch, all but the pink and white dove-at-the-window which she was lingering over when a shadow fell across the floor and Henry Sultan strode through the doorway.

"What are you doing, Brier? Why did you take advantage of my absence from the city to sell your home to my wife?" he asked, reproachfully.

"You have no right to question me,

Henry," replied the woman, hastily folding the quilt and laying it into the chest.

For a moment the two stood side by side looking down at the humble reminders of their olden dream of intimate association and happiness. Their lifting glances met, full of the same bitter-sweet memories, the man catching his breath sharply, and Brier, white with the pain of repressed emotions.

"Don't burn these, Brier," pleaded Henry Sultan, huskily.

"No, I couldn't burn them, Henry. I'm going to send them to the Dorcas Home. The old ladies there will be glad to get them," replied the woman softly as she bent and closed the chest as reverently as if it were a coffin. "It's hard to give them up, but I must," she gasped.

"Why have you done this thing, Brier? I was glad to have you here in the old nest, and true to me. I have dared to hope that some time——"

"Hush, oh, hush, Henry!"

"I had made up my mind to come often to comfort you and find consolation for myself. I meant to make things easier for you and the cottage more comfortable. Why are you deserting your home and me after all these years?"

"Henry!" the woman panted, then paused. She would not reproach him; there was no need. Caught in the memory of that far-off May night, both stood again in the shadowy pathway recalling the cruel words that cut into the soul of each like a dagger.

"Don't!" beseeched the man, as if Brier had spoken the words.

"No, it would do no good. I have been true to what you were to me before that night, Henry, and I have held you accountable for the past, but I release you now. When you gave me the knowledge I have yearned for so long I knew that the time had come when I must destroy forever the dangers that would lurk in the shelter of Sweet Brier Place for you and me. My love for you was a holy thing, and I shall bury it while it is so. I forgive you the past; but, since wrong can never right wrong, I hope never to see you again. The past will be dead to me forever after to-day. The future I take upon myself. I have been a miserable hermit. I will try another kind of life."

"Where are you going, Brier?"

"I shall be Brier Dennis to-night. Brier Heath will be only a memory written in the ashes of Sweet Brier Place."

"Brier, sweet Brier!" cried the man, despairingly.

"You must go now, Henry. John will be coming soon to take the chest to the Dorcas Home."

"Brier, my sweet, sweet Brier!" moaned the man, desolately, reaching out his hands toward her imploringly.

Ghastly with pain the woman reached up and took the blue glass vases from the clock shelf and carried them out of the house. Henry Sultan heard them shatter into a hundred pieces as they were cast on the stone flagging beside the old well curb. He glanced about the dismantled room in which nothing but the chest remained, and with a long, deep sigh went out of the cottage and down the wavering gray path.

An elegant mansion stands where grief brooded so long in the Heath cottage. No sign of the old wilderness remains.

Often in the evening an elderly looking man whose hair is fast silvering, passes slowly along the pavement, watchful of the border where once the wall of sweet brier grew. Sometimes he finds a tiny sprig of fragrant green springing up from a lingering rootlet, and, as he bears his trophy away, he seems to see faint visions in the gathering shadows.

His fancy descries a cottage at the end of a narrow, wavering path fringed with grasses, bouncing betty and flowering almonds. The happy, girlish features of Brier Heath beam upon him—her voice is in his ears—her caressing touch is on his arm—then the scene melts into the deepening gloom, and in its place a resolute face—tender, pitiful, but relentless—shines out from the darkness as whitely as gleamed those olden snowballs through the gloaming of a May night long ago. It is the strong, beautiful face of a woman who loved, and suffered, and conquered.

A lost Eden is Stephen Heath's once happy home. It fell to ashes at the strange healing of Brier Heath.

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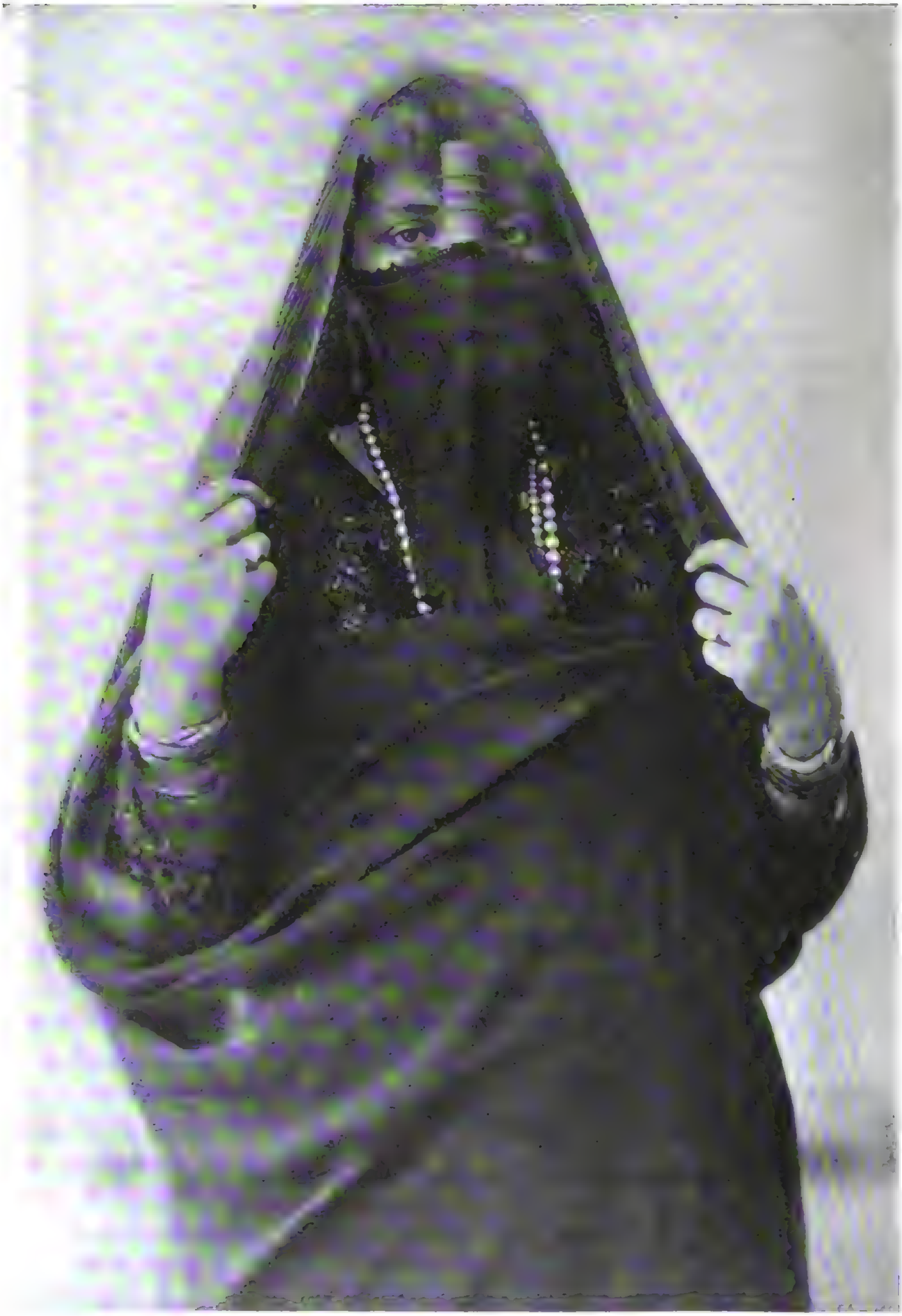


A LADY OF THE HAREM (CAIRO) IN STREET COSTUME.

89. Foire au Caire

THE MARKET PLACE AT CAIRO.

A DAY AT CAIRO

By Hugo Erichsen

A railway journey from Alexandria to Cairo presents an epitome of Egypt. You are reminded of its antiquity by the Nile and a fleeting glimpse of the pyramids, while the evidences of the new life are all about you. Looking out of the car window you observe, right and left, an immense expanse of flat land, divided into patches by narrow canals and covered by crops of various kinds—cotton, sugar-cane, clover and wheat. The view is the same all the year round, one crop being removed to make room for another. And the labor of the fellahin, bending over their hoes in blue cotton gowns and coarse brown felt skullcaps, appears to be incessant.

Travel-stained and weary you arrive at length at that most famous of Cairene hostelries — Shepheard's — in time for table d'hôte and find yourself in the presence of a Cosmopolitan assemblage. It is constituted of Anglo-Indians going to and returning from England, Americans about to undertake a journey up the Nile, a few Frenchmen and Italians, a German professor or two, and a sprinkling of English officers in scarlet tunics that suddenly recall the fact that the Cairo of to-day is practically a British garrison town. Most of the gentlemen are, of course, in faultless evening dress, and many of the ladies appear in brilliant Parisian toilettes, and there is a glittering of diamonds, a clatter of plates, a clinking of glasses, and a Babel of the tongues of the earth that is positively bewildering. But amidst it all, the waiters move noiselessly about, and the three or four hundred guests (according to the season) are made perfectly comfortable.

After dinner you may elect to smoke a fragrant Egyptian cigarette, while you watch the entertaining performance of a dexterous juggler on the hotel steps, or do a bit of star-gazing in the garden to

THE FOREST OF PALMS ON THE WAY TO THE PYRAMIDS.

the rear, engrossed in the contemplation of the glory of the Eastern heavens.

From your window, in the morning, you look down upon Poinsettia trees, twenty feet high, that are bending beneath a mantle of crimson stars. Accustomed to the puny specimens displayed by our florists at Christmas, this burst of floral splendor appears to be almost a miracle, and is apt to fill the susceptible soul of the flower-lover with wonder akin to awe.

After an early breakfast, if you are wise, you will decide to take a bird's-eye view of the city from a donkey's back (as an Irishman might say), preceded by the bare-legged owner of the docile animal, whose shrill cry of warning causes pedestrians to turn aside and give you the right of way. To persons of an artistic proclivity, the street life of Cairo is a source of never-failing delight. Strange scenes quickly pass across your vision—water-sellers with clanging brass cups, men driving asses almost invisible under their burden of rushes or sugar-cane, veiled ladies on donkeys or in carriages, other veiled women on foot in silk gowns and high-heeled slippers, the unveiled wives of the fellahin carrying babes, scranwy-necked, ill-tempered camels heavily laden, beggars, dogs, cripples and children crying for "backsheesh" or alms. Add to this the motley costumes in the brightest of Oriental colors, accentuated by the intense sunlight pouring out of a pale blue sky, the discordant cries of vendors of native pastries and hawkers of Arab odds and ends, the torpedo-like cracking of numerous whips, and you will have a faint conception of the bustle and noise that prevail in the native part of the town.

There is a constant change of scene. Like as not you will come upon a noisy wedding procession, consisting of a crowd of men, a band, and three or four carriages occupied by veiled women, one of whom is pointed out to you as the bride. And high above the laughter, the shout-

THE KHAN KHALILI THOROUGHFARE, CAIRO.

ing, the jingle of the tambourines and the rattling of the drums is heard the shrill squeal of a pipe that would fill the heart of a Scot with joy.

Or, perchance, winding in and out of the motley throng, you will be suddenly confronted by a strange funeral procession, hurrying along as fast as the pall-bearers can walk, with the turban of the dead man carried high on a pole at the head of the coffin and wailing mourners bringing up the rear.

But you will find the bazaar district most interesting of all. No one who has seen the Mouski, for instance, can ever forget it. If a comparison were not out of place, it might be termed the "Broadway" of the Egyptian capital. The carpet bazaar, opening off to the right of it, consists of a network of alleys and counter-alleys, in which bearded, dignified merchants squat upon their rugs smoking and sipping coffee—black and steaming hot—from dainty little China cups. Occasionally they do a little business, but that does not seem to be the aim of their existence.

In the Khan Khalili, which was named after a Caliph and established six hundred years ago, the gold and silversmith hold forth. In this thoroughfare, there is scarcely any display of goods. But the civility and patience of the merchants is proverbial, and you will experience no difficulty in obtaining what you desire. Egyptian jewelry is sold by

THE SPHINX, NEAR CAIRO.

weight. The patterns are identical, that is to say, you can obtain the same ornament in gold or silver.

There are many other bazaars in Cairo, of which those devoted to sweetmeats, hardware, tobacco, the swordmounters, the coppersmiths, and Barbary goods are most notable. In the corner among the workers in brass, there is a clicking of hammers and chisels as the red-fezzed heads of boys and men bob rhythmically over their work. They appear unconcerned as you move about among their wares; but the moment you attempt to leave, down comes the hammer and with it their fine air of nonchalance. They begin to haggle, demanding your last price, and often follow you far along the way, in order to effect a sale.

These narrow lanes of old Cairo, overhung with cornices that almost touch, and booths like mere vestibules without doors and windows, yet make an indelible impression upon your mind, although inseparably connected with it are the figures in blue curled up in the doorways, the stolid money-changers sitting behind their little tables at the street corners and the unending stream of humanity.

In many respects Cairo is as spectacular as Venice. But the curiosity of the chance visitor is piqued most of all by the yashmak that covers the faces of the fair. And he who knows his own mother on the street in this far Eastern city is indeed a wise son. Egyptian ladies of rank lead an aimless life, and even the middle-class women are vir-

THE SHORE OF THE NILE NEAR CAIRO.

tually prisoners; apparently the wives of the fellahin, or peasants, who are supposed to be most miserable, are the happiest.

Cairo is said to contain 400 mosques, of which that of Sultan Hassan is the most famous. In fact, it is regarded as the most beautiful mosque in the Moslem world, its quiet sublimity being signally impressive. It is in the best style of the best period of the Arabian school of architecture. About the mosque of Mehemet Ali, which is also well known, there is nothing to admire, on the other hand, except its commanding position. Situated within the precincts of the citadel, on a spur of the Mokattam Hills overlooking the city, it is the most conspicuous object for miles around.

At the citadel you may obtain a beautiful view of the gray and dusty flat-roofed city and in the remote distance observe the aged pyramids, grayer and dustier still, and the ever-encroaching desert.

The interval to luncheon time may be filled in with a short drive on the Shubra road, a stroll in the Esbekiyeh gardens, or a visit to the river, the shores of which are replete with interest. You will note a forest of masts and white lateen sails rising from dark blue hulks, small ferry-boats scurying to and fro, women washing at the water's edge and girls filling huge stone jars. Some of these girls are beautiful specimens of womanhood, with forms straight and splendid, hair glossy and coarse, and black eyes that flash under deep brows. They are clad in dark robes, that hang from the shoulders without a support at the waist, and wear the same sort of bracelets and rings that adorn the wasted limbs of mummies.

The craft called dahabeeyah is peculiar to the Nile. As it is shallow and flat-bottomed, it is adapted for either

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

sailing or rowing. It carries two masts, a big one near the prow, and a smaller one at the stern. The raised deck of the cabin in the after-part of the vessel constitutes a kind of an open-air drawing-room, which is the exclusive territory of the passengers, the deck proper being reserved for the crew.

After luncheon you start for the pyramids at Ghizeh, which are within an hour and a half's easy drive from the hotel door. The road is shaded all the way by a double row of acacia trees and was originally constructed in honor of the present king of England, when he visited Egypt as the Prince of Wales. As you drive toward them, the pyramids are sharply outlined against the glowing sky of the west, on the edge of the Libyan desert. The nearer you come, the more you realize that they are not so familiar after all. But when at last you gain the rocky plateau and the Great Pyramid, in all its unexpected bulk and majesty, towers close above your head, the effect is as sudden as it is overwhelming. All your preconceived notions are overthrown. Then you are aware that you entertained erroneous ideas with reference to the color, relative position, and number of these monuments of the mighty dead. They are not gray, but of a rich tawny hue, and there are nine of them instead of two.

After a long look at the Sphinx, from the brink of the sand hollow in which she lies couchant, you begin the return trip and arrive at the hotel in time for dinner, preparatory to taking the night train for Alexandria.

CUPID TAKES A FLYER TO OLYMPUS

By Helena Smith

"NO, Olympus isn't what it used to be," sighed Dan Cupid as he sat on the edge of the piazza of the Mount Olympus Golf Club, a caddy bag over his shoulder where once hung his famous bow. "The goddesses have gone in for suffrage and careers and the gods are forming trusts and winning golf tournaments. I've been awfully snubbed since my return, for the same influences are at work that ruined my profession on earth."

Hercules, the green keeper, toyed with a golf stick and looked sympathetic.

"I know how you feel," he said. "Same with me. I hold the record for the golf course, but what is that in comparison with my twelve great labors?"

"It's better than being transformed from the god of love into a mere caddy," complained Dan.

"Caddying for Diana to-day?" Hercules filled his pipe and glanced over the late god of love.

"Yes; Di is the only goddess who can really play. You ought to see her drive! I don't like the way she tries to boss me around, though. She never had much use for me."

"Does the Lady Venus, your mother, golf?" asked Hercules, politely.

"No; mother hasn't time for society. She is, as you know, a business woman now. I was surprised to find she had opened up a beauty parlor on Parnassus Avenue and was catering to the carriage trade."

"I always thought she was very fine looking," remarked Hercules.

"Um—yes," assented Dan. "Did I ever tell you about my return to Olympus?" he demanded, suddenly. "If I expected any fatted calves to lose their lives in my honor the idea was quickly dispelled from my mind."

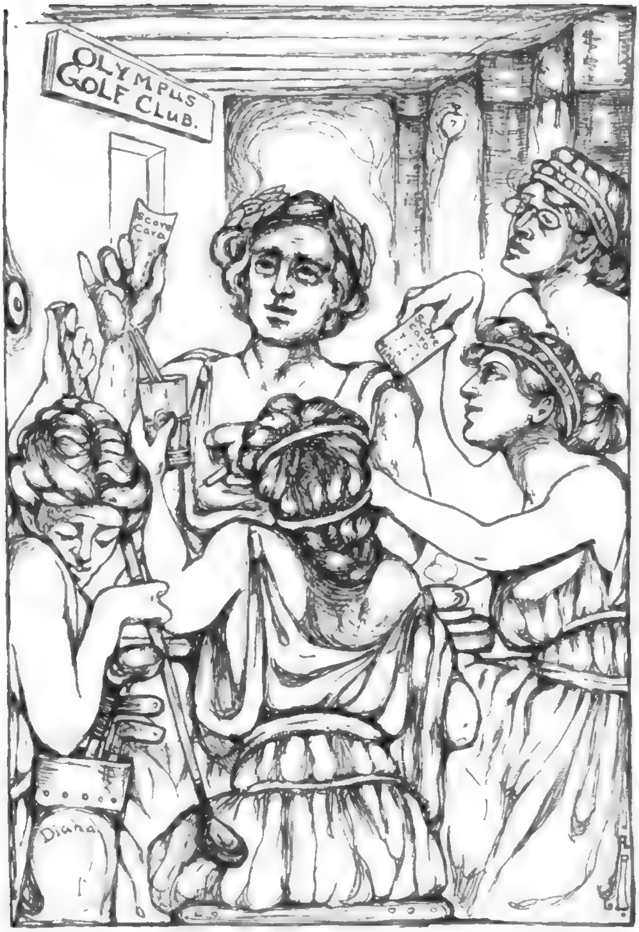
"What happened?" asked the hero, highly amused by the chatter of his diminutive friend.

"Well, as I was coming up Parnassus Avenue, looking for a familiar face, I spied a pretty wood nymph just coming out of Castor & Pollux's dry goods store. I had just aimed my arrow at her when my arm was grabbed by a policeman, and looking up I saw it was my old friend Mars. I laughed outright—he looked so funny in his uniform. Maybe he wasn't surprised to see me!

"'Well, I'll be jiggered,' he said. 'Where'd you come from? Must be several thousand years since you were around these parts. It was thought you fell off a cloud and were killed. How your ma did take on about it. She'll be surprised to see you back, chipper as ever. Guess, though, you won't play your pranks round here much now, 'cause times have changed. Look here—give me those firearms. 'Gainst the law, you know.' Then he took away my dear old bow and arrows and they haven't let me have them since." Dan sighed gloomily and Hercules patted him gently on the head.

"Cheer up, sonny. Things aren't very strenuous here for me any more. We all have our troubles. But what happened to you then?"

"He took me to my mother, but she made us wait a long time in a reception room because she had some swell customers she was waiting on. She was glad to see me, but she wasn't sentimental over my return. She took me on her knee and talked seriously about my future and the trouble I had made her in the past. She called up her friend Minerva on the 'phone and told her to wheel over on her 'bike' at once. She did, and, to my disgust, I found it was to arrange for my education. Minerva at once enrolled me in a kindergarten class—she is superintendent of schools, you know—and you can imagine what a bore it is. On Saturdays and holidays I caddy—for mother says I must learn to earn my living by honest work. While I was in the beauty parlors several of the goddesses came in



APOLLO WAS ALWAYS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

and among them, Juno. She looked at me through her lorgnette and said patronizingly:

"'Ah, Venus, so your little son has come back to you. I hope you will bring him up sensibly. You used to quite spoil the child.'

"Mother got even with her for that when she was combing out Juno's hair after her shampoo. Juno scolded her for pulling her hair, and it sounded just like old times."

At this point in the conversation a foursome that had just finished a round came noisily toward the clubhouse.

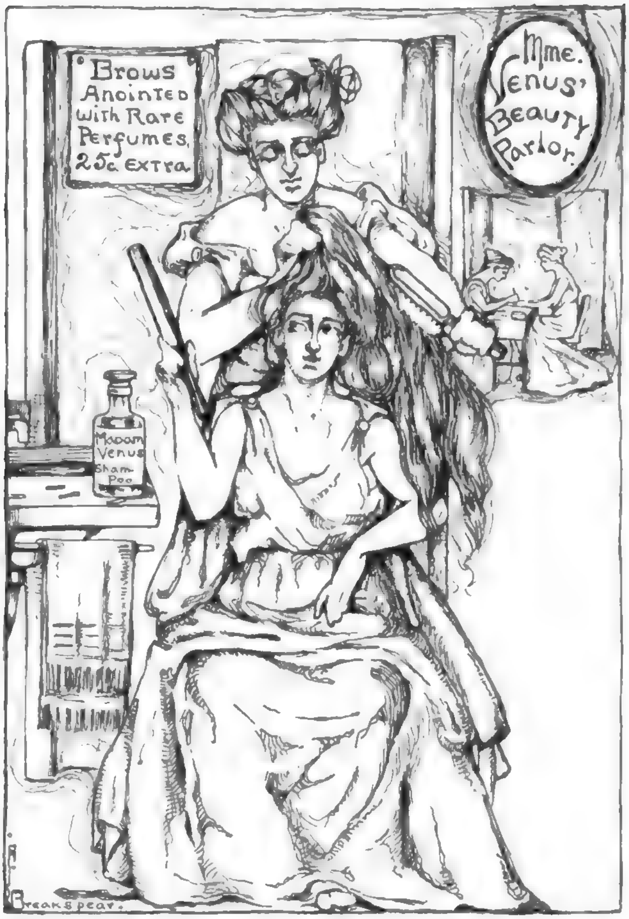
"Doesn't Apollo look swell in golf togs?" whispered Dan, as the party came near.

"Have you been to his new vaudeville theatre yet?" asked Hercules. "The bill was fine last week. The three Graces did a sister act and Melpomene and Thalia appeared in sketches. Psyche has a very cute little butterfly dance. If you'd like to go I'll try and get you a pass."

"Thanks," said Dan. "I can get in all right. You know I laugh at locksmiths."

Hercules' huge frame shook at this sally. He repeated it to Apollo when he came over to inquire if Ganymede were about, for they were thirsty after the game.

The party sat down at a small table on the piazza and the graceful Ganymede, who ran the soda fountain, appeared with a tray in his hand to take the order.


Brows Anointed With Rare Perfumes. 25c. Extra.
Mme. Venus' Beauty Parlor.
Madam Venus Sham-poo
Breakspear.

VENUS HAD SHELVED ROMANCE AND WAS DEALING WITH STUBBORN FACTS.

"Three hot nectars with whipped cream," said Apollo, "and one ambrosia—don't forget to put a cherry in it."

Apollo's companions were Hebe, Minerva and Aurora. As they laughed and talked, the other tables began to be filled with members of the Olympian smart set. There was great excitement when the horse car appeared in sight, for this was a recent improvement, and the novelty hadn't worn off. The steed that drew the ponderous car was none other than Pegasus, who jogged along with a humiliated and anxious look on his face. A number alighted from the car and joined the piazza groups. Hercules had been obliged to leave Dan to teach one of the Muses how to drive. Part of his duties consisted of teaching golf to the club members, but it was rather expensive, he broke so many sticks.

Suddenly everyone's attention was attracted to a figure coming slowly up the road, reading a book as it came. The book had a yellow cover and close range disclosed the reader to be Mercury—Mercury in a blue uniform, and with "Olympian Western Union" written across his cap. The message proved to be for Juno, and announced the re-election of Jupiter to the presidency. The defeated candidate had been Neptune. Pluto also ran on an independent ticket, but it was agreed from the start that he was a dead one.

"Have you heard about Nemesis?" asked Diana as she took a piece of angel cake. The political discussion had waned and the regular club small talk was resumed.

"No. What?" came the chorus.

"Opened up a detective agency. She always was the busiest person in Olympus."

A few moments later when Nemesis dashed up to the club in her automobile, curious glances were directed her way. Somehow she brought with her an atmosphere of disquiet. But she was, nevertheless, sure of an interested group around her, for she knew all the latest gossip and repeated it with much zest.

"Never saw her when she wasn't knocking some one," said Hercules, who had rejoined Cupid on the farther end of the piazza. "She always breaks up a merry party when she appears."

"She also breaks into the best society," said Dan. "She is detested on earth, but she manages to rubber into the very best circles."

An Imp appeared yelling "Extra! All about the fire! *Olympus Chronicle*—one cent."

"Here," called Hercules, "gimme one."

"Fire Still Raging in Hades!" was the flaring headline on the front page. "Origin of Fire Unknown. No Insurance."

"Awful, isn't it?" asked Hercules, shuddering. "Why didn't they attach the hose to the River Styx and put it out? The Chief of the Fire Department must be a dead one. Wish I'd been there."

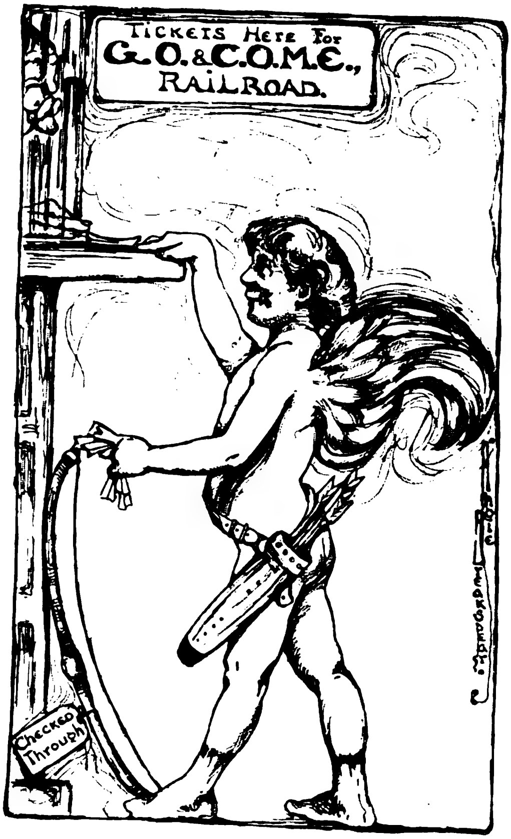
By this time the papers were causing a diversion among the various groups.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Hebe, looking over Minerva's shoulder, "halos have been marked down to $1.98 at Castor & Pollux for to-morrow, and you can buy that perfectly lovely Bloom of Eternal Youth—large jar—for 39 cents, former price 50 cents. I just love bargain sales."

"Well, I never!" said Minerva, scornfully. "If Venus hasn't started a column of Beauty Hints. I didn't know she knew enough to spell."

"She ought to run an answers to correspondents column—she is, at least, good form," put in Apollo.

"Caught at Last," read Nemesis.



CUPID BOUGHT ONE HALF TICKET BACK TO OLYMPUS.

"Scylla and Charybdis Apprehended. To be Tried on Many Charges."

"About time they were," said the goddess of Vengeance. "Oh, a big reward is offered for the return of the Lost Pleiad! That is right in my line!"

"Here is an article written by Fortune on 'How to be Successful,' said one of the Muses. "I must read it very carefully. Though I can inspire people I never seem to know quite how to make the box office receipts satisfactory, and my protégés often starve—poor things."

"If here isn't a new breakfast food advertised!" exclaimed Ceres.. "But I'm sure it is not whole wheat—I have a copyright on all the breakfast cereals made."

And so each found items that were especially interesting, and with chatting and reading the time passed pleasantly until Phoebus whirled by in his sun-chariot—the finest turnout in the universe. Deep shadows followed in his wake as he disappeared over the mountain tops.

Meanwhile, at the end of the piazza Cupid and Hercules had been quietly talking over the topics of the day. Aimlessly Dan turned over the pages of the *Chronicle* until his eye alighted on "Earth Notes. By Our Special Correspondent." Then he shook with excitement as the following society note caught his roving glance:

"The people of Olympus will be much interested to learn that an American heiress has just rejected the owner of the proudest title in the world because she didn't love him! Many believe that Dan Cupid has spoiled this brilliant match."

"I must see that girl!" cried Dan. "I had grown cynical, but this restores my confidence. Oh, where is my little bow and arrow?" He began to cry dismally. "Such an opportunity, and I know the nicest big chap—just right for that girl." Then he fell to weeping again.

Hercules looked sympathetically at his tiny companion.

"Oh, cheer up," he said, making a clumsy effort to be kind.

"I want to go back," sniveled Dan. "I want to go back."

"Well, why don't you, then?" demanded Hercules. "I'll pay your fare if that is the trouble."

"No use going without my little bow and arrow," said Dan, pathetically. "And that, you know, is hung up over my picture in the Olympus Rogues' Gallery."

"Oh, if that's all, I can get it for you easy," chuckled the giant. "Guess a little job like that won't phase John L. Hercules. Come on now, and we'll get it."

And while the party on the piazza made merry, an oddly matched couple stole away and down the road, one walking with long strides, the other running to keep up, the small one clinging to the hand of the big one, confidently.

CUPID'S PLEA.

By Cora A. Matson Dolson.

Let me in! O, maiden, haste!
Loose the knottings of your waist.
Hold the silken bands apart;
Let me creep into your heart.
It is freezing cold outside,
Let me in your bosom hide;

Love has need of warmth, you know,
When the bitter tempests blow.
I have fore-time, known a maid,
Scornfully, or half afraid,
Say a mocking "No," and then
Weep that Love came not again.

THE HIP SHING TONG OF CHINATOWN AND CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES IN AMERICA

By Walter Beverley Crane

THE Chinese are a specially proud people. They ask neither our sympathy nor our help. If a Chinaman ever tells you his thoughts, or talks to you of himself or his people, it is because you have won his confidence to a considerable degree. They are also extremely sensitive, easily offended, and not easily placated. In New York we have the imported Mafia of Itàly, the nihilism of Russia, the anarchism of Germany and Italy, and the "Hip Shing Tong" of Chinatown.

Whereas the *Hip Shing Tong,* and other Chinese secret societies, may become the instruments of private vengeances for personal wrongs, the anarchist club and the nihilist society hurl their death-dealing blows at great social and political institutions, and attack and destroy the pure and innocent without reason or cause.

The Chinese constitute a foreign substance cast into our social order, which will not mingle, but keeps up a constant irritation. Their debasing vices, the importation of slave women, the false belief that they are coolie slaves, the distinctive isolation and non-assimilative attitude in which they stand, and, added to all, the Chinatown in New York to which they have given birth, and which forms such a dark blot on the body of our fair city, account to some extent for the feeling of bitter hostility which exists towards them.

Thirty-nine years ago the Triads, or "Highbinders," came to San Francisco, and planted themselves in this soil under the high-sounding name of *Chee Kung Tong*—"Chamber of High Justice." The original society in China is called "Heaven and Earth League," or "Triad Society." The Triad consists of the characters, *Thien, Tay, Hoey*—"Heaven, Earth, Man."

Singapore used to be the headquarters of several of the principal Chinese secret societies, the most inscrutable and ruthless and law-upsetting organizations in the world. These were suppressed by formal enactment on the initiative of Sir Cecil Smith in 1890. Sporadic attempts are still made, and will always be made where Chinese congregate in large numbers, to start illegal organizations.

The chief societies in Singapore are the *Ghee Hin,* the *Ghee Hok,* and the *Hok Hin.* The first was the original and the most powerful one, and when it was suppressed, after great difficulty and many disputes among its members, concerning the distribution of its property, its membership in Singapore was 30,000, and in Penang 40,000.

The other two have been "registered" and "permitted," as they are ostensibly only Chinese mutual benefit societies. There is still not the slightest doubt, however, that they stand between their members and the foreign law. Professional bondsmen attend the courts to bail out any members of their society, and they help their members in all sorts of ways to flee from justice.

They have the most elaborate system of signs for mutual recognition. One of them bases its signs upon the numeral three. At table, a member wishing to make himself known to any fellow-member present, places three glasses together in a certain way, or passes a cup of tea held peculiarly with three fingers. A man fleeing from justice and praying for refuge, puts his shoes outside another's house, side by side, with the heels turned towards the door. If the owner turns one shoe over on the other, the fugitive knows he can take refuge there.

In spite of the suppression, I fancy that *Hoan Cheng Hok Beng*—"Upset Cheng," the present Manchu dynasty of China, "Restore Beng," the former dynasty—still has a magic and compelling significance in Singapore, for these are the passwords of the famous Triad Society, which honeycombs China and has more than once put the throne in terror.

"Highbinders" openly flourish in our country as they could not do in their own. There their heads would soon roll in the dust; they might experience *ling-chi,* or "death by the thousand cuts," otherwise known as the "slicing process" or "slow process." *Ling-chi* is supposed to be reserved for culprits who commit triple murder and for parricides, but the Chinese penal code is elastic.

Ling-chi is so interesting that I must pause and describe it. The criminal is fastened to a rough cross, and the executioner, armed with a sharp knife, begins by grasping handfuls from the fleshy parts of the body, such as the thighs and the breasts, and slicing them off. After this he removes the joints and the excrescences of the body one by one—the nose and ears, fingers and toes. Then the limbs are cut off piecemeal at the wrists and the ankles, the elbows and knees, the shoulders and hips. Finally, the victim is stabbed to the heart and his head cut off. Of course, unless the process is very rapidly carried out, the man is dead before it is completed, but if he has any friends who are able to bribe the executioner he is either drugged beforehand with opium, or else the stab to the heart is surreptitiously given after the first few strokes.

The Chinese surpass any other people in the number of their societies. Many of them are "wheels within wheels." Each separate object must have its own *tong* or *ni.*

On the Pacific Coast are many rival *tongs.* Some are especially connected with the gambling interests; some are organized to protect the brothels; and some for the importation and traffic in women. In case a woman seeks to escape from her life of slavery, as often occurs, the most common way of dealing with her is for a "highbinder" to swear out a charge of grand larceny against her, and she is cast into prison by the officers of the law. This puts her in the power of her owner, and if she returns, as she often finds it best to do, he lets the case of larceny go by default. And woe to the Chinaman who helped her to escape, if he is found out!

There are *tongs* and guilds among the Chinese which must not be confounded with the order of the hatchet men. I refer to the trades unions, of which there are many. The most important of these trades unions are those of the laundrymen, cigarmakers, shoemakers, jean clothes tailors, underwear manufacturers and other smaller unions. They regulate wages, settle disputes, protect each other from being wronged by white people, and protect themselves against their own people who would take away their work. This they do by strikes, and sometimes by the use of physical force. When a non-union man is found working among them they quit work until he is dismissed. They defend their interests sometimes by employing force to fight against other unions. This is where the "hatchet boys'" work comes in. If a member of their own union makes himself especially obnoxious his name is handed over to the hatchet men, and that Chinaman disappears.

Perhaps he has returned to China, or has gone to the Eastern States, but more likely he has been blotted off the face of the earth.

If a man is to be gotten rid of the hatchet men stand ready, for a consideration, to undertake the job. In secret conclave they deliberate over the case of one who has offended them, and select the agent who is to make away with him. He gets well paid for the work. If arrested they agree to clear him in the courts. If he is imprisoned or killed, a goodly amount is given to his family.

Few Chinamen have the courage to stand against the fiat of this dark tribunal, and they all fear its power much more than they do our own courts of justice. They have different ways of dealing with those who have incurred their enmity. If it is not deemed prudent to assassinate them, charges are made out against them in our courts by means of false witnesses. A complete chain of evidence is forged by which many an innocent man is condemned. It is not only difficult to clear one against whom the "highbinders" have laid charges, but it is equally difficult to convict one whom they have undertaken to defend.

Many are laid under tribute to their blackmailing schemes. Their victims generally find it wiser to submit to their demands than to offer resistance, and be ruined in their business, or lose their employment, if not their lives. The revenue of these "hatchet" societies is very large, hence they never lack for money to carry on their nefarious work. Money and cunning seldom fail to thwart the ends of justice, and accomplish what they undertake.

The "highbinders" have their regular band of paid fighters, who wear chain armor, carry revolvers and knives, and other kinds of concealed weapons. Nearly all the shooting affairs in the Chinese quarters of Boston, New York and San Francisco may be laid to their charge. The street battles which so often occur are brought about by a contest between rival *tongs*. Perhaps there has been some slave girl stolen, who was under the protection of some other society, or blackmail is levied by a rival *tong*, or in some way the rights of others are encroached on, and a deadly contest arises, which nothing but blood can wipe out.

This class of Chinese is confined to a comparatively small circle. The great mass of the people have no sympathy with these villains, and would be delighted to see them brought to justice. When, on several occasions, attempts have been made to put them down, the great body of the Chinese have been highly pleased with the prospect.

It is hoped that the day is not far distant when these men who defy our laws, plot bloody conspiracies, and sustain vile haunts of vice, shall be suppressed.

None would breathe freer, or be more delighted at this result, than the law-abiding Chinese themselves.

The ordeal of initiation to a Chinese "highbinder" secret society is said to be something terrific. Under naked swords and spears, before grim idols, and with cups of mingled wine and blood, and the decapitation of a cock's head as an intimation of what will be done in case of treachery the novice, with awful oaths, is initiated into the order. There are many secret signs, passwords and symbols which are known only by the initiated. The affairs of the lodge are administered by a president, two vice-presidents, one master, two introducers, one fiscal and thirteen councillors.

In China the great "Hung League" is of powerful political importance. The number of its members and the discipline which is maintained in its ranks render it a formidable political weapon, but fortunately for the peace of the country there is in the Chinese character a want of that enthusiasm which makes rebellion successful. At any time the "Hung League" might turn the day by throwing in its weight on the side of one of two equally matched combatants, but it is as an instrument and not as a principle that its action will be felt.

Roman Catholic missionaries have reported the appearance of a secret sect in the rites of which they consider that there are to be traced remnants of a debased Christianity. Of these last named people, who describe themselves as "Fasters," little is known beyond the information supplied by one of their members to Père Rizzi on the subject of the rites attending the "Feast of Tapers." On that occasion ten tables are placed so as to represent the human form, and around them are arranged twenty-five tapers of an aggregate weight of a thousand ounces. The president and twenty-four "Fasters," each bearing a cross tipped with wax, then take their places at the tables, and, having struck a light with a steel and flint, the president lights the extremities of his own cross, and with that lights the twenty-five tapers and the crosses of the brethren. That done, rice cakes, rice and tea, which have been previously prepared, are blessed by the president with the sign of the cross, and are then divided among the associates.

According to Père Rizzi, the founder of the "Fasters" was Tamo. "Must not this be St. Thomas?" adds the missionary.

The members of the "Hung League" contend that their society has existed through all time, but history throws no light on any earlier formation of their body than towards the close of the Han dynasty (A. D. 185).

But the worst Chinese secret society in this country is the *P. P. A.* In English it may be called the "Procurers' Protective Association." In Canton, Hong Kong and Macao are houses used for the sole purpose of training up young innocent girls for a life of shame, and these houses are the supply depots of the *P. P. A.*, which is organized for the sole purpose of importing Chinese slave girls. The public would be surprised to learn that the *P. P. A.* eludes the vigilance of honest customs officers in many instances. If the *P. P. A.* cannot get Chinese girls there is a certain type of American womanhood that will accommodate them.

And the Chinese (give the yellow devils their due) are less brutal and violent to these women than are the men of whiter skin, and for this reason, and because of the love of opium which is so prevalent among this class, the women cling to them. So far as our own country is concerned, this is the most dangerous phase of Chinese Secret Societies.

MY SWEETHEART'S YELLOW HAIR

By Rebecca Middleton

I WAS a student at one of America's famous universities.

She was the orphaned granddaughter of one of the venerable instructors. The sun shone upon nothing lovelier than Margaret, with her eyes of heavenly blue, cheeks of the wild rose tint and hair that an angel might envy.

Oh, those wondrous strands of yellow hair! In two splendid streams of gold they fell to her waist, and there broke into gleaming curls whose soft beauty I had often pressed to my lips with all the ardor of a young and passionate lover.

But Margaret was proud as well as fair, and told me a hundred times a day that she had parted with me forever.

She tormented me thus the last time we skated together upon the frozen lake near her grandfather's home, and to show her displeasure at my hot resentment of her childish teasing, she darted away—to the opposite side of the lake.

I can see her now—straight and slim in her smart little costume of velvet and furs, as with a backward glance of disdain and a defiant toss of her long yellow braids, she was off like a bird on the wing.

A report, a shriek, a flash of sunny hair—and she was gone—sucked under the tide where the treacherous ice had given way.

In a second's space I had reached the black whirlpool, plunged into its icy depths, and in a frenzy of anguish—as I felt the swift current sweep my darling's slim form from my grasp—I clutched at her long braids of hair.

Like living things the wet strands seemed to leap and coil about my arm and fingers. I was numb and fast losing strength, but my darling was safe, and consciousness left me with a "God be thanked" upon my lips.

When I came to myself I was lying stiff—stretched like a corpse upon the shore. Kind hands were tending me; kind faces looked into mine. But my first thought was for Margaret whose dank and dripping hair I could still feel in my frenzied grasp. With a throb of exultation I turned to look upon her face and saw—twined like glistening snakes about my frozen fingers and clutched in a grip that was strong as death itself—a mat of cursed seaweed.

From that hour to this—and I am now no longer young—have the horror and anguish of that moment remained with me.

They never found my darling, and only in dreams did I ever again see my sweetheart's yellow hair.

THE POETS OF NEW YORK

With few exceptions, the Poets of the Nation live in or near Manhattan. Who they are, and what they are doing

By Joseph Lewis French

IS New York the literary centre of America? We believe this question was finally settled when Mr. Howells packed his grip and migrated hither from Boston some half-score years ago. The Dean of American letters has always been faithful in his allegiance to the metropolis—and more. He has written about it in nearly every phase of its life, and finally he has glorified it almost, in his "Traveler From Altruria."

Being the literary centre of the country, Manhattan has naturally become the Mecca of the poet. James L. Ford, in his "Literary Shop," draws an amusing picture of Robert Bonner in old *Ledger* days, being waited upon in his ante-room by a half-score of fledgling poets from Bird Centre, and Painted Post, each with his manuscript under his arm. And this was a quarter of a century ago.

All roads lead to Rome, and all lines of inspiration to the American poet culminate in but one capitol—New York City. It is no mere legend, no figment of the imagination, that pictures him as starving in a garret awaiting fame and fortune. Poets have done this from time immemorial. It appears to be their divine birthright. And a score or two of them are doing it while this is being written, in the depths and byways of this great metropolis. The writer knows of one heaven-inspired genius about whose afflatus there is no longer any question in approved quarters (has not the great Stedman sat upon him and awarded him a niche on Parnassus?) who for a year past has been obliged to earn a living as a laborer in the Subway. Praised be the sinews that his Maine woods gave him! And yet this man has written a philosophical epic, and is the fit bard of New England transcendentalism! Ah, the mockery! Many and many a genius whom the world knows well to-day sneaked into New York with a valise full of verses, and hired a hall bedroom on the East Side, at two dollars per week. The young Canadian, Arthur Stringer, who has published a strong novel and whose poetical work especially, is eagerly sought by magazine editors, began exactly thus less than five years ago. It is a hard struggle, this of the poet; the hardest struggle in all the life of Bohemia. And the battleground is here. Here, where every magazine of importance to the aspirant, saving one (the *Atlantic*), is published, and here where the vultures (I mean, of course, the publishers) are gathered together.

"No man," says Mr. Howells, in the opening sentence of his wonderful essay on "Literature as a Profession," "has a right to live by an art." Paradoxical as it may appear, this is exactly what the Dean of the Literary Guild in America has done from his twenty-fifth year. No one ever heard or dreamed of Mr. Howells being engaged in any other avocation than the production of artistic written language. But the principle, so far as poetry is concerned, is absolute. It is not within the record of the history of letters, on this western continent at least, that any man has ever lived by writing poetry. It is, alas! unquestionably true that many have starved at it—till they learned better. There was a day (a ray caught from the Age of Gold!) some few years back when Mr. Bliss Carman, who

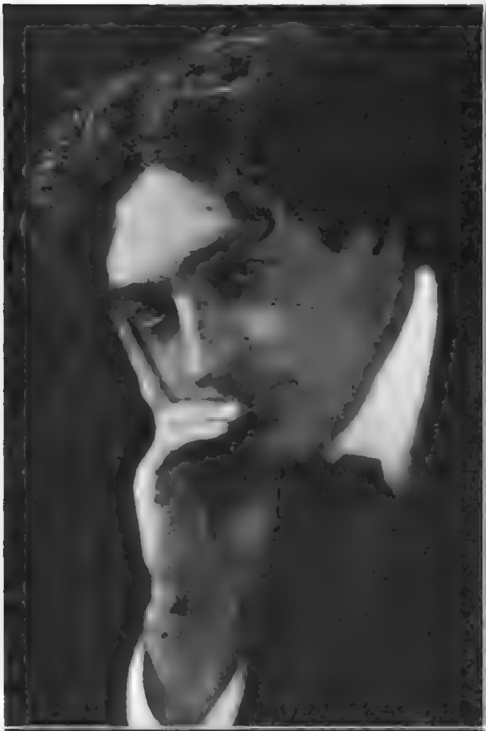
Photo by Wright and Cook, Phila.

ELSA BARKER.

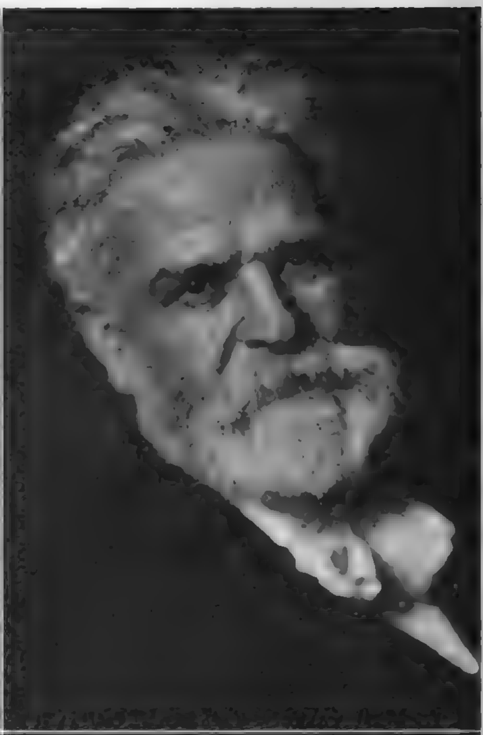
had settled in New York City, was said to be actually living wholly on the productions of his muse. Prompt investigation naturally followed the startling rumor, and—tradition was sustained! Mr. Carman was living in a "garret," and cooking his own beefsteaks—when he had any! This was the only attempt to smirch the escutcheon of the muse of history in re *ars poetarum* since the world began. And the world moved on again. It had stopped for a moment!

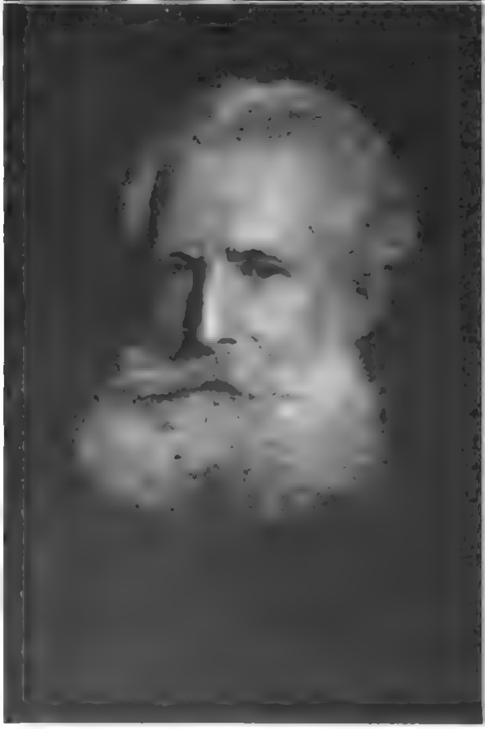
Of the poets of America, who have begun in New York since Poe's time and before, few have left the scene of their early struggles and final triumphs. The roster begins away back with Philip Freneau, who wrote patriotic lyrics in the time of the Revolution, and whose name is well-known to all lovers of polite literature. Following him came Poe himself, Fitz-Greene Halleck, General Geo. P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and the lyrists of the town, Willis, and Greene, and William Allen Butler. Richard Henry Stoddard came over from New England, where he had worked at a blacksmith's forge as a youth sixty years ago, with a letter of introduction to Edgar Allen Poe, between

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



EDWIN MARKHAM.





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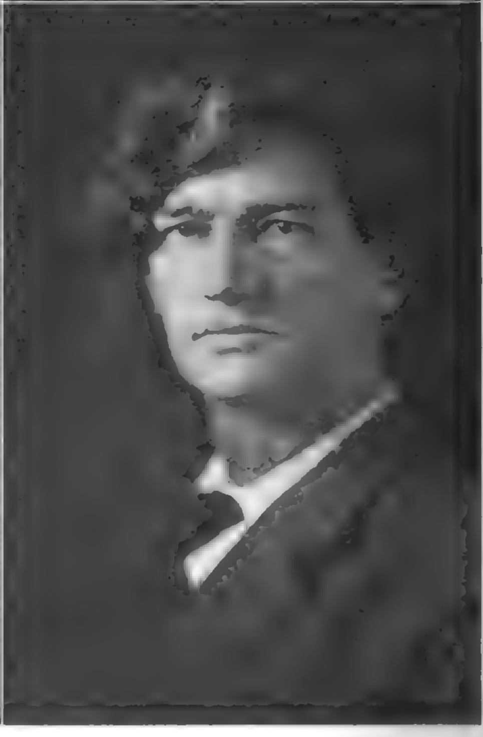


BLISS CARMAN.

Copyright, 1903, by Pirie MacDonald, Photographer of men, N. Y.

Photo by Lawson, N. Y.
ARTHUR STRINGER.

whom and himself he soon discovered mighty differences, and so wisely hoed his own row. Mr. Stoddard died in his home on East Eighteenth Street only last year at a very advanced age. His poetry is the common heritage of the English-speaking race.

His later contemporary, Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet—our foremost literary critic—still lives in a beautiful home among an artistic colony above the Bronx, and his rare presence at dinners and social gatherings is much sought after. His muse is yet virile as was proven by his "Ode" for the opening of the St. Louis Exposition last year. Richard Watson Gilder, who has lived to take his place among the "good gray poets" dwells quietly in the vine-covered house on West Eighth Street that has become one of the landmarks of New York. He is still active in the editorial management of the *Century.*

Will Carleton, who stirred up the heart of the nation with his homely ballads a generation ago, and who only last year brought out what may be his final book, "Songs of Two Centuries," has a quiet home across the river on Greene Avenue, Brooklyn. Mr. Carleton addresses a large public monthly in the columns of *Everywhere,* of which he is the editor.

Joel Benton, who knew intimately Emerson and "the men of the morning," a good gray poet, bearing a striking resemblance to Tennyson, lives just outside of Manhattan limits on the Hudson, and can be seen daily on the streets of the town he has known and loved for sixty years.

Brete Harte hurried East from far California, when he had made his fame, and so did Edwin Markham a few years ago when the continent rang with "The Man with the Hoe." Mr. Markham has a charming little place on Staten Island, from which he occasionally sends forth his pregnant verse to the magazines. He is under contract with the Century Company for a long poem, which is to be his magnum opus, and upon which he is now

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Photo by H. McMichael, N. Y.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

working. Meantime, as a man who has made his mark, he is in active demand on the lecture platform. Mr. Markham finds the soul of his personal aspirations in our busy, crowded "Orient," with its varied interests, and will undoubtedly finish his days among us.

The Canadian group contributes at present three important representatives, perhaps the strongest ones—Arthur Stringer, of Toronto, of whom I have made mention, Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman, of the lower provinces. Mr. Carman is now settled finally in New York, though of late Boston has held him for short periods on account of business connections. His tall form and noble Greek head used to be a familiar sight on Broadway—nay, he did not wholly disdain the Bowery, and it is rumored that he can never long remain away from what is to the poet and the vulgarian alike the only New York.

Charles G. D. Roberts lives quietly as becomes a poet in a cosy house on Eighth Street.

Of the minnesingers New York harbors a-plenty; old and young. Rossiter

Photo by McMichael & Gro.

KATE MASTERSON.

Johnson, whose name has been a household word for nearly two generations, may still be seen of a morning walking quietly down Fifth Avenue to his desk at Appleton's. Marion Mills Miller, the translator of Theocritus, may often be descried, "communing with his beard," threading the mazes of our downtown streets on his way to his post with Funk & Wagnalls, for whom he is the responsible reader. Frank Dempster Sherman, singer of a hundred joyous lyrics and well-known in society and at the gatherings of the Authors' Club, accupies a chair in literature at Columbia College. His younger brother, Frederick Fairfield Sherman, who has recently made his formad début with a volume, is employed by the Scribners. William Young, the author of "Wishmaker's Town," which burst upon the literary world as a charming surprise five years ago, lives just outside the city up the Hudson, and is constantly seen on the streets of the city. Duffield Osborne lives in the tower of Madison Square Garden, high above the madding crowd, and sends forth occasional verse that delights the readers of the magazines, besides regularly contributing reviews to the pages of the Bookman. Edwin Arlington Robinson, still in his early thirties, who is one of the most promising of the younger poets, lives quietly in the "London Terrace" block on Twenty-third Street, a near neighbor to Charles De Kay, who delighted lyric lovers twenty years ago with "The Love Poems of Louis Barnval." Mr. Robinson is said to be hard at work on a "sequel" to "Captain Craig," which proclaimed the arrival of a new poet among men two years ago.

William Vaughn Moody, to whom the eyes of the discriminating are turned as the possible reaper of true Homeric laurels, after wanderings which have included Greece in the East and the wild lands of Arizona in the West, has settled down in the Studio Building on Tenth Street, and here in the quiet and calm of the most artistic atmosphere in the great city he is producing the third member of his epic tetralogy. "The Masque of Judgment," published four years ago in Boston, and "The Fire Bringer" have already won him distinction.

Charles Hanson Towne, who is the brilliant young editor of the *Smart Set,*

Photo by Tonnele & Co., N. Y.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

MINNA IRVING.

has contributed several notably fine poems to the magazine within the past few years. Mr. Towne's ideals are definitely lyrical, and he shows promise of making a name for himself as a poet of the true genre.

Robert Mackay, the managing editor of *Success*, has also served an apprenticeship to his muse that is not without its fruits, as recent pages of the *Critic* and other publications of the serious class will testify.

Richard Le Gallienne, while an importation, has, by affiliation and circumstance, practically become an American citizen. Driven to these shores by an asthmatic affection two years ago, Mr. Le Gallienne has settled down in New York in an uptown apartment, and has within that period brought out three books here. He has already gathered fresh laurels on our shores.

But we have kept the ladies waiting. We have slighted the muse incarnate! *Place aux dames!* The list of the women singers of New York is almost as important as that of the men. Precisely the same conditions apply to the struggle for fame, and in this connection recurs the aphorism that art has no sex. The female aspirant for literary honors gravitates to the metropolis almost as naturally nowadays as does her brother, although she comes more often in fictional guise with a novel in her handbag than as the single devotee of the muse.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has for years made her home here, and though she is much away in the summer, her salon is a leading feature of the art life of

JOEL BENTON.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

the metropolis each winter. Mrs. Wilcox is the dovenne of the profession of letters among her sex, and is more constantly sought in person and by letter by young aspirants than any other of our litterateurs. Theodosia Pickering Garrison, who enjoys the distinction of being the most prolific contributor of verse of either sex to the periodicals nowadays, lives in an uptown apartment house. Not an ideal dwelling place for a poet perhaps, but Mrs. Garrison is much in demand socially, and while her verse is usually of the earnest cast that evidences a hold upon the deep things of life, she accepts her purely social duties quite as seriously.

Zona Gale, a Western girl, who descended on the town with a trunk full of manuscripts four years ago, and very shortly thereafter had won the citadel of the leading magazines, is a markedly beautiful young woman, who is living quietly with her parents in an uptown domicile. Beginning with verse of airy, ethereal quality, which, however, instantly appealed to discriminating editors, Miss Gale's work now begins to broaden and show a certain dramatic strength which promises a true new poet. Josephine Daskam Bacon, known to the public as Josephine Dodge Daskam, and now married to Selden Bacon, lawyer and politician, lives in a beautiful home on Riverside Drive. Mrs. Daskam-Bacon is another seeress who combines beauty and wit—a true replica of the lyric muse! She has at once become very popular in New York society.

Minna Irving, well known to the muses and magazine readers in general, has contributed to a wide range of publications within the past decade. Miss Irving, a lineal descendant of the Father of American letters, lives quietly in the ancestral home in Tarrytown. Elsa Barker, distinguished for her love sonnets, which invariably display a quite unusual depth of feeling and passion, has a quiet home on 104th Street, where she entertains a congenial circle regularly and with much grace as a hostess. Mrs. Barker is one of the leading spirits in the project for the Sunday afternoon theatre.

A young woman who "made the *Century,*" as the expression is in literary circles, about three years ago, at the rare age of eighteen, is Ethel M. Kelley, whose verse has since commanded quick appreciation at the hands of magazine editors, and whose career as a genuine poet has opened with great promise. Miss Kelly is originally from Detroit, but being a young woman of beauty and a rare charm of personality, she has been enthusiastically welcomed in literary and social circles in New York City, where she hopes to remain and work out her destiny. A prominent magazine editor told me the other day that her later work shows a depth and sincerity that he can only liken to Mrs. Browning, almost sacrilegious as it may sound to say so.

Madeline Bridges, one of the best current writers of *vers de société,* lives just across the big bridge in Brooklyn. Kate Masterson, long known as "The Matinée Girl" of the *Dramatic Mirror,* fairly graduated herself into literature a few years ago, and her verse has become in some degree even a feature of our leading magazines. Ethel Watts Mumford, a young poetess of classical pretensions, who has just brought out a volume of transcriptions from the Persian, through the *Scribners,* lives in a pleasant home in the Nineties with her parents.

Edith M. Thomas, who is called among litterateurs "the poet of poets," whom yet the general public of fifteen and twenty years ago knew very well through the leading magazines, has a cozy and comfortable nest among some relatives on Staten Island. The author of "The Masque of Pandora" is frequently in evidence at the gatherings of the Authors' Club, although she mingles little in general society. She has recently published a volume of her latest verse through a Boston firm.

AN ODE TO THE DELAWARE

By Edna Roselin Towne

Pretty river! famous river! gently flow your waters bright,
And your sparkling wavelets ripple in the autumn sunbeam's light;
Breaking through wild mountain passes, from the noble Empire State;
Rippling down a smiling valley, with its villages sedate.
Glassing teeming city's spires in your bosom clear and wide;
Passing grand historic places by our heroes glorified;
'Mid a scene of shifting beauty on each passing bank so fair;
Queen of all our stately rivers is the grand old Delaware.

When our country's wounds were gaping, in the hour of dismal fray,
With the hireling camped beside you in the cruel despot's pay;
On your chilled, though friendly bosom, crossed our noble Washington;
On your banks the Lord stood with us, and our patriot forces won,
And that moment saw the turning of the desperate tide of strife,
For your icy flood had carried strength into our Nation's life.
Yea, forever consecrated, while our standard waves in air
Shall be twined the names of Trenton and thine own, proud Delaware.

To their river, "Father Tiber," ancient Romans used to pray,
As their vengeful God of Waters to shed glory on each fray;
But thy beauteous shining bosom sweeping onward to the sea
Shall be gladsome with the praises of a Nation proud and free.
Peerless river! smiling river! with bright scenes your banks are dressed,
And the ceaseless pulse of commerce ever swells your glorious breast,
For that stream that saw our morning now beholds our noon so fair;
Blessed river of our Nation! ever famous Delaware.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

By George Ethelbert Walsh

THE treacherous spring thaw boomed along the river, streaking the ice with spidery webs of silver that reflected at every favorable angle the slanting sun's rays. The flash of the prismatic hues was as the light from a jeweled casket. Emory strapping his snow-shoes tighter to his weary feet, saw, in painful dismay, the blinding light reflected from the sheet of snow and ice. It was two days since he had plunged into the wilderness, and his eyes, sensitive to the great light, blinked and pained him.

The northern winter had been longer and colder than usual, and on the upper Ottawa Emory had hibernated in his small hut until life had grown unbearable. With the first loosening of the ice band, he had strapped his pack to his shoulders, tied on his snow-shoes, and journeyed southward. The venture appeared like madness; but death was preferable to insanity. The human limit seemed to have been reached. The man had seen visions —waking and asleep—which brought terrors to his mind.

In the activity of preparations he had staved off the fiend which oppressed him. It was bodily and mental exercise which he needed, and as he fled from the grim destroyer of mind and soul he tried to forget. All the gold of the frozen North could not tempt him to linger another day and night in the gloomy cabin. There he had buried his hopes and ambition. The gold he sought had eluded him, but life was left, and that he now held more precious than wealth.

In his solitary life under the sunless sky he had communed aloud with himself. It had been his one hope to save to his ears the sound of the human voice. In his mad ravings he had shouted and sung, repeating all the poetry and declamations, over and over again, which, as a boy, he had learned by heart. How the mind unrolled long forgotten cylinders containing verses and songs which he had conned over to himself as a schoolboy! Back further than that he could go; he listened to the lullaby which had wooed slumber for him in his infancy. He crooned it, swinging back and forth in his hammock swung from the posts of the cabin, listening to his own voice with odd interest, laughing the meanwhile at the ludicrousness of it all. Then, after one of his mad outbursts, he brought his mind to attention, and said sharply:

"This is the limit! I must go! Another night here will finish me!"

He was right! As he swung down the snow-hidden trail on his snow-shoes, he realized that he had barely escaped in time. It mattered not if storm and blizzard faced him. He must go!

Spring was dawning. The sun was warm again, breathing a new promise in its rays. The crackling ice foretold the coming change. Emory gained heart and courage under its influence. Even when his eyes, suffering from the intense glare of the sun and snow, pained him the most, he grimly turned his face southward, and moved hopefully onward. But the icy river was coated with drifted snow. He had hoped to find it free from the mantle of white which had imprisoned him for three months. A spasm of pain shot through his eyes; he blinked and peered down the endless stretch of thawing river.

"I can travel without using them much," he muttered to himself. "The river runs straight, and I can guide myself easily."

With a dark cloth drawn over head and eyes, shutting out the light of the river, he skirted the edge of the frozen stream, and continued his journey southward. The crackling of the ice brought no terrors to him, for in it he recognized the true harbinger of spring.

The morning waned, and the noon hour brought a stronger light. The sun was unobscured, and the snowfields were iridescent in their flashing light. In vain

Emory sought to steer himself without seeing, closing his eyes against the glare which broke through even his guard. The pains shot through the head, weakening his efforts, and leading him astray twice. Once more, under the strain, he talked to himself, muttering aloud his thoughts.

"I must keep on! I must! If I yield now it will be the end of me! I'll go stark, raving mad! Good Lord, help me!"

Time and again he had breathed this prayer in the cabin under the snow hill; but there had been no answer. Yet it came again as a result of habit. Then, as if to justify any distrust that might have circled in his brain, he sank down upon the bank of the river in hopeless, helpless misery. Something had snapped; his brain reeled, his eyes were closed in pain. There was no light, no world around; no power to guide the weary limbs across the frozen sheets of snow and ice.

Yet, like a dumb animal, wounded and deprived of its right to flee from an enemy, he crawled toward the bushes, and then on all fours continued his journey up the steep embankment. When he slumbered from sheer exhaustion, he was safe from the flow of the river.

That night the ice was riven in twain. It shook and crackled, and then like a mighty convulsion of nature, it separated. A stream of water gushed out from beneath it, and gurgled over the surface, dashing here and there in its effort to free itself entirely from the embrace of the tyrant.

Lying on the embankment, Emory knew nothing of this. Deep slumber and hopeless exhaustion had made him insensate as the logs around him. When he finally awoke he was in another place. He felt the warmth of spring, the odors of early flowers, and the balmy airs of a new clime. He could not see; the eyes were still blind to the world about; but he could enjoy with his other senses the visions which floated around him. Whether dreaming, or wandering in some mental hallucination that he could not fathom, it was inexpressibly pleasant. The warmth, the fragrance and the noises of spring-time filled his senses, and he lay still for hours—quiescent, contented, blissful.

There was, however, the eternal silence of the great Northern winter, which gradually obscured all else in his dreams of happiness. It was the solitude of his winter cabin again—rendered more unbearable now by the darkness which surrounded him. He began to mumble, to talk, to shout, to sing—hoping thereby to hold back the oppression that was encompassing spirit and soul.

He talked and raved like a madman; yet he was sane, and mentally alert. It was the fear of the fiend which had pursued him all winter. If some human voice other than his own would break the awful stillness—if the sob of a child, or the mere cry of an infant in arms, could penetrate the solitude—the tension would snap, and relief come to overwrought nerves.

But the vast darkness and eternal tranquillity of the forest depths remained unruffled. Then at the height of his raving, something touched his shoulder, his arm, his hand. In an agony of uncertainty he remained quiet, shuddering at the impression. It was too unreal to calm his feverished mind; there was the uncanniness of some fiendish spirit materialized, and the touch terrorized him. The fear of madness brought strength and energy back to him, and he shouted, shoving the hand off rudely: "Go back! Leave me alone! I'm not ready yet!"

Three times the spectre, which he could not see, returned, and thrice he flung off the touch with loathsome fear. Then in sheer desperation he clung to the hand, and muttered:

"Then let it be so! I yield! There is no hope! God help me!"

The miracle which followed wrought his senses to the snapping point. The hand gently laid on his was warm and soft to the touch; the voice which spoke quiet and soothing.

"God will help you. All will be well. Rest now."

Emory raised himself on an elbow, and stared with unseeing eyes around. "Are you real? Speak again!" he muttered. "Let me hear your voice."

"Do not excite yourself. You have been

sick. Is it not so?"

"No, not sick; but soul starved," he replied. "I'm hungry for the human voice—and face. Speak again. Let me hear your voice—it is music to me."

The hand pressed his feverish head, and the voice said gently: "You may often hear it. I will stay with you until you are strong again. The snow blindness will pass soon."

"Go on," he said, sharply. "Do not stop. It is music to me. I never want to be alone again. Speak—tell me anything—sing—talk—anything——"

Then, as she remained quiet from confusion, he added: "Tell me of yourself. Where are we? This warmth, these odors—I thought spring had come, and——"

"No; this is my cabin. I found you in the snow, sleeping and freezing. I dragged you here, and the warmth is from the fire, and the odors from your bed of balsam. You will recover."

"Yes, yes," he replied, eagerly. "Yes, yes, if you will talk to me. It will not seem real unless I hear you. Speak of yourself. Why are you here?—in these awful woods?"

"I'm here because—it is my home."

"But not alone—not alone in these awful solitudes?"

"Not when — he returns — my husband——"

"Ah, he will come soon—he is away to return at nightfall; then I shall hear another voice."

There was no response, but a gentle sigh caught his alert ear. "He will return," he added, eagerly.

"I know not—he has been gone long, and——"

"I see! Do not speak of it. Tell me of other things. I will stay here until he does return. Speak of the past—of your—your girlhood days. Up there in the solitary cabin, I recalled all my past, played the games over again which attracted me as a boy, repeated all the poetry and songs that had ever been taught me. It kept me from going mad. I fought it off until—until I heard you. Then I thought that I was lost. I took you for—for a spectre."

He knew she smiled, but no sound escaped her lips.

"Then you were not mad—raving?"

"No, no; only fighting the old enemy. Was my raving unreal to you? Did I shout and sing, laugh and cry? Ah, that is what I have been doing all winter, trying to forget my loneliness."

There was another sigh, like the whispering of the snow-laden boughs outside, and she murmured: "I, too, have tried to sing—and forget, but, I was weak, and——"

He clasped the hand near him, for in his sympathy he understood the wrestling of the spirit with the awful solitude.

"He will soon return," he murmured soothingly, "and until then I shall stay with you. We can talk and sing to each other. We need the human voice to make the world seem real."

In the dimness of the cabin home, sheltered by a triangular range of hills which sloped down to the river's edge, they talked haltingly and reservedly at first; but as the hours and days dragged along the restraint was loosened and banished. He led the way, recalling a thousand and one incidents of his early life, smiling and laughing gleefully at his boyish tricks and innocent escapades, and lingering gently upon the few tragic events of his baffled commercial struggle. There were a few tender love notes in his tale, but no heart-rending disappointments. In this respect he was still singularly free. The great struggle of the past winter in the heart of the forest overshadowed all else. He refused to dwell upon that tragedy. His companions had sickened and died early in the winter, leaving him alone to watch the gold mine which they had staked out, and alone he had faced the months of intense solitude.

She followed him with unswerving interest. Then, with faltering tongue, she gave him a few glimpses into her life; but he was not willing to listen to the tragic part.

"Don't recall it," he said, impatiently. "We've had sorrow enough. Let us forget—and be happy. Sing to me; it will make us both forget."

Her voice was sweet with a rare pathos, and the gladness in it was not all paralyzed. Under the spell of the moment it gradually withdrew from the shadow of oppression, and soared upward into a finer and clearer atmosphere. She, too, forgot the solitude of her life. Joined together, their voices blended in sweet harmony and on the crisp air the notes floated far through the forest glades.

Emory's snow-blindness was of short duration. One day she came to him, and said: "Spring has come. The river is open, and the snow has melted."

That night he opened his eyes and saw the owner of the voice for the first time. He dared not gaze upon her for long. The voice which had charmed him had become dear to his heart. There was no sin in worshiping the voice that had broken the awful stillness of his life; but the face, the form, the earthly habitation of the voice, belonged to another.

Yet he could not but see that she was comely—formed in a mold which had something of the tragic and sorrowful emanating from it. The eyes were those of the hunted animal—the face of one who had found and conquered sorrow. He closed his eyes and heard only the voice. That was his possession. He could never yield ownership to that, and in his sleep and waking moments he could listen to it.

Often as he sat there in the dim light of the hut, he closed his eyes against the face before him. "Do your eyes hurt you?" she would ask.

"Yes; they pain me," he would murmur. "I must close them."

Long after the snow blindness had passed, he listened with closed eyes to the voice, feigning an infliction that did not afflict him.

"I shall wait until her husband returns," he reasoned. "Then I shall go on. I cannot leave her alone."

But the spring dawned, and the woods and flowers strewed the ground with rich green and many-hued flowers. He still lingered content to wait in the silent forest. In time he began to dread his departure, and to fear the approach of the day when another should come stalking through the great forest aisles to claim the voice which had come into his life. Why did he not return? Had some accident delayed him—or——

He would not listen to the whisperings of a voice that meant sadness and disappointment. But when the flowers of the short summer were in bloom, he spoke, unable longer to hold out against the unnatural strain.

"Tell me," he said, tenderly "will your husband return soon? Do you know when? Has any harm befallen him, or——"

She shuddered, closing her eyes with her hands. Then between tears, which flooded her scarlet cheeks, she answered bravely:

"He may never return. I may have deceived you, but not intentionally. He left me—and—I cannot say more."

For a moment she remained silent, then with a new spirit of self-control, she added: "You must go now. I have kept you too long. It was selfishness. I—I will—remain."

He did not answer, but with a faraway, reflective expression in his eyes he said strangely:

"There was in our camp in the woods one who had left his wife cruelly. When he died he confessed to me. He had been a drunken adventurer; but of all his crimes that which tormented him the most was the desertion of his wife. He had lured her to the woods, taking her from a happy home, and then in a drunken fit of passion deserted her. But she——"

Emory stopped, looking wonderingly at the white face before him. The tears had dried on the cheeks, the eyes were burning with a light that he had never seen before. For an instant he felt the impressiveness of their mental attitude. He glanced down toward the river, which flowed toward freedom and civilization; then back again to the forests and the rude cabin.

"And his name?" she faltered.

"They called him Reddy, because of a gash in his forehead, which never seemed to heal," he murmured softly, glancing away toward the river of muddy waters.

"But after his death I found," he continued, in a halting voice, "that his real name was"—she hung breathlessly on his words—"was James Winton."

Her tears were suddenly dried. With innate modesty, she rose listlessly from her position on the balsam boughs, and walked toward the forest to hide her grief in solitude.

For days and weeks, Emory lingered on, watching the strange silence of his companion. Then, when the warmth of summer waned, and the snows of another winter fluttered from the skies, he approached her, and said:

"Come, we may not talk of the past, but of the future we may hope. To-day we go to Ottawa."

And the solitudes of the mighty forest no longer held or oppressed them, for in the new revelation there was peace and contentment.

EPILOGUE

By Myrtle L. Bunn

Fate played upon my heart
Through long days
That grew to years.
Ever varied were her moods—
Perversely sad
When I craved mirth,
And would I gladly grieve
A dead hope,
Then Fate was gay.
Drew her fingers o'er the chords
Of the grieving heart
And forced its song.
Heartstrings at last grew slack,
Discords made
Or dumbly mute,
And when one day she tried
A joyous song,
It wailed its anguish
And ended in a minor chord.
For many days
Kept aching silence.
Then Fate, her power provoked,
Tried long
To make it vibrate.
She sent the Masterhand
To play upon it
And rout its silence
That almost to content had grown
And tired calmness.
At the dear hand
It leaped, vibrated long,
A wild sweet song
Sang out.
The deepest hidden thoughts
Fate tried to sound
Were murmured low.
When it had sung the song,
Felt its beauty,
Fate, sardonic,
Placed rude iron bars
'Twixt heart and hand,
And left it so.
But the heart's own song
Sang on,
Contentment gone,
Learned Life's hardest lesson,
And ever sang
Its melody,
A crooning minor song,
Subdued and low
In wailing rhythm,
Through days and dreary nights
And Eternity,
Sang Renunciation.

VICTOR HERBERT, AS BANDMASTER OF THE 22ND REGIMENT.

MUSICAL AMERICA

By Victor Herbert

Composer, 'Cellist and Conductor.

EIGHTEEN years ago, when I first came to this country as a 'cellist of the Damrosch German opera organization, musical America was in an embryo condition. It had no individual standing in the world of musical art. Wagnerian opera was unknown. Dr. Leopold Damrosch was looked upon as a daring innovator when he conceived the plan of presenting German opera by the greatest of German lyric exponents. The one traveling symphony orchestra of importance in the country, created and conducted by Theodore Thomas, was composed almost entirely of foreign musicians.

A marvelous change has taken place. The seed planted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch and brought to fruition by Anton Seidl fell upon fertile soil. Upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, recognized as one of the representative musical centres of the world, the great operatic *rôles* are delivered by native-born men and women. We have grown into the habit of presupposing that an artist of any importance must be necessarily either German, French or Italian.

VICTOR HERBERT AT THE AGE OF FOUR, TAKEN WITH LITTLE COUSIN AT "SEVEN OAKS."

As a matter of fact, Blass and Bispham are plain Yankees. Nahan Franko, who wields the baton turn about with Hertz, was born in New Orleans. Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstadt, Louise Homer and Marion Weed, who are continually dividing honors with the most famous of foreign artists, are no more or less than American girls. As for our symphony orchestras, which have grown apace within the last decade, while a preponderance of German names indicate a priceless heredity, the young men comprising the organizations are products of the soil.

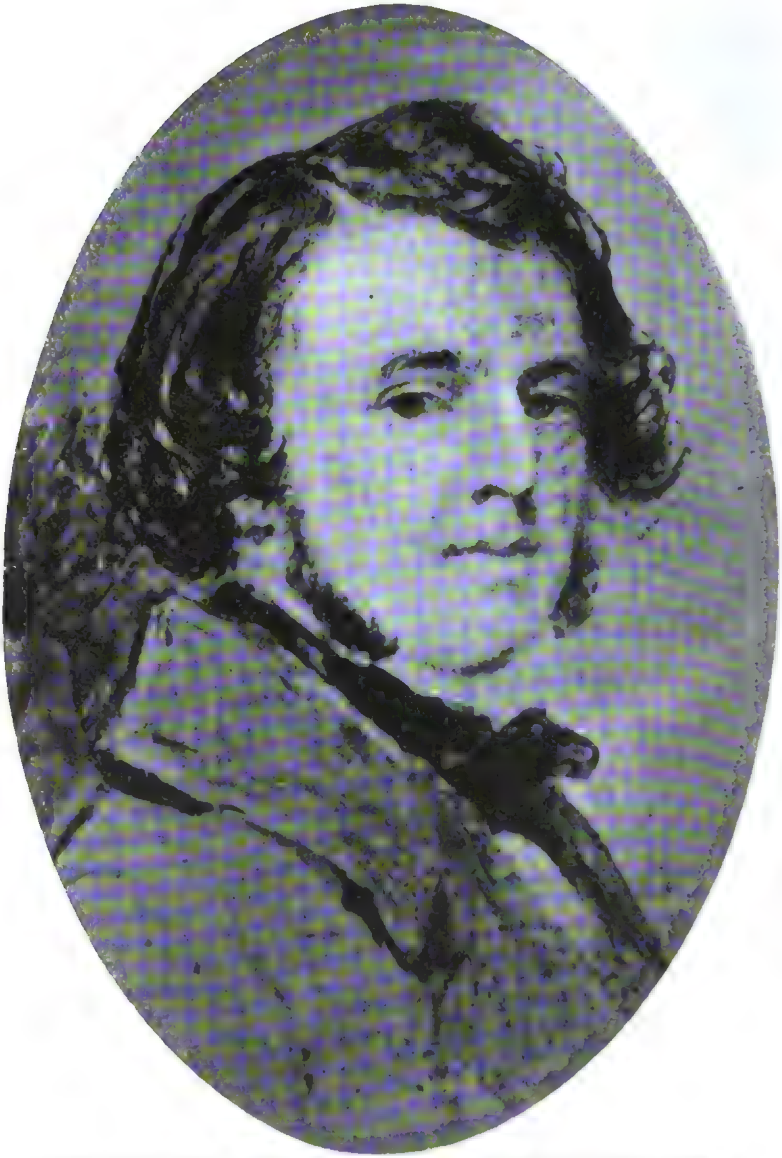
It is a well established fact that an American chorus never sings out of tune and that American school children and choir boys have the most beautiful natural voices in the world. Unquestionably there is no lack of precious raw material, there is no lack of a superabundance of musical vitality and aspiration, and yet there is no doubt that musical America, after twenty years of exuberant growth, is showing a deficiency of justifying results. One might say with truth, the harvest is white but the laborers are few.

To begin with, this country has no musical "Oshkosh"—a formidable drawback. By this, I mean, that when our young men and young women have completed their musical education, when they have acquired, after much agony of soul and body, a certain modest repertoire, they are brought to a standstill. There is no market for their modest wares. There is grand opera, there is musical comedy. Between the two there is a gulf of annihilation. In Germany, for instance, every town and hamlet has its opera house and symphony orchestra. From these opera organizations and orchestras the singers and musicians of the future serve an apprenticeship of ten or fifteen years before they reach the great centres of musical art.

Mr. Conried is doing excellent work in the school of grand opera which he is carrying on in connection with his presentation of opera. These young students have the opportunity of acquiring a repertoire under the sheltering wing of grand opera rendered by the most distinguished of artists; but once their student days are over, what is to become of these only half-trained boys and girls? They are literally without a shelter, unless they are in a position to go abroad and seek a home in the modest subsidized opera houses of Germany and Italy.

It is in these Oshkoshes of music, the small town with its opera house and symphony orchestra, that the young composer finds a hearing for his creations. The few big organizations that are heard in a few of our big cities have no time or inclination for the works of American composers. They have "bigger fish to fry," if I may be permitted the expression. As a young 'cellist traveling with a small but excellent orchestra in every city of continental Europe, every opportunity was given to me to perform my own 'cello compositions, and indeed our little band of enthusiastic and highly trained musicians were ever on the *qui vive* for new and interesting compositions. We were musicians for the love of it, and were in a constant state of musical exhilaration.

It is my opinion that the puritanical streak in the American "make up" is



SAMUEL LOVER, IRISH AUTHOR AND ARTIST, THE GRANDFATHER OF VICTOR HERBERT.
FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

something of a hindrance to the development of his temperament as an artist of any kind. The American is curiously reserved. He is almost ashamed to be caught in a betrayal of emotion. He is rarely "off of his guard." For instance, if one is abroad and drops into a German music hall, it is no uncommon thing if the orchestra plays a familiar air to have the spectators break almost unconsciously into different parts, and the song is given from beginning to end—a delightful musical treat. In the several Bohemian resorts of New York, where good music is accompanied by good cheer, if the convives should so far forget themselves as to break into song, they will suddenly become overwhelmed with confusion, and to save the situation, will let out an Indian whoop or a college yell.

The absence of national music or folk song has much to do with this lack of music speech. In the older countries children are rocked to the melody of the same lullabies that were crooned to their parents. I rejoice that the memories of my earliest childhood are inseparable from the Irish melodies sung over my cradle by my mother. She was an Irish woman through and through, a daughter of Samuel Lover, that most brilliant of Irishmen, author, dramatist, artist and lecturer.

There are some old timers of forty years ago—I run across them now and again—who recall my grandfather's visit to America and his series of popular Irish talks. As a child I spent much of my time at his home, "Sevenoaks," on the outskirts of London. He was a jovial, genial, hospitable man, surrounded by a coterie of his own, equally talented, but in spite of his genial, hail-fellow-well-met temperament, he was an indefatigable worker. I recall sitting for hours at his side in his big studio, while he painted the beautiful miniatures and portraits that won him fame as an artist. In the meantime he was writing books, lecturing and producing plays. The elder Drew, the present John Drew's father, appeared in many of my grandfather's dramas, and was a frequent visitor at "Sevenoaks."

That same capacity for work, inherited without doubt from Samuel Lover, has been my saving grace. It is impossible for me to theorize over the merest trifle. It is an absolute necessity for me to hammer at an idea from morning until far into the night, until the thought takes on material expression. I deserve no credit for this stupendous aptitude for work. It is as the French say, *"plus fort que moi."* No sooner is an opera completed and produced, than the morning following the first performance I am at work again on something else.

I am forced to admit that my heredity and environments have been somewhat above the average. My dear old mother, now in her eightieth year, writing to me from Stutgart on the tenth anniversary of the production of my first opera, remarked with maternal partiality: "I will not, however, be so unjust as not to add that you also probably inherited your precious gifts from your own father and even from his father and grandfather. They were all gifted and distinguished men, and thorough Irishmen."

I like to think that I am a thorough Irishman, too, improved by becoming a patriotic American. I was not destined for a musical career. It was intended that I should be either a barrister or a physician. But fate willed otherwise. After the death of my grandfather, Samuel Lover, my mother, who was a widow, became the wife of Dr. Schmidt, of Stutgart. From that time on we made our home in Stutgart and I was entered as a student at the gymnasium, becoming for the time being a "thorough German."

About the time of my college début the gymnasium orchestra was in need of a flutist for an approaching celebration. It was then and there decided by the boys that I should take up the study of the piccolo flute and master it sufficiently to play the piccolo solo in the overture of "La Fille du Regiment." My capacity for work was even at that early period a salient characteristic. I at once developed into an affiiction to every one but myself, but I achieved a personal triumph by accomplishing the feat of delivering my flute solo backward—proof conclusive that I had mastered it.

My poor mother, in desperation at the continual wails of my flute, suggested that if I was determined to take up a musical instrument as a fad I should select the 'cello. Piatti, the great 'cellist, was an old friend of her father's, and through his frequent performances at "Sevenoaks" she had learned to love the instrument. The day that I held the 'cello in my arms for the first time was my day of destiny. From a student of promise at the gymnasium, who had won his share of honor, I became indifferent and lazy. I was possessed of but one enthusiasm, one ambition—to become a 'cellist.

In spite of all opposition I announced my resolution to become a musician. My mother and relatives were finally obliged to yield to an implacable determination. In Germany one studies music profoundly. There is no superficial training, for

VICTOR HERBERT AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, A STUDENT AT THE STUTGART GYMNASIUM.

one who elects to become master of his craft. The degree of Doctor of Music entails as much serious preparation as that of philosophy or law. In my case I studied to such purpose, that when my mother suddenly found herself drawn into an expensive litigation over her father's estate, I was in a position to support myself.

I joined a traveling orchestra and gained an invaluable routine experience. I not only acquired practical knowledge of every instrument, but through our tours, here, there and everywhere over the continent I came in touch with the people of all nations. I learned that melody only is the universal language and that orchestration is merely a medium of presentation.

In the course of time I became Court 'Cellist to the King of Wurtemberg and was 'cellist of the Vienna Opera House. Fraulein Foerster, my then affianced bride, was prima donna of the opera company, and when Dr. Leopold Damrosch invited her to join his American company she replied: "On one condition only, that you find place in your orchestra for our 'cellist."

In this manner, my wife and I (we married before leaving Vienna) joined the Damrosch forces and took our first steps toward becoming American citizens. When Anton Seidl continued the work of Dr. Damrosch at the latter's death, I gradually worked my way up to the position of assistant leader. From my own brass band of the Twenty-second Regiment, I took up the baton of the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra. I look upon my connection with these young ambitious American musicians banded together for the cause of art as one of the happiest periods of my life. But leisure is an absolute necessity for the composer and I laid down the baton to take up the pen again.

Regarding the future of musical America I can say without hesitation that until the munificent musical patron espouses the cause of the American composer the great opera or the great symphony will never be written. The pressure of actual

VICTOR HERBERT, AS 'CELLIST OF THE OLD DAMROSCH GERMAN OPERA ORCHESTRA.

living in this country is formidable and complex. The cost of musical environment means a residence in New York and a well filled exchequer in order to enjoy the luxury of attending our concerts and operas. A composer must create a dozen symphonies before the great symphony descends upon him in tongues of fire. Wagner, Liszt, Tschaikowski and a dozen others owe their great creativeness to the munificence of great musical souls, who fostered and sheltered their genius from the sordid struggle of the material things of life.

The musical patron is not the product of the young country. When musical America reaches maturity, the American composer will rise triumphant from this new and fuller life.

TO YOU

By J. F.

You that have dreamed of kisses,
Dreamed of lips lover-wise,
Poignant, unpregnant blisses
Brimming the night with sighs;
You that have wept for laughter,
Mourned as the stricken dove
Lives there but one word after
And ever that word is "love!"

Far through the night's dim portal
Sheer from the mocking skies,
Swelleth one strain immortal
Balm for the hurt heart's cries;
Love that hath found you sleeping
Beadeth your days above,
And your spirit shall wake from weeping,
And your life shall be crowned with love!

You that in day-dreams only
Hearken a true-love's sigh,
Visions the fond heart lonely
Seeks and will not let die.
Eyes that look deep for longing,
Hands that clasp hearts above,
Careless a whole world's wronging
For only that world is "love."

Dreaming of changeful passion,
Dreaming of mocking youth,
Youth that the years shall fashion
Into eternal truth;
Comes there one strain of gladness
From the great heart above,
And your spirit shall wake from sadness
And your life shall be crowned with love!

THE LOG OF A FIRE-SHIP

From the hitherto unpublished records of Mate Genereaux, who brought the Kenilworth into port from Hilo to Valparaiso with a burning cargo and mutinous crew

By Minna Irving

SEAFARING men will recall the remarkable voyage of the *Kenilworth* from Hilo to Valparaiso, with neither captain or mate—the hold a flaming furnace, and how the coolness and courage of a mere lad brought the vessel safely to port without serious damage. The *Kenilworth* was a beautiful steel clipper ship of the kind that raced around the Horn in the early 50's, and were famous for speed and seaworthiness before the days of steam.

The *Kenilworth*—which was formerly a British ship—left San Francisco on a bright morning, the 30th of March, 1898. She was commanded by Captain James G. Baker, a veteran of the deep, with Arthur V. Piper first officer, and Victor Genereaux as second mate. She also carried one passenger, Mr. G. A. Thrum, who was taking the voyage for the benefit of his health, and the greenest crew that ever sailed out through the Golden Gate.

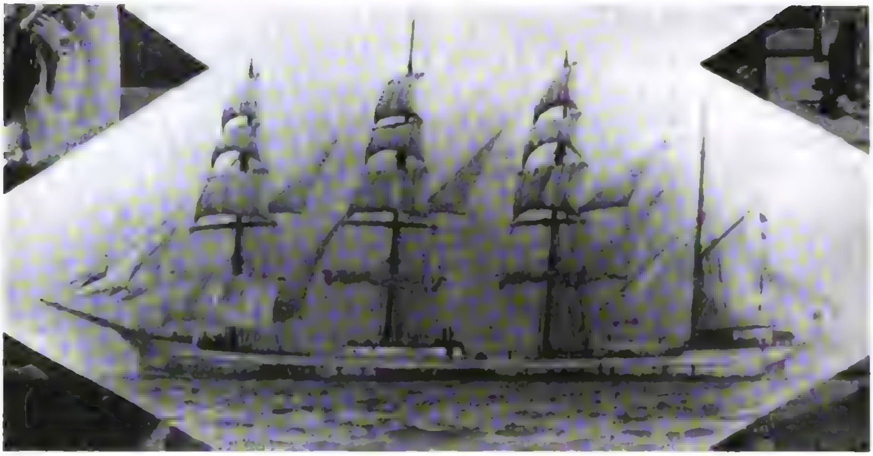
"Even after we left Hilo," said Mr. Genereaux, "they called going into the lazarette, going into the basement, and going on deck going upstairs."

All went well, however, until the *Kenilworth* reached Hilo and began taking on her cargo of sugar for New York.

Then opened the first chapter in this tragedy of the sea. Professing themselves dissatisfied with the ship the crew turned ugly and refused duty. They had planned to desert, and after several attempts to do so had been frustrated by the vigilance of the officers, they fired the vessel out of revenge. The flames were discovered and extinguished before much damage had been done beyond the loss of a set of new sails, and the men were promptly lodged in jail until the *Kenilworth* was ready for sea. Three of the mutineers escaped; but the rest were brought aboard, and when the big ship spread her towering canvas for her long eastward journey she was manned by a grumbling, discontented crew, whose sulky behavior was an augury of further trouble. But as Captain Baker and the mates kept a sharp watch on the ringleaders nothing happened to mar what promised to be a quick and pleasant passage until the fortieth day out from Hilo.

July 8th, the ship was bowling along in Lat. 46° 14″ S. and Long. 118° 25″ W. when Chief Officer Piper noticed a thin curl of smoke rising from the forward ventilator on the poop. This was at three o'clock, and he realized with a sinking heart that the *Kenilworth* was on fire for the second time, and with the nearest land hundreds of miles away. All hands were called to fight the flames, but it would have been suicide for any man to face the volumes of thick black smoke and poisonous gas belching up from the hold. The after hatch covers were taken off and quantities of water poured down on the burning cargo, but the smoke rolled up thicker and faster than ever, and Captain Baker ordered the hatches battened down in the hope the fire would smother itself. Sails were trimmed and the ship's course altered for Valparaiso, the nearest port, which was four thousand five hundred miles away.

The fire was amidships, and flames were soon seen leaping from the ventilators above the fresh water tanks, while the heat from the ventilator in the midship house became so intense that the woodwork in the carpenter's room and shop, and the room where Henry



THE STEEL CLIPPER SHIP "KENILWORTH."

Hobson, the apprentice boy slept, suddenly burst in flames. The plates warped on the midship house, the roar of the fire was distinctly audible, and things looked very dark indeed for the *Kenilworth* when the sun set on the lonely Pacific. For some on board it was destined never to rise again. Water was steadily played down the two ventilators until the smoke dwindled to a mere haze, when they were tightly covered with spare sails. By half past eight o'clock the hatchcombings, midship house and ventilators were cool again, and it was hoped the fire was dying out, or at least making no headway.

Captain Baker and Mr. Piper then went below, the captain leaving strict orders that he was to be called at 11.45. On entering his cabin he found his canary lying in the bottom of the cage, having been smothered by the deadly fumes which penetrated to every part of the vessel. The dead bird had been his companion on every voyage since he first joined the *Kenilworth* and he wept as he cast its tiny yellow body over the side. But in spite of the warning conveyed by the death of his pet, the doomed captain went to sleep with Mr. Thrum in the gas-filled cabin, while Second Mate Genereaux stood watch over the burning ship.

The quarters forward were so filled with the stifling smell of the burning sugar that it was impossible for any living creature to breathe there, so Mr. Piper took little Hobson, the apprentice boy, into his own stateroom. Near midnight everything was cool on deck, no smoke to be seen and a stiff breeze springing up, when Mr. Genereaux went below to call the captain. As he stepped into the passage leading to the staterooms he was met by a blast of poisonous vapor that drove him gasping and choking back to the fresh air above. Calling loudly for help, he ran back and broke in the doors, which were fastened on the inside, and found Captain Baker, Mr. Thrum and Hobson all lying in the attitude of sleep, but poor Piper was huddled in a corner where he had fallen while trying to escape.

Thrum was still breathing heavily, but the others gave no signs of life. The cabins were without ventilation of any kind, and as every port and door had been closed, the noxious gas had quickly done its fatal work. The unconscious men were borne on deck and stretched out side by side on No. 4 hatch, and stimulants were administered. After working over them until three o'clock in the morning it was decided that life was extinct in Captain Baker, Mr. Piper and the boy, and further attempts to resuscitate them were abandoned; but as the passenger showed indications of returning consciousness Mr. Genereaux continued his efforts to revive him until daylight, when he was out of danger, and after taking a little nourishment was allowed to go to sleep.

That day the fire raged hotter than ever, and the mutineers watched young Genereaux with wolfish eyes. At 10.30 a. m. the ensign was put half mast, and the dead bodies sewed up in canvas and committed to the deep. As there was no clergyman aboard, Mr. Thrum, still very weak and white, read the prayers for the dead from an old worn book found in the captain's room. The decks were even then so hot that it was impossible to stand more than a few minutes in one place without moving, the heat from the flaming furnace below penetrating right through the thickest shoes. As Mr. Thrum read the solemn and impressive words of the burial service the thought was uppermost in every mind that if the fire raging beneath them got beyond control there would be no one to perform a like service for the luckless voyagers in the *Kenilworth*. Perhaps the rest of the story is best told by Mr. Genereaux himself as he wrote it down from day to day in the log. It is a plain record of duty and danger told in a sailor's simple, straightforward language, but between the lines we can read the wearing anxiety, the ceaseless vigilance and the iron nerve of the youthful captain during those long days and sleepless nights when he fought the flames and kept a mutinous crew in check while navigating a burning ship to port. The extracts begin with a passage written just after he took command:

"After the burial I had Mr. Piper's and H. Hobson's things packed up and brought aft. I made an examination of the captain's effects, but could not find his watch, or money of any description, and do not know whether he had any or not when he left Hilo. I have taken charge of the ship, placed Mr. Schofield acting first mate, and George Getting acting second mate.

"July 9.—No change whatever in regards to fire; everything still battened down. All hands are on short allowance of water, as pipe running from main deck to tanks has been burnt out, and as we have about ten days' supply on hand, will not attempt to get to the tanks, as it would be the cause of admitting more air below and give the fire more headway. I have ordered the men to knock off work and stand by day and night on account of water and provisions, as all the beef and pork is stowed in the 'tween decks forward, as is also a considerable quantity of paint and oil.

SECOND MATE VICTOR GENEREAUX.

"8.00 a. m.—Fire seems to be working forward, as hatch-combings about No. 2 hatch, and also the combings around the forward house are quite warm.

"July 10th.—Things are looking very encouraging this afternoon, as everything seems quite cool around decks. Tried to get some flour and provisions from lazarette; sent two of the seamen down, but they were quickly overcome by the gas, so had to abandon that idea for awhile.

"July 11th.—Got two barrels head up, but had to close the lazarette hatch again as the smell of gas was unbearable. Everything quiet till 8.00 p. m., when smoke was again coming up from midship ventilator; but by daylight everything was quite cool and no smoke to be seen.

"July 12th.—Had all the kerosene brought up from lazarette this afternoon. Everything seemed quiet till daylight when smoke was noticed coming up from No. 1 hatch. Had same caulked and leaded. Succeeded in rigging gear so as to be able to get water from the tanks. Filled everything that was possible with water, which was not fit to drink without boiling.

"July 13th.—Everything quiet to-day. Re-caulked and covered forecastle head and poop ventilators.

"July 14th to 16th.—Everything quiet last three days. Ship's hold still full of gas. Cannot get down chain-lockers or fore-peak as gas is something terrible. Seems to be getting worse and worse. To date the ship has made no water. Have no more coal for fuel, as coal is kept in fore-peak.

"July 17th.—Everything quiet till 6.00 p. m., when midship house ventilator was found to be getting quite warm. By midnight it was entirely cooled off, and continued so throughout the entire day.

"July 18th.—Impossible to get down into fore-peak or lazarette to-day, on account of gas. The midship house ventilator and No. 2 hatch combings were very warm from midnight till daylight, and by noon had cooled off considerable. The decks around the midship house have started as smoke was seen on the 12th coming up between the planks. Had same fixed and seen no more smoke coming from deck since.

"July 19th.—No improvement over yesterday. Midship house ventilator quite warm this morning.

"July 20th.—Everything around decks very quiet throughout the entire night. Lifted chain-locker covers and hatch this morning to see if we could get the cables up, but found it useless, as it is full of gas and smoke. Mr. Schofield, acting mate, tried to go down, but he was very nearly overcome by the gas before he had gone three feet below the deck, and he is now laying up, so will not make another attempt till the day before we get in, which is only a matter of a few days.

"July 21st.—No improvement whatever over the preceding day.

"July 22d.—Indications look as though the fire is out, as no signs of fire or smoke have been seen. All hands have been employed the last week in cleaning up.

"July 23d.—No signs of fire last twenty-four hours. Sounded to-day and found three inches of what looked very much like molasses.

"July 24th.—Noticed smoke coming from No. 4 hatch, and that No. 2 hatch was quite warm. Succeeded in getting cables from chain lockers. George Getting, the acting second mate, succeeded in getting down below and we just got them up in time, for the tow boat came along and was just bargaining for a tow when the starboard anchor was hung in the tumblers. I made a bargain with the tow boat to tow us in for 10£. He wanted 15£, but after a little talking he came down to my price.

"Dropped anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, Chili, at 12.15 p. m., Sunday, July 24th, 1898, 54 days from Hilo, and 16 days from the day of the fire."

As soon as the floating furnace made fast the crew promptly deserted to a man. Four hundred and fifty tons of partly burned sugar were removed from the hold, and the great steel shell was found to have suffered but little damage—so little that Captain James Murphy took command and brought the ship around the stormy Horn to New York in the record-breaking time of 66 days from Valparaiso.

Before leaving Valparaiso Mr. Thrum and Mr. Genereaux went before the American Consul and made affidavit to the facts related here.

Photo by Platt.

A STUDY OF MARIE DRESSLER, TAKEN IN HER GARDEN.

THE SOLEMN ART OF BURLESQUE

By Marie Dressler

BURLESQUE is a solemn proposition, and the fortunate, or shall I say unfortunate individual, who is gifted that way must learn early in his career to grin and bear it. It is art with a mask as serious and tragic as you please, but ever in evidence between the peepholes are the twisted lips and laughing eyes.

It must be remembered that the burlesque artist is always at merry odds with the histrionic. He stands behind the footlights—by the way, he is generally conceded the centre of the stage—and no matter what he appears to be he must never for a moment relax his attitude of perpetrating a joke toward himself and tossing the kernel of it to his audience. Otherwise he has no reason to be. His art is nil.

It is not tragedy; it is not comedy, and yet the burlesque artist must prove himself no mean tragedian or comedian as he elects to impersonate his character subjects. He is not an imitator pure and simple, although imitation is an important factor in his work. He is not altogether an interpreter, for he deals with accepted interpretations, and never, under any circumstances, does he lose himself in a part.

He is an actor with an eccentric point of view. Indeed, I think I may say that he is the only actor upon the stage whose artistic value is enhanced according to his capacity of standing apart from an interpretation and asserting his own individuality. His whole art consists in emphasizing his point of view and having it accepted by the front. It is one against a thousand and more, including the author and a prior interpreter.

For this reason the burlesque artist has something of a formidable task before him. It is no wonder that off of the stage he is a serious, if not a solemn, personage. To begin with, he must present a rôle in such a way that its most salient features are revealed; to this he must add the idiosyncrasies of some well-known artist who has already established a precedent in the rôle, and then in a flash he must throw off both interpretation and imitation and reach his climax by a humorous paradox—by a something, that from two extremes creates a ripple of merriment. However complex the methods, the result must be simply amusing.

Perhaps burlesque can best be defined as art with a "kink." The "straight art" of it, whatever the difficulties, is fairly easy. It is the "kink" that counts. For instance, if I undertake a burlesque presentation of Sara Bernhardt, or any other well-known emotional actress, the interest of the audience must first be aroused by the straight art of the imitation. The imitation itself must be sufficiently strong to suggest a dramatic climax; the audience must be worked up to a certain point of expectation, and then, at the proper moment, before the imitation becomes too serious, the twist must be given as a surprise. *Marie Dressler* and what *she* thinks of it all must be made the anticlimax. As I said before, in burlesque only, the individual must dominate the actor.

Much has been said and written on the dual personality of the actor. I believe it is accepted as a sort of psychological peculiarity that he is able to stand apart from himself and watch his own performance as though one of the audience. If that be the case, surely the burlesque artist has some claim to presume that he is possessed of a triple personality. Himself, his imitation—which is both a characterization and an interpretation—and that other self which is watching both—ready to jump in and cry halt at a given moment. Burlesque is a dramatic *guet-apens* — one's audience must be trapped into a laugh when it least expects it.

There is no mistake more deplorable than a failure to grasp the exact mo-

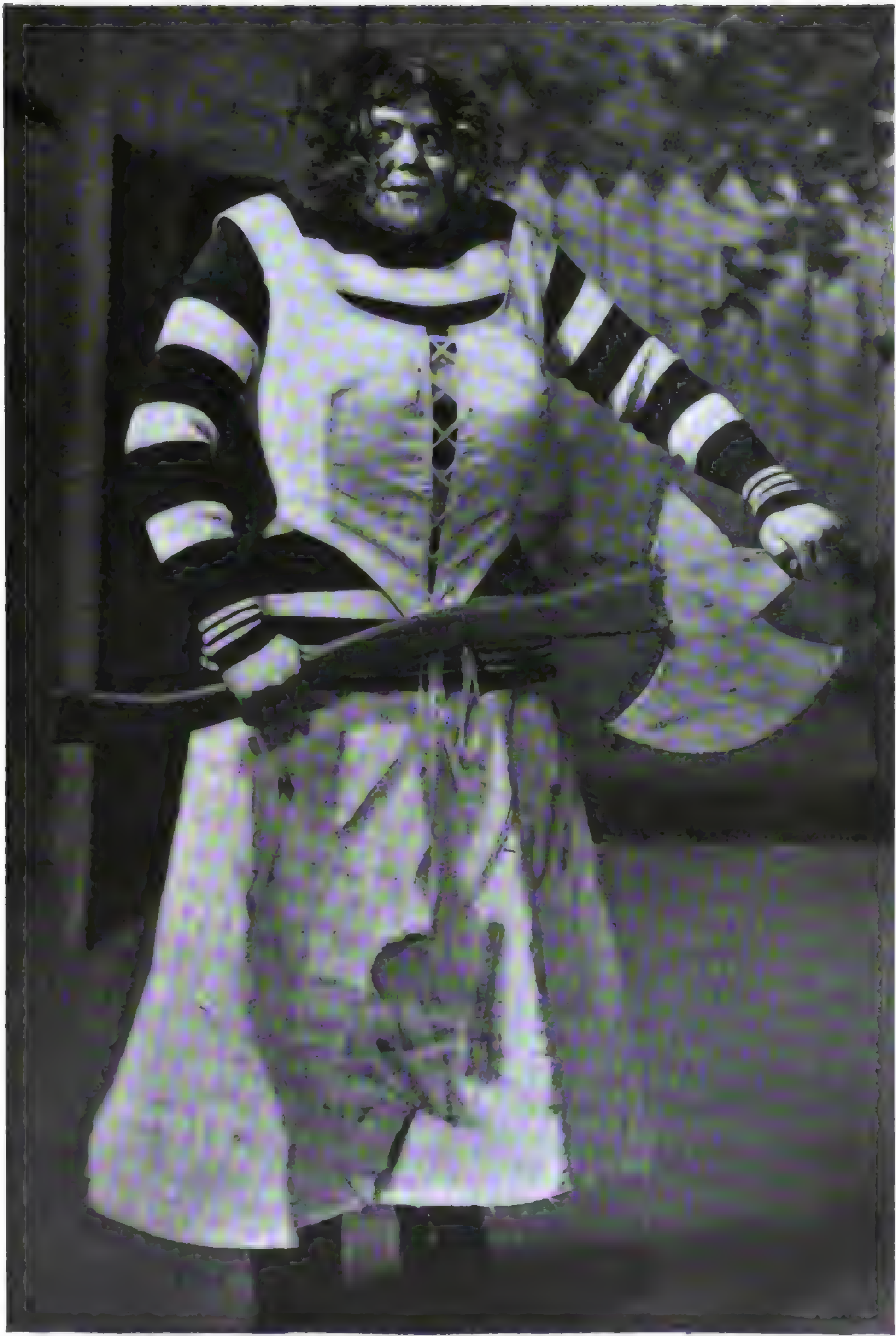
Photo by Hamilton Ravelle.

MARIE DRESSLER AT HER COUNTRY HOME.

ment when the humorous twist should wring the neck and kill what is apparently a serious interpretation. One may sing with the voice of an angel, or portray with the force of a Siddons, but if one is engaged in burlesque work, the anti-climax provoking a laugh—presenting the humorous point of view, must not be lost sight of, or your angelic voice or emotional tragedy will be an irretrievable failure.

The audience is only won as it is certain of this point of view; it will accept no other from the burlesque artist. He must always make his final bow as himself and himself only.

This work is sufficiently difficult when one presents it in monologue form; it is tremendously hard when it is incorporated in an "all star cast." When I attended my first rehearsal at Weber's, and realized that I had to twinkle so as to be seen in a firmament ablaze with other "twinklers," I can only compare my feelings to that of a stray snowflake in Hades.



MISS DRESSLER ENGAGED IN THE SOLEMN ART OF BURLESQUE.

But there is but one way to succeed in our line of work; it is to feel absolutely strong and certain within oneself. A person engaged in burlesque would not have remained in it a single season if he or she were not cognizant of this certain force. I hardly know by what name to call it. It may be the vitality that comes from a strong physique, united to that peculiar turn of mind that enables one to see the humorous side of the most serious phases of life.

I am sure I may lay stress on the fact that the burlesque artist rarely offends against the ethics of sentiment. He makes sport, but he is always genial; he rarely offends. An American audience has a keen sense of humor as well as a keen sense of refined selection. I am not the first to remark this. The foreign artist who indulges in *double entendre* has a limited following, and even an undue amount of horse play fun is no longer accepted in lieu of real wit and straight comedy.

In looking over the stage of to-day, it is curious to note how extraordinarily small is the number of those who have taken up burlesque work. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand. As a matter of fact, they drift into serious drama. David Warfield is an example of one who has left our ranks to become a shining light in the legitimate.

Some years ago, at the instance of Augustin Daly, I had decided to join his forces. It was aranged that I was to alternate in the Ada Rehan rôles, and that I should work for a season or more in England, so that I could start afresh as a serious individual before American audiences. But the "general" passed away and with him my dreams of serious rôles. I am destined to work out my dramatic salvation in the solemn art of burlesque.

AFFINITY

By Lulie Wells Smith

My heart's own love, I ask no more than this:
  To live with thee beneath the shining skies,
And know the same world's burdens and its bliss;
  To ask no questions, dear, but that thine eyes
Would give the answer, tho' thy lips were dumb,
  To hold some treasur'd flower to my breast,
Because thy lips had touched some tender chord
  Let whisper in my heart that I am blest,
Knowing its message thou hast also heard,
  And wafted straight unto my list'ning ear.
I do not ask thy arm, thy lips; to know
  Thou art—it is enough, though yet to feel
Thy presence as a star, I would but glow
  In its pale light, so fearing else to reel
Beneath the strongest glare of thy own soul.
  Yet would I ask there'd be none else for thee
To bless—none else in this wide universe
  To hold as thine, but me, and thus that we
Together like twin stars would take our course
  Throughout eternity. I ask no more.

THE GIRL GLASS BLOWER IN ACTION.

GIRLS WHO WORK IN GLASS

A New Profession for the Bachelor Maid

By Mabel A. Potter

WHEN Josh Billings querulously commented "wimmen is everywhere," he tersely paraphrased what has come to be the twentieth century situation. Yet even the grim humorist, who at the time scarcely realized how literally he spoke, would have been astonished to find the sex on whom he so facetiously commented, in a glass factory! But it is so. We now have with us women glass blowers. So far as known, they are the only ones in the world. There are twenty-one of them at Glenolden, Pa., where they first appeared five years ago. They were novitiates then, who knew nothing of the work, and they were regarded quite in the light of an experiment. They were girls gathered from the surrounding countryside, and a man, a regular glass blower, was installed to teach them. They proved apt pupils. And such an immediate success did they become that in three years' time the foreman from the Glenolden factory was called to Detroit to launch another force of girl glass blowers who now number as many as at the first factory. In both places they are employed at special plants, in the making of bottles, glass syringes, vaccine points and other similar supplies for firms who manufacture vaccine and antitoxine.

Now, to form a clear conception of what the girl glass blower is like, it is necessary to banish the ordinarily ac-

IN THE ACT OF DRAWING OUT CAPILLARY TUBING AS FINE AS A HAIR.

cepted thought of a glass blower—the familiar figure of a giant with Herculean muscles, attired in red flannel shirt and perspiring before the open door of a yawning and fiery furnace. The girl glass blower is not at all that kind. If you would know what she is like, just conjure up a picture—really a picture, too—of a slender pretty girl in a daintily fresh starched gown and apron and frilled muslin cap, seated in a chemical laboratory before a Bunsen burner, and deftly manipulating long shining glass tubes, which she plays back and forth in the heated flame. Now and then, at the critical moment, which her careful judgment knows how to calculate to a nicety, she purses her pretty lips for a whistle. Only she doesn't whistle. Instead, she applies them to the end of the tube which she lifts from the flame. Then inflating her cheeks round and full, she blows deeply down the tube, and the centre which has been exposed to the heat until it is red hot and molten, expands into the bulb-like shape which she wants for a syringe. Of these she can make no less than 300 a day.

Each girl has her specialty. While some are making syringes, others are fashioning bottles. For this the tubing must be divided into the desired lengths, one end closed and the other end shaped, while molten hot, with an iron instrument to form the neck. Eleven gross is the average number of bottles that a girl makes in a day. For vaccine point covers, the tubing is drawn thin and then quickly snipped. About 2,400 point covers is the usual limit per day for a worker. For capillary tubing, the ordinary tubing of half-inch diameter is drawn out nearly as fine as a hair, and of this a girl can produce about three pounds a day. All of the products which the girl glass blowers make, are fashioned from this tubing which is brought to their factory in bulk from the larger glass factories.

It is very fascinating work. At the works situated in a rural district, the first floor of the factory is devoted to the storing and packing department. On the second floor the glass workers are located. The room is thirty feet long and lined on either side with long low tables

FASHIONING A GLASS SYRINGE.

divided by partitions into desk-like compartments, one for each girl. To sit there with the piles of white and amber tubing glinting in the sunlight that streams through the windows, and by the necromancy of chemistry to change that hard flashing substance to a pliant medium to be moulded at will—just a girl's will, too—it is a fancy to make the pulses of a scientist thrill! And the girl workers feel it, too. That is the charm that holds them. It has called them from office and store and even from the school room, where otherwise their duties might have lain. They would rather be glass blowers than to be the stenographers or clerks or even school teachers which they might have been instead. For they are of good families and well educated. They come from the fine old Quaker stock of the town.

And why should it not be so? Possibly they make not quite so much money as they might in some other capacity. Their earnings are from nine to twelve dollars a week and they are paid by the piece. But, then, the work is easy and delightful, and that counts for much. The necessary skill can be acquired by a bright and intelligent girl in a week's time. She may work from seven or eight in the morning until five in the afternoon, with an hour's interval for lunch. The lunch she brings with her and it is eaten in the sociable atmosphere of a whole bevy of chatty girls.

There is but one drawback, the high temperature in which the work must be done. For this reason, the girls wear, the year around, the uniforms of blue and white cambray, and the white apron and white cap that are added, make them look as attractive as the trained nurses of a hospital. The heat, which, however, is not noticeably uncomfortable in cold weather, is the result of the large amount

GIRLS IN COSTUME AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY.

of gas kept burning. Besides the Bunsen burners with which some of the desks are equipped, there are at others three and four gas jets, the flames of which are driven by as many controlled blasts of air to cross at a concentrated point. Because a breeze would deviate these flames from their desired course, it is not advisable to open the windows, at least when there is much air moving. So in the summer time, when the heat generated is felt as excessive, every little while the work is discontinued for an interval of fifteen minutes and the windows opened wide to cool off the room.

In the meantime the girls may adjourn to the open. And since the factory is out of town they have a most delightful retreat in which to rest and refresh themselves. The factory is in an idyllic location. A long low wooden building, it looks out on one side to the green and rolling meadow dotted here and there with the neat and ornamental buildings of the manufacturing plant. In the distance is the athletic field where the employees also hold their picnics. On the other side of the glass factory and directly at the door, flows a sparkling, bubbling brook. Along its banks grow stately oaks and rustling maples, in the cool shade of which the girls may play at tennis and basketball while they wait for the bell that calls them back to the work room.

So it is small wonder that with surroundings like these, the girl glass blowers are a happy and contented lot. Their work is not irksome; it imposes no severe strain to tax their health and strength as do too many other occupations. They are comparatively well paid, and if the income is not sufficient from which to lay aside a bank account against old age, that is small matter to them. They are all of them sojourners, for the time, in that happy country that lies between sixteen and twenty, and old age is but a dim and distant myth of which they have only vaguely heard. Besides, none of them is planning to be a glass blower all her life. Some day she is going to be

HEATING THE GLASS IN CROSSED GAS FLAMES.

married. If you go among them, you will now and then catch the gleam of a diamond ring on a girl glass blower's finger.

If you ask the superintendent how his girl glass blowers compare with men in the same trade, he will tell you that for this particular detail of the work, women are well adapted and are even preferable to men. That is because women intuitively know how to handle small things lightly and deftly. The heavier work that men do in glass factories requires a man's strength, but girls have a place of their own and hold it staunchly.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE

By Charles Mulford Robinson

River mists and skies of blue,
Distant hills of changing hue,
Whiffs of salt, a square-rigged sail,
Craft that leave in smoke a trail;—
Splendid city, mighty stream,
Morning walks that seem a dream
Where a snowy, sculptured mass
Whispers "Courage" as you pass.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL

SCENE FROM "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By George C. Jenks

IT has remained for Bernard Shaw to deodorize the "problem play."

Had it been the habit of A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones to treat social—and sexual—problems with breezy wholesomeness, we might have expected in "You Never Can Tell" a work which would have smelled to heaven. Moreover, it might have been produced in New York seven or eight years earlier than it was. Of course, this latter consideration would have had no weight with Mr. Shaw. He proved that fact by writing, to please himself, a comedy bubbling over with reckless, clean fun, while offering, without answering, a question as vital as any presented in the common London brand of unsanitary drawing-room drama.

It is safe to argue that "You Never Can Tell" was written primarily for its author's pleasure. Mr. Shaw does not usually speculate on the effect of his work upon others when he takes up his pen for literary composition. Sufficient for him is it to cut and slash robustiously, hewing out humor or epigram as it may happen, and trimming off his plot at the edges with broad strokes. It may chance that he drives his weapon into a vital part now and then; but his plot is always a thing of many lives, and you are pretty sure to find it still in existence at the end, even if somewhat mutilated.

In that joyous composition now running at the Garrick Theatre—by the grace of the American public, who really do know a good thing sometimes when they see it on the stage—one may take odds with the title. As a matter of fact, you *can* tell what will be the outcome of "You Never Can Tell," so far as the main love thread is concerned. You know instinctively that the icily proper young person, Mrs. Clandon's elder daughter, Gloria, will eventually throw herself into the arms of the impecunious dentist.

This, however, might be credited to the art of the dramatist if he were any other than Bernard Shaw. As it is, you

SCENE FROM "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."
ARNOLD DALY. MABEL TALIAFERRO.

know that he would never exert himself to assist the audience in its speculation. If you can see to the end, then you may compliment yourself on your perspicacity. You do it in spite of the author, and not because of him.

Knowing the technique of play-writing probably as well as anyone who takes up that difficult calling, it is just Shaw's way to set at naught as many rules as may be violated without making the production absolutely unactable. It is said, doubtless with truth, that the perplexities of the stage director who is "putting on" one of Shaw's plays are almost endless. They are fewer when the author is not there than when he is present to offer suggestions. Arnold Daly, to whom we are indebted for the most amusing comedy which has come from England for years, made his own production with Shaw three thousand miles away. The fact that it is coherent, as well as uproariously funny, is perhaps owing as much to Daly's skill as to that of the dramatist himself.

Dissertations on Bernard Shaw and his vagaries have been so numerous since it was discovered that he had a message for the stage in each of the plays which Arnold Daly has given New York in the last two years, that it is not worth while to expatiate on them here more than in outline. Suffice it that the George Bernard Shaw who has always been read insists of late on being acted. The world is no more responsible for him than it is for his sudden freak of dropping his first name in the New York programmes (for it is not likely that anyone would take

COUSIN BILLY

SCENE FROM "COUSIN BILLY."

such a liberty without his express permission).

All we have to do is to enjoy his work. This is the easiest thing possible with "You Never Can Tell," for here is not only an artistic and literary success, such as was achieved by "Candida" and "How He Lied to Her Husband," but a big popular triumph, with many dollars pouring into the box office and "seats selling two months in advance."

The problem offered in "You Never Can Tell" is whether you can freeze the natural emotions of ardent young people by a life-long method of repression of the "prunes and prism" school, and whether it would be worth while if you could. In this play we have a mother who holds that emotional outbursts are improper, and who has actually parted from her husband when none of their three children were old enough to comprehend the full significance of the step, because he could not measure his words and control his temper under the exasperating cold storage treatment to which she subjected him. Their offspring had been taught that their father was a brute, and that it would be cruel to their mother even to mention his name.

If the three children, the eldest a young woman in her twenties, while her brother and sister are much younger, had never run into their father in a dentist's office in the first act, there would not have been any play. Even Bernard Shaw tacitly admits that by causing the rencontre. It affords the first of the amusing scenes in "You Never Can Tell." It is none the less amusing for the leaven of tragic grief in the father, whose heart yearns for his offspring when he recognizes them.

The dentist, Valentine, is a common friend of the father and the children, and his having no money does not deter him from admiring the majestic Gloria. A good farcical complication is that the father, who has been known as Mr. Crampton, is the dentist's landlord, and has threatened to put in a "distress" on Valentine's office equipment for unpaid rent.

LOUISE CLOSSER,
WHO IS TO TAKE PART IN GRACE GEORGE'S NEW PLAY, "ABIGAIL."

This is mentioned only to show that Mr. Shaw does not disdain trivialities when he considers them pertinent. That they turn out to be screamingly funny probably is an accident so far as he is concerned.

The second act shows nearly all the characters at luncheon on the terrace of the Marine Hotel. This is a typical English scene, with its view of British bathing machines along the shore of the "watering-place" where the action of the entire comedy is laid, its "Union Jack" floating on the terrace wall, and the soft haze of the English climate which the artist has so cleverly conveyed in the painted canvas, assisted by cunning light effects. By this time the plot has become so virile that the author treats himself to some diversions, and we are allowed to enjoy the exaggerated old English waiter, with his obsequiousness and garrulity without feeling that we are losing the story.

The following two acts are a natural development of the study with which we began, and if the end is a little strained—when the cold-mannered, but impetuous, Gloria, yields to Valentine, who has wooed her all along in an original vein

MARY MOORE,
WITH SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

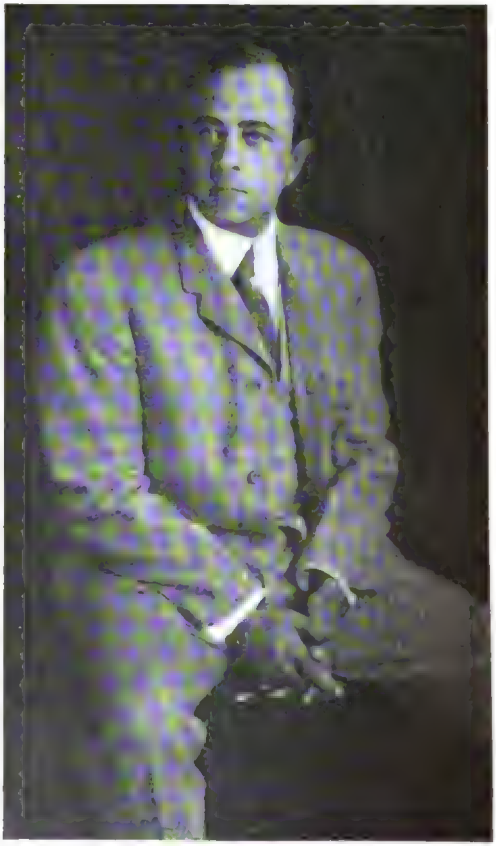
MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER,
WITH JAS. K. HACKETT.

that is essentially Shaw-like—why, it is a pleasant denouement. There could not be any other—if the comedy was to be a success from the box-office point of view.

After all, Gloria is better than her manner, and it may be that Mr. Shaw drew her character from life. Human nature is many-sided, and only the exhaustive student can say just what a woman—especially a young woman—will do, when her affections are involved.

The cast in "You Never Can Tell" is splendid—better than some of the "all-star" companies I have seen. Arnold Daly, as the volatile, happy-go-lucky Valentine, who flirts with poverty as happily as he makes love to a pretty girl, is capital. He is perfectly easy. That is always the charm of a capable actor, whether his rôle is in the light-comedy or tragic vein. Mr. Daly has been seen in both lines in Barnard Shaw's plays, and he seems to be equally at home in either.

The professional way in which he handles the ghastly dental instruments, and stands thoughtfully wiping the little mirror with a handkerchief while he talks encouragingly to his patient, is a familiar touch that always brings forth howls of sympathetic recognition from the audience. It must be said of Mr. Daly's performance that it is well-balanced, as well as artistic. His humor is of the sort that never demands buffoonery, while in the few serious moments that he has, he is always dignified and impressive.



ROBERT EDESON,
WHO IS APPEARING IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "STRONGHEART."

MISS VIOLA ALLEN,
WHO IS STARRING IN A "WINTER'S TALE."

In the gallery of essentially human types that are held up for your admiration in "You Never Can Tell," there is nothing better than that of Mr. Crampton — the passion-racked father — portrayed by that old-time, sterling actor, George Farren. Anything more pathetic than this middle-aged, lonely man, as shown by Mr. Farren, hardly can be imagined. It is a powerful bit of work, and none the less so because it is never forced. It fits its place in the shadows of the picture, but you never forget that it is there.

John Findlay, who is always good, makes a great deal out of the part of William, the white-haired, feeble old waiter. This waiter has the key to the whole situation of the comedy, notwithstanding that his character is a subordinate one. It is just like Bernard Shaw's grim humor to cause one of the people in his work who in the nature of things must keep in the background to unlock all the complications with an unobtrusive twist of his palsied old wrist. You may not be disposed to take this waiter seriously, but you cannot deny that he is amusing and that the actor is a man who knows his business. But then, John Findlay has been on the stage too long not to appreciate a "fat" part when it comes his way, and, of course, he knows his business.

Miss Drina DeWolfe, statuesquely beautiful, wears magnificent gowns and gives a finished performance as Gloria, while Miss Mabel Taliaferro is charming as the giddy younger sister, Dolly. William H. Thompson, as a lawyer, McComas, has so little to do of any account that one wonders why he is in the cast. When you see that name on a programme you expect a character sketch you will remember. It is not Mr. Thompson's fault that his part is a poor one, but it is none the less a disappointment to the audience.

Sumner Gard, as the precocious lad, Philip Clandon, is excellent. He has been playing in a stock company for two or three years, I am told. There could be no better testimonial to the value of stock experience in making an actor than is afforded by this young man's clever inter-

MISS BLANCHE WALSH,
IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE."

Photo copyright, 1904, by Rockwood, New York.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL,
WHO IS APPEARING IN "BROTHER JACQUES."

pretation of a rôle that assuredly demands study, with some measure of repression to keep it out of the pitfall of burlesque.

Harry Harwood, as a loud-talking, bullying lawyer, while he is amusing, does not convey the common impression of a "member of the bar" in England. The average barrister is not loud-mouthed, especially out of court. Still, as this individual is supposed to be the son of a waiter, and to have missed most of the refinements of life, perhaps he is presented at the Garrick as Mr. Shaw intended him to be.

There is a lodging-house maid in the first act of "You Never Can Tell" done so well by Miss Eda Bruna, that it is a pity we do not see more of her. She puts individuality into her work, something that the average stage servant, with only a line or two to speak, seems never to think of doing.

It is a coincidence that the Ferris wheel is a feature of the new comedy, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," with which the Madison Square Theatre reopened last month, and was also prominent in the last previous comedy success in that house, "The Earl of Pawtucket." In both plays the great wheel is only talked about. It was exhibited at Earl's Court, in England, and two dramatists—Augustus Thomas and Frank Wyatt—hit upon the same idea, that it would be funny to have some of their characters caught between earth and clouds when the wheel stopped unexpectedly through the machinery's getting out of order. From this incident, taking place off the stage, Mr. Wyatt has woven a series of amusing

SOME OF THE FOOTBALL GIRLS IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER."

A SCENE FROM "THE COLLEGE WIDOWER."
JOS. WEBER. MARIE DRESSLER. HARRY MORRIS. CHAS. BIGELOW.

DRINA DE WOLFE,
WHO APPEARS IN "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

complications, helped along by a smooth liar, which keep the fun going steadily through three acts of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

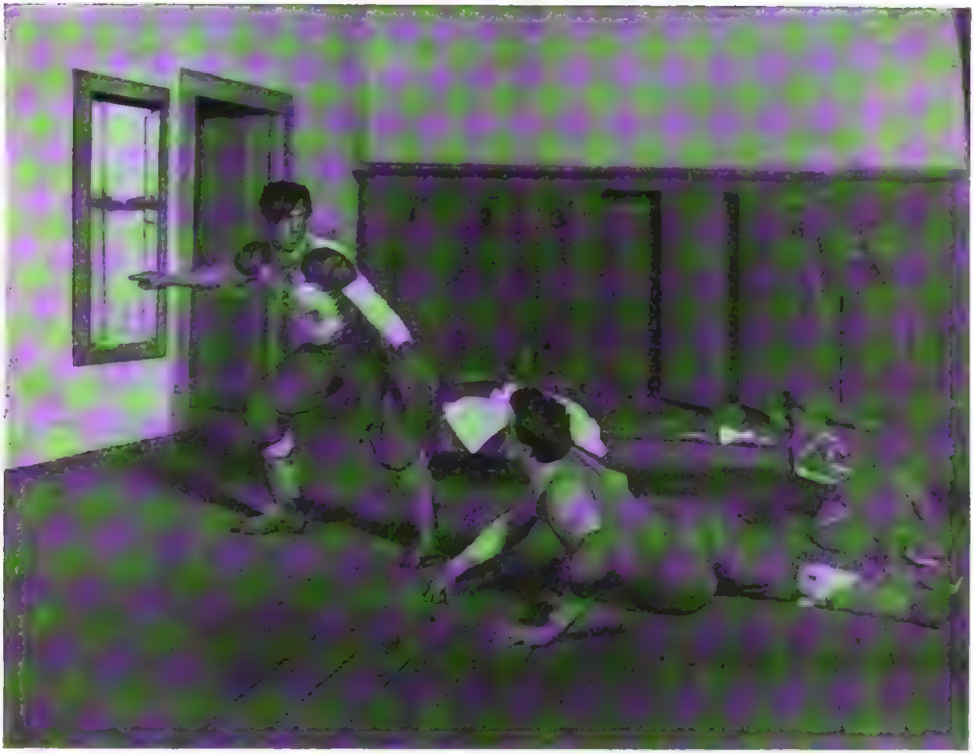
The Madison Square Theatre—scene of a long series of successes at various times—had been closed by order of the municipal authorities until certain changes in its construction should be completed, so that it would conform to the building regulations enforced for the protection of audiences from fire or panic. For a long time it was uncertain who would be the manager. Then W. N. Lawrence, who had been associated with Daniel Frohman and James K. Hackett in a managerial capacity for eight or nine years, took charge of the house. He was fortuunate enough to open it with a success.

Robert Edeson has a congenial rôle in the Indian football player, who is the principal character in W. C. DeMille's new drama, "Strongheart." The manliness and Americanism which distinguish Mr. Edeson both on and off the stage have good material in "Strongheart." There are some pretty love scenes, as well as a great deal of football interest, even though the game takes place behind the scenes. This is well, however, for it gives Mr. Edeson an opportunity to describe the game supposed to be going on outside the window with a most convincing elocution.

Strongheart does not get the girl he loves, because he is an Indian, and is going back to his people as their chief, in place of his father, who has just died. Most of those who see the play will wish he could have married her, paleface though she is. It would not have been artistic, of course; but most audiences are willing to sacrifice art to sentiment—in a modern play, at all events.

Next to the work of the star in "Strongheart," one brings away with him a vivid impression of the capital

BESSIE CLAYTON (MRS. JULIAN MITCHELL),
APPEARING IN "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND."



ROBERT EDESON,
IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "STRONGHEART," DESCRIBING THE FOOTBALL GAME.

study of a football "coach" presented by Edmund Breese. Allowing that the author provided the words and "business" of the character, there can be no question that to Mr. Breese belongs the credit for such a convincing presentation of the bullying, pleading, swearing, anxious, sarcastic, quick-witted "grad" who tells the exhausted players in the dressing room between the "halves" that they *must* win the game for old Columbia. The enthusiasm he puts into the "boys" comes clear over the footlights, and everyone in the theatre is football crazy for the time being.

That Mr. Breese is not a "one-part actor" he has proved many and many a time, whether in the doublet and hose of Shakespeare or the much more trying "modern" dress of the contemporary drama. He does it again in "Strongheart," for his Black Eagle, the surly Indian messenger, in the last act, is as great a portrayal as his "coach," and along entirely different lines. We have all known Mr. Breese as a sterling actor for years. It is good to see how much he can make of two "bits" which might be nothing in particular if in the hands of a commonplace individual.

Augustus Thomas's new comedy, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," which has the same charming vein of humor that made "The Other Girl" the biggest comedy success of last year in New York, seems likely to be almost as popular. The story is farcical, but the treatment is so clever that the incidents seem reasonable enough. Then there is such a gorgeous cast that every character is taken care of to the limit of its possibilities. Could anyone imagine an unsatisfactory performance with such a list of names on the programme as Mr. Thomas' new play enjoys? Here is the roster: Margaret Illington, William Courtenay, Vincent Serrano, John Saville, Jessie Busley, Fay Davis, J. H. Barnes (how many play-

ELEANOR ROBSON,

WHO IS TOURING IN HER GREAT SUCCESS, "MERELY MARY ANN."

goers of to-day remember him as "Handsome Jack Barnes," playing Benedick to Adelaide Neilson's Beatrice?), Louis Payne, Miss Hammond and Ernest Lawton.

"Friquet" is one of the new comedies put on by Charles Frohman last month. Its purpose mainly was to give Marie Doro a star part. Friquet is an active young lady, and Miss Doro was equal to all its requirements. The New Savoy, a theatre which witnesses a great many premieres every season, was the scene of the début. To make room for "Friquet" at the Savoy, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" were walked up to the Lyceum.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is drawing the usual large and enthusiastic audiences to see her in her new play, "Adrea." Francis Wilson, in "Cousin Billy," is at the Criterion. "Buster Brown," with young Gabriel in the title rôle, and George Ali, as the dog, Tige, has been a big success at the Majestic.

Fritzi Scheff, as the twin sisters in "Giroflé-Girofla," at the Broadway, sang the music easily, of course, and looked lovely. She might have played more dashingly, perhaps, if she had been in better health; but the blizzard which visited New York only a few days before the opening of the opera, gave her a cold,

EVA JAMES,
APPEARING IN THE LILLIAN RUSSELL—LADY TEAZLE CO.

and doubtless took a little of the vivacity from her which would have been in evidence otherwise.

The cast throughout was not above the average of the comic opera companies which used to tour the country in this tuneful work. Campbell Donald was funny as old Don Bolero, father of the twins, in spite of annoying "gags," and Arthur Cunningham was so good as the Pirate Chief that I wondered why he was not cast for Mourzouk. He might not have sung the music better than it was done by Wallace Brownlow, but he would have looked and acted more like the tempestuous Moor, judging by his work as Matamoras. Ida Hawley, as Pedro, was one of the bright spots of a mediocre performance.

Florenz Ziegfeld has broken away from Joseph Weber, and the old Weber and Fields Music Hall, taking Anna Held with him. Trixie Friganza is in her place. The theatre is now called simply Weber's Music Hall.

"Lucky Durham" was such a dismal failure that E. S. Willard did not keep it on at the Knickerbocker longer than was necessary for him to prepare another play, "The Brighter Side," which was put on February 6th.

With the end of February New York

EVIE GREEN.
A SCENE FROM "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

will say good-bye to grand opera at the Metropolitan. It has been a profitable season, both artistically and financially, Mr. Conried says. The whole company, practically, will make a tour of the principal American cities outside of New York, beginning in March.

One of the new attractions of importance in the near future will be the appearance of Florence David as a star in a new play called "The Player Maid."

"Robert Burns, the Ploughman Poet," is a new play by Clayton M. Legge, which was produced at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, to celebrate the birthday of the great "Bobby." The author appeared in the character of Burns. The production was very well received.

ON THE WAY OVER

By M. A. Brady

IT was provoking but quite in keeping with his disposition that Aunt Katherine's husband, known to a few rusty old colleagues as the Honorable James Deering, M. P., should have chosen just that time for his annual attack of gout.

The medical men looked grave and advised Carlsbad — immediately — whereupon the Hon. James sighed resignedly. One can procure excellent patés at Carlsbad, but Aunt Katherine was furious, and even went so far as to suggest New York as an alternative, at which Dow, the most eminent of them all, curtly informed her that it was Carlsbad—or Heaven.

The Hon. James was alarmed. It is quite possible that truffles and patés are not in the heavenly menu, so he demanded to be removed to Carlsbad instanter. As he always traveled en grand seignor, his household found itself in the midst of a fine hurly-burly, in the middle of which Alicia calmly went on with her packing.

Alicia was one of a few women who can keep their own counsel, and she took the awkward fact of having to travel unchaperoned across the ocean with irritating calmness, quietly refusing her aunt's offer of her own maid and lifting amused brows at that lady's lamentations.

On the day preceding the Deerings' departure for the Continent, Aunt Katherine came down to see Alicia safely off. Alicia, standing by the rail, sighed a little as she caught sight of her relative's purple face under her red hat, and made a caustic mental comment on the deplorable lack of taste as evinced by the British matron.

Mrs. Deering kissed her niece's cool cheek and put up a glass which she did not need in the least, to inspect the crowded deck.

"Very queer people, my dear. Really, I do not see a possible person, Alicia. I must insist that you take Dawson! I left her in the hansom, for I felt—ah, of all people, Major Harding, this—this is providential!"

My name is Harding. I looked over Aunt Katherine's head and met Alicia's cold smile of recognition.

"You'll look after Alicia a bit, won't you, Major? You see, James is up to his old tricks again, and we leave for Carlsbad to-morrow. Provoked was no name for my feelings, for here this wilful girl insists on going alone with not even a maid, and she knows I could do without Dawson very well, indeed; but you'll look after her a bit, won't you?"

Aunt Katherine paused to take a necessary breath and Alicia broke her haughty silence.

"I shall do very well by myself. Aunt Katherine's fears are absurd. Really, I think you should say good-bye. It must be time——"

A uniformed person, languidly inspecting his nails, at this juncture informed us that non-passengers must go ashore. His statement was seconded by a shrill whistle, and warned by it, I endeavored to back Aunt Katherine toward the gangway. She retreated one reluctant step at a time, calling back commands and warnings to her niece as she went, when in the very middle of the gangway a belated young fellow, a soft hat low over his eyes and a grip in each hand, rushed full tilt into her broad back.

As a rule, jars do not improve people's tempers. Aunt Katherine was no exception to the rule.

From her lowly seat on the planks, her hat askew and her skirts rakishly displaying a good quarter yard of sturdy British ankle, she gazed stonily at a furiously embarrassed and apologetic young man, and delivered her ultimatum in the ideal telegraphic style of ten words:

"Young man, you will end your days in Westminster Prison!"

The recipient of this cheerful prophecy gazed forlornly after the seeress as she retreated and turned dejectedly to meet Alicia's inscrutable smile.

"When an irresistable force meets an immovable object, what is the result?" she demanded, gravely.

The future jailbird flushed warmly, then his white teeth showed in a flashing smile.

"It used to be nihil when I went to school, but perhaps the times have changed," he said, as gravely as she had done.

Alicia raised her brows.

"Perhaps," she agreed, coldly. "Major Harding, please understand that your duties as chaperon will not be onerous."

I bowed. The post of sheepdog to a young and strangely attractive woman is not a thing to be desired.

"Who is—she?"

The boy barely breathed the question as Alicia's bright head disappeared.

"Who?" I said, bitterly. "Not to know her argues yourself unknown. Alicia Deering, beauty and belle, of London, Paris and Rome—the modern Galatea, awaiting her Pygmalion in a combination of Midas and Crœsus—a Circe, who—I beg your pardon. I entreat you to believe I do not often forget myself in this way before strangers."

He glanced at me shrewdly.

"Hard hit, aren't you? I understand—we're in the same boat. I say, your name's Harding, isn't it? Bet a dollar you know my people."

I glanced at the card he gave me.

"You—you're not Jack Sherman's son? Good Lord! How time flies! It seems only yesterday—— How are your people—your mother, your aunt?"

Young Sherman's face clouded.

"Mother died two years ago," he said, slowly. "There's only father and Aunt Nell now. Father's broken a good deal—since—and I look after affairs on this side for him nowadays."

A little silence fell between us. The great boat was moving, and on the pier, the wildly gesticulating figure of Aunt Katherine, was fading into a blur. I turned impatiently.

"And your aunt—married, of course?"

Sherman Junior shook his head.

"No; and I can't think why. She holds her own, you know. That Madonna type rarely changes. An old love-affair, I suppose. You know our family are awful stickers to one idea."

"I know," I replied, absently. So she had not married! And that old quarrel—bah! What a different perspective fifteen years gives to things!

The boy glanced curiously at me as he picked up his grips.

"Guess I'll see where they've put me at table," he remarked, easily. "Have to look sharp after these beggars, or you'll get done."

At dinner, as the result of Machiavellian strategy the boy surveyed Alicia from a seat directly opposite. A prosy old gentleman was on her right; a traveling salesman from Chicago, whose bonhommie was truly wonderful, was on her left. Through it all the coldness of her manner, which in a less beautiful woman would have been repellant, never relaxed. She actually subdued the drummer, and yet, later, on a slippery deck, the boy and she tramped contentedly for over an hour, and once I heard her rare laugh.

On the third day out, the acidulated comments of the women drove me to speech with Alicia. The sun, level with the water-line, made an aureole of her bright hair; her eyes were wells of light. I caught my breath. Her unusual beauty irritated me and my tone was severity itself.

"Alicia, I waste no time in preliminaries. What do you intend doing with young Sherman?"

Alicia smiled mockingly.

"What an admirable chaperon you are! Aunt Katherine outdone! May I ask if you consider that, having three times done me the honor to ask me to marry you, you have the right to question any of my actions?"

"I have asked—true—and you refused. Do not fear I shall ever annoy you in that way again, but this—this is different. Why not let him go, Alicia? He is a nice boy, and the son of an old friend, but, after all, only a nice boy."

She let her lids droop insolently.

"And you would save your—nice boy—from me?"

"I would save him from—useless pain, Alicia," I said, gravely.

A tigress woke in her eyes.

"Your candor is touching. Listen! What if I do care for this nice boy—this nice, unspoiled boy, who is such a contrast to you and all other men! Oh, you men of the world! I know you. You ask a woman to marry you, and be glad of the battered heart you offer her. Do you suppose I do not know? For what end have I been hawked about the market places of Europe and set up in the gates for the nobility to admire? Do you suppose that I do not know the market value of my poor beauty by this time? And you—you, too! You were no better than the rest. You thought it time to *ranger* yourself as the French say; you thought I would grace your house, your table. I had no money—no! All the gold was on my head; but after careful inspection and due deliberation, you honored me with an offer. Oh, you—you! And that poor fool in Paris who shot himself. I laughed when I heard it, and scandalized society. Society! Pah! He was dead, and I was heartily glad of it. Such vermin should die, and yet they would have married me to him if they could. Oh, I have paid them back when I was able! I have made men suffer! And you—a diplomat—saw no deeper than the rest! I was cold, mercenary. I was ice, hiding a raging volcano, and you——"

Sherman Junior, hands in his pockets, came eagerly toward us. Without a word or glance Alicia swept haughtily past him. A moment of amazement, and he plunged after her. Five minutes later and he was back. His boyish face was set.

"She won't speak to me! She's locked in her stateroom. What have you been saying to her? I *will* know!"

I put my hand on his arm.

"Be quiet," I said, sternly. "Your father's son must not give his scalp to Alicia Deering's collection. Mine she has—I am sometimes a fool; but keep yours. Do you understand?"

The boy shook off my hand.

"Don't you suppose I haven't heard things," he said, stormily. "I know about that brute in Paris. Miserable little cad! To dare look at her! Death was too good for him. And her beastly old Gorgon of an aunt would have married her to him! I'm glad I knocked her down, by Jove! I am. And I'll settle with anyone who says a word against her. I'm not much of a chap, Harding, but such as I am, I mean to win out. I—I can make her life happier than you people have made it."

"And you've known her three days!"

"Three days or three years are all the same to me. I've always told the fellows that when I saw the future Mrs. Jack Sherman, Junior, she'd be married so quick there'd be no time for a trousseau. And I've seen her. Harding, you—you won't ruin my chance with her? Hang it! You're a fine-looking chap, if your hair is gray, and women love uniforms, don't they?"

I winced at his careless thrust.

"You think you've a chance."

His chin came out doggedly.

"I shall make one," he said, simply.

* * * * * *

Bad weather cleared the decks the following day. Alicia kept her room, and the boy, Achilles-like, sulked in the corridor commanding a view of her door.

At dinner the captain announced that the inevitable concert would take place on the following evening. This melancholy news had even a more depressing effect than the weather, which continued to drizzle with maddening persistency.

On my way through the salon the next evening I beheld a prima donna, whose tendency to embonpoint was sternly repressed, gurgling and trilling in the throes of the Jewel Song—a convincing Marguerite! Across the room sat a young girl anxiously scanning a paper. She looked fully capable of "The Falls of Ladore," and I shuddered as I hastened by. At the door I collided with a stout individual, whose eyes were glued to a book of German recitations, and my saunter shamelessly broke into a run.

The decks were deserted, but far in the bow were two shadowy figures I recognized at a glance. The boy's crisp tones came very clearly to my ears.

"This once, Alicia, I must have my way. All the rest of our lives shall be yours. I've never cared about women. The fellows will tell you that, and I suppose that's why I care so much now. And, dear, I shall never change. The men of our family are good lovers and good husbands. I think my mother was the happiest woman in the world. Father's never gotten over her death, and—— It's perfect nonsense you're planning. Teach? I see you at it! Every man jack in town on his knees the first week! No, sir! Two weeks from to-day and you'll be Mrs. Jack Sherman, Junior. I say, Alicia, doesn't it sound pretty?"

Alicia laughed wistfully.

"You don't get my point of view. It's to try myself. We're horribly poor, you know. Aunt Katherine took me because—oh, well, I'm through with her forever! I shall teach somewhere. That's always the fate of the shabby genteel. But suppose I should hanker after my fleshpots? Suppose Aunt Katherine would take me back even after the letter she has read by this time? I should go, I suppose."

"I should not allow you." The boy's tone had the masterful quality of a man's. "You would be my wife. Think, Alicia. Just this once in all our lives, dear. I know it's a great thing I'm asking of you—a wonderful thing—but I demand it, Alicia. After we leave this boat I shall not take my eyes off you until we are safely married."

Alicia rose—a tall, slender shadow against a world of gray.

"You are absurd," she said, gravely; "you are a child. Here I have known you three days, and I am to marry you. Give up my new-found freedom and marry you. The foolishness of it!"

Young Sherman faced her squarely. He loomed suddenly big and masterful.

"But you—care—Alicia!" he said, gravely.

I saw her white lids droop suddenly, but she did not answer. Then this indomitable young man, this modern Pygmalion, who had given so sweet a woman's soul to his Galatea, put his brown, lean hand under the girl's chin and raised her face gently but firmly.

"I am going to kiss—my wife," he said, softly.

It was a suddenly conscience-stricken person named Harding who stole away. I went aft, and gazed unseeingly at the phosphorescence glinting in the steamer's wake. From below, the notes of a violin, sobbing and sighing in a minor intermezzo, floated up and above one faint star had pierced the fog of the summer's night.

I had been motionless a long time when the slam of a door aroused me, and I raised mournful eyes toward the inscrutable sky.

"To what end is Fame and Wisdom in our maturity if Love belongs to youth alone? To-morrow we shall land. To-morrow Alicia Deering enters on a new phase of existence, and to-morrow I—I think I shall call upon—Aunt Nell."

FOR THE AUTOMOBILE GIRL.

By K. J. L.

When lovely woman deigns to "mote,"
With favored swain, at breakneck pace,
She wears a leather auto-coat,
Cut long, like old-time "redingote,"
While hideous goggles hide her face.

A hint to modistes offer we.
To save the maid from smashing fate,
When that wild auto climbs a tree,
The girl, 'tis then quite plain to see,
Might well be garbed in armor-plate.

UNCONVENTIONAL

By Albert Goldie

"WEAR and tear," he said, was responsible for his appearance; his moral character, likewise gone to tatters, he described as an unnecessary adjunct of a philosophical existence. This particular evening, as he sat in the square munching the remnants of his latest portion from the "bread line," he reflected that such men as he had their uses in the world. "Everything must have an opposite," he argued with himself, "otherwise all things would languish for lack of contrast. Millionaires are made to appear greater by the likes of me and do I not also provide them with an opportunity to soothe their consciences in well-timed charity? True, I am abused; but their very abuse makes others feel better about themselves. Therefore am I not a benefactor as well as they?"

A woman came and sat down alongside him. His opinions of the other sex he kept in his pocket, where a musty old volume of Schopenhauer lay—his complete library and especial comfort. "Women have long hair and short ideas," he would quote. "They could never understand me." He dreaded an invitation to converse on subjects feminine. Feeling instinctively that the woman wanted to speak to him, he moved away.

"Don't you know me?" she asked, recovering the distance he had set between them. She repeated the question three times before he troubled to turn and look at her. If he was at all surprised he certainly didn't look it.

"Yes; you used to be my wife once," he answered carelessly.

"That's right. First of all, I married Jimmy Mullins, of the lunch wagon."

"And got divorced," he chimed in.

"Then I married Nicholas O'Brien, who went out on strike the day after the wedding."

"Got divorced again."

'When I came to look round for a third——"

"You married me."

"That was twelve years ago. Guess you felt a bit sore when I left you, though I don't know why I ever married you."

"I think marriage was too conventional for both of us."

"Well, I've had a few husbands since you, though they've all had a sort of contempt for the marriage service."

He seemed uninterested.

"What do you want of me?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing. Guess it ain't much use wanting anything of you. You ain't got nothing."

He rose as though to depart.

"Wait a minute. I do want you. I think I might as well tell you something."

He sat down again and she whispered a few words in his ear.

He remained sitting and silent.

"It's God's truth," said the woman. "Why should I tell you a lie?"

"How long did it live?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Three years."

He then got up finally and walked off. The woman stared after him.

"Well, I ought to know something about men," she said to herself, "but he beats me."

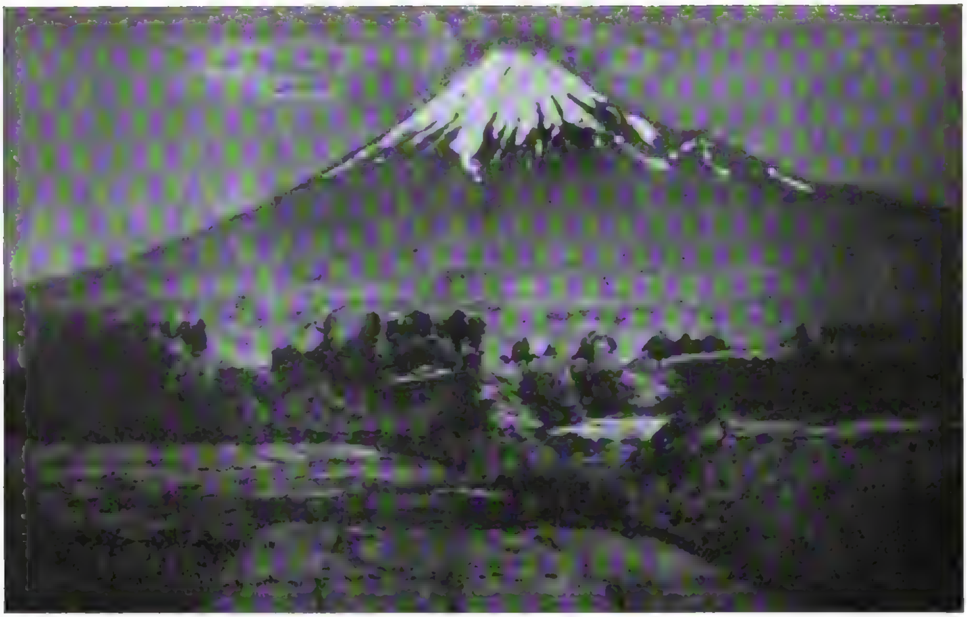
The man strolled along Broadway, his hands dug deep in his pockets, his head bent on the ground, his thoughts searching a wilderness of philosophy to discover a fitting expression of his feelings. At a corner there was a trifling complication of traffic which caused considerable agitation to a lady who was endeavoring to guide a small, but unwilling, boy across the road. She looked round helplessly and was observed by the enemy of the conventions. Without knowing why he seized the child and delivered him safely on the other side.

"Thank you—thank you ever so much," said the lady, as she came up, panting.

"That's all right," replied the philosopher, waving the matter airily aside, "I—I had a kid myself once."

MISS FUJI YOSHIDA, **MR. HIROSHI YOSHIDA,**

WHOSE JAPANESE LANDSCAPES IN WATER COLORS WERE A FEATURE OF THIS SEASON'S ART EXHIBITS.



From a water color by Hiroshi Yoshida.

FUJIYAMA.

A WESTERN SCHOOL OF JAPANESE PAINTING IN TOKIO

By Hiroshi Yoshida

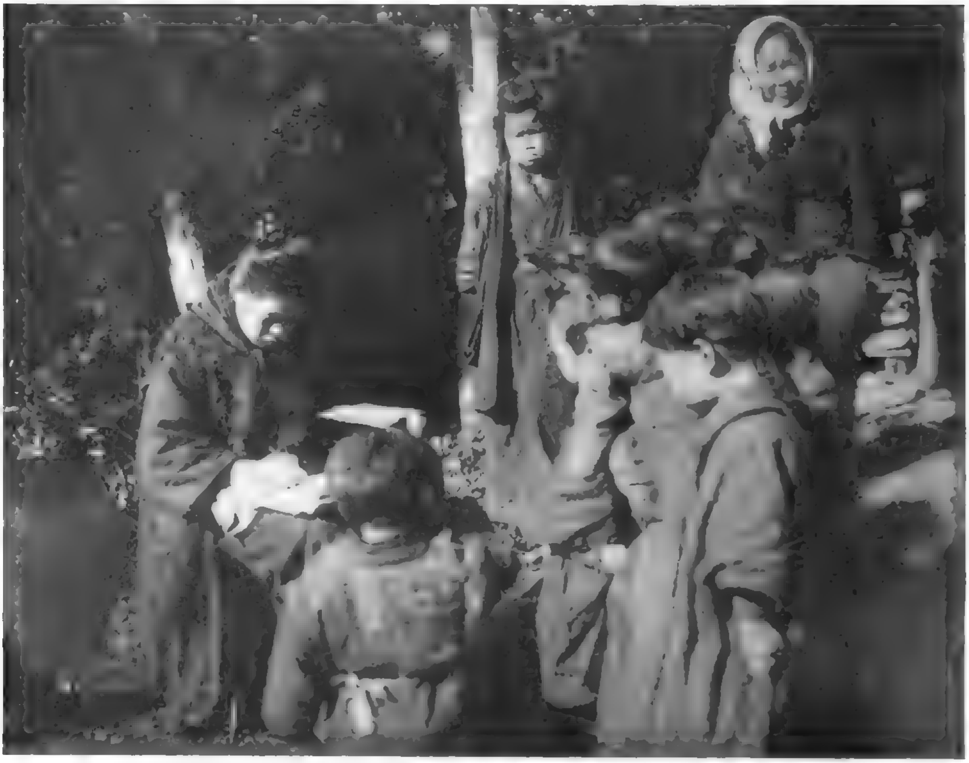
The writer's recent exhibition of Japanese landscape, given with his sister and pupil, Miss Fuji Yoshida, was the first exhibit in this country of Japanese subjects painted by native artists, according to the recognized European school.

SOME thousands of years ago, Japan received through China the rudiments of an art which was to become a national heritage through the fresh and vigorous inspiration of our native artists. In the centuries that followed, Japanese art reached its highest ideals of perfection, and perhaps, I may add, it neither advanced nor receded. It remained enclosed, sheltered and guarded within the impenetrable walls of an iron-clad traditionalism, like an exquisite flower that neither put forth new blossoms nor fell into decay. It retained the beauty of adolescence without the promise of a stronger and finer maturity. The last word of our old conservatism in art—odd, brilliant, grotesque and decorative—has been spoken by Oksai.

Japan of to-day recognizes the urgency of a new, a stronger utterance.

Thirty years ago, with the advent of Lieutenant Perry in Japan, our country opened its doors to the science and progress of the Western world. Our fertile soil , with its wonderful assimilative qualities, absorbed the seeds of modern civilization, and within an incredibly short time there came forth a new harvest of prodigious strength and promise.

It was at this period that our government opened a new school of art in Tokio under the direction of a distinguished Italian painter, Fontanedi, who only recently died at an advanced age



From a water color by Miss Fuji Yoshida.

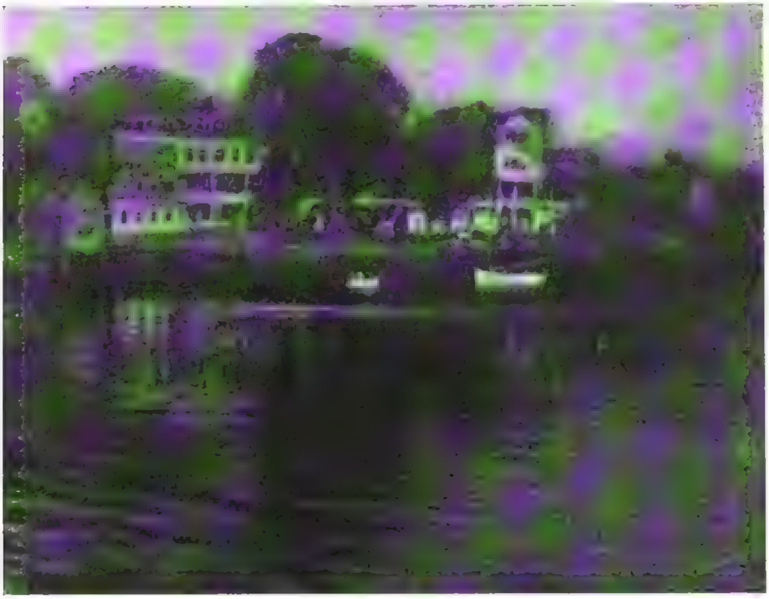
SKETCHING IN A VILLAGE NEAR TOKIO.

in Turin. Young Japan flocked in numbers to the studio of Fontanedi, and accepted with enthusiasm the modern thought in art. One of the most brilliant and receptive of these young disciples was Koyana, under whom I studied, and who opened his own studio, when in the course of a decade the original school was disorganized, through lack of interest or encouragement.

Seven years ago, however, there was a revival of interest in European art. Kurody, a German, who had studied in France, was placed in charge of the Tokio government school of art, which under the title of "The Fudosha School" (Fudosha translated means "individual") is in a most flourishing condition. I am not a member of this school, as I, with a number of others, remained with our old master, Koyana.

Our methods, however, are similar. The year's course is divided into four seasons. The winter months are devoted to figures. We do not study the figure in groups—but one at a time in every variety of pose. In spring we study nature by traveling with our master through the country with our paints and easels. During the heat of summer we return to figure work in the shelter of the studio, and in winter we take up the composition of landscape as distinct from what we term "nature work."

At the time of the Paris Exposition, having finished my studies, I decided to visit the art galleries of continental Europe, and to return to my country fortified and enriched by new experiences. I was deeply impressed while visiting the art galleries of the Paris Exposition by the salient characteristics of national expression. It seemed to me that each nation spoke in a language of its own on its own canvas, and that every nation was best interpreted and understood through artists of its own language and customs—by those who are rooted in

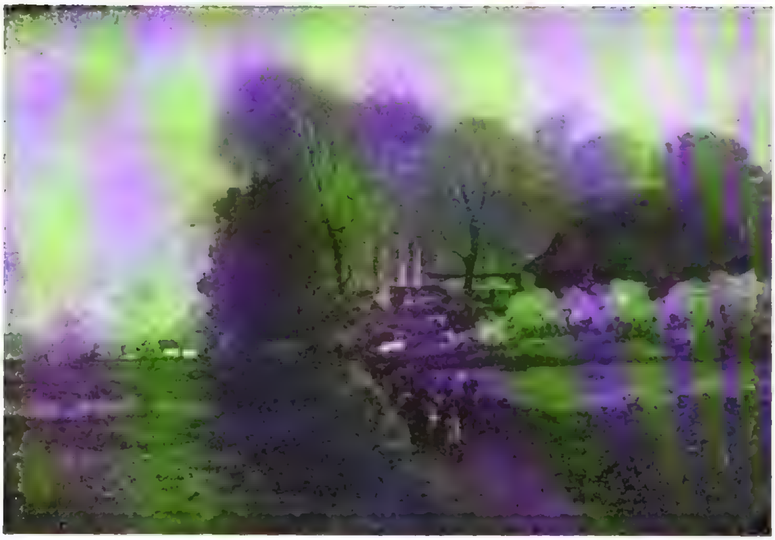


From a painting by Hiroshi Yoshida.
HARBORVILLE AT EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

the soil. A foreigner's impression can never be more than the impression of a stranger. No Frenchman has succeeded in painting a Dutch landscape or a Russian peasant, and even the greatest of Dutch masters has not attempted to reveal the delicate glory of an Italian sunset.

I determined then and there that the highest art of Japan could only be reached by the Japanese artist using the resources of the Western school of painting in the presentation of Japanese subjects. This has been the leading thought in my recent exhibition of painting, and that of my sisters in New York City. I have made numerous sketches while in this country, but I am thoroughly convinced that the true interpreter of American art must be the native American. I am amazed that outside of your illustrators, few, if any, of your painters devote their talents to the infinitely beautiful art possibilities in the materials offered by their own country. The sky line in New York City—those great looming masses outlined against the wonderful line of your sky—or those same architectural masses veiled in twilight mists;—I have not yet seen them on canvas—the crowded streets of this great city at night—the wet pavements—the reflection of myriads of electric lights—is a picture like to none other in the world.

Nature, too, is bigger, vaster, more savage than with us. There are limitless miles of virgin forests. There are the great Sierra Nevadas. Expanses of plain where the foot of man has never pressed. In our country, Nature is very close to us. Our homes are small. We have our little gardens. We have our rice fields. With us the home and the garden are so closely united that they are one. The Japanese artist will live through those works that portray his intimacy with and his deep love of nature. We recognize a soul in every blade of grass. Our maidens are flowers to us and are named after flowers. Our flowers are reverenced and beloved as the souls of young girls and infants. The moods of nature are our moods. We suffer and enjoy—we live through the speech of nature. Therefore, I think our little gardens, that little corner of the big earth, that is allied to our daily life, as it was to that of our



From painting by Hiroshi Yoshida.
COUNTRY FESTIVAL AT KOSHIGAJA, NEAR TOKIO.

fathers and grandparents, means more to us than the great parks and countless acres of others.

Our seasons are so short in Japan that it is difficult for an artist to fix her passing moods on canvas. It was three years before I was able to complete my little painting of "Memories of Japan," which depicts two lovers in a cherry orchard in bloom under the light of a full moon. Our season of cherry blossoms lasts but two or three days. I had to wait long and patiently for the coincidence of a full moon and a blossoming orchard. It arrived at last—the exact conditions—a cloudless sky—a golden mist—the orchard—purple in the shadows—in the spring of the third year. It is curious, I study and absorb my studies of nature on the spot, but I paint in my studio. I accumulate memories before I even begin my work.

The old art of Japan has lived out a glorious day. The dawn of another era is visible at the horizon. In art, as in all else, we are a nation of souls rich with the accumulated culture of ages, looking out at new things with young eyes, and holding them fast with strong and willing hands.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE IN VOCAL ART

By David Bispham

Pre-eminent as an Exponent of Vocal Art in Grand Opera, Oratorio and in Concert

VOCAL art should be approached in fear and trembling. It is more than a career as careers are understood today. It is a definite purpose, a serious standard, a high ideal with a common sense determination to reach the goal one step at a time.

What is a lyrical curriculum in the usual acceptance of the term? In the significance that sends so many hundreds of our talented young men and women to the music schools of Europe, whence they return impoverished and with thwarted ambitions?

I will not mince the truth. It is the sort of serio-comic art that at its best implies the acquisition of a scanty operatic repertoire with the capacity of giving between times—oh! the pity of it!—a polyglot song recital, in which the unfortunate vocalist's deficiencies of purpose and methods are woefully apparent. For, in truth, the most mediocre of orchestras, the most maligned of scenic properties, and a chorus singing in three different languages, will still cover a multitude of vocal sins in a prima donna! When all is said and done, the concert platform is the true test of lyric art, just as the symphony orchestra is the highest form of musical expression.

When I left this country to pursue my studies abroad, I was no less enthusiastic and no less mistaken in my standards than the average young art student with a promising voice. I possessed, however, two admirable qualities toward reaching any goal toward which I set my energies. One was a keen and superfine sense of "selection"—inherited from my father, who was exquisitely precise and critical in the use even of ordinary words, and another was an immense supply of concentrated energy and what I might call "long-distance persistency. To these qualifications I may add one other. I had some means and plenty of leisure. At that time, two or three years seemed an abundant measure of time to master all the intricacies of vocalism.

My first teacher was Shakespeare, that eminent master of English vocal diction. Kindly, genial Mr. Shakespeare, who refused to move into fashionable quarters to please his titled pupils, whose coroneted carriages found difficulty in reaching his narrow thoroughfare! I next became the pupil of Lamperti, in Milan. I imagine that I was a member of one of the last classes ever instructed by this wonderful teacher. He was a very old man at the time and gave his lessons huddled up in a big armchair, clad in a shabby black gown, a skull cap and black mittens. He insisted upon teaching only in class. The pupils, each one in turn, went through a series of vocal exercises, standing around the piano at which sat his buxom young wife. Lamperti carried on his corrections by means of a long stick with which he rapped our knuckles and shoulders with no gentle touch when we veered a fraction from the key. His utter inability to tolerate the slightest flaw rendered his lesson a nerve-racking experience.

At times he would fly into paroxysms of temper, and snatching his black skull cap from his bald head, he would shake it at us and give vent to a flow of indignant eloquence at our stupidity. He would generally close these harangues by turning toward a portrait of Marcella Sembrich, which occupied the place of honor on a little table close to his big armchair, and clasping his mittened hands in an ecstasy of admiration, he would cry out: "My dear Marcella, my glorious pupil, you are the greatest of them all! There is none other like you!" Then, completely crushed, he would turn to us in a helpless, resigned way, that was anything but complimentary, and say, "Children, we will continue our lesson."

It was when I went to Germany that for the first time I fully understood in all its comprehensiveness the vast scope and possibilities of vocal art. My poor little repertoire, such as it was, sank into insignificance, a mere drop in the ocean of knowledge. I then and there determined that I would devote my energies and talents, my entire life and being, to a serious and profound study of my chosen art, in all its varied and beautiful phases. Not to one alone, but to all—without this all around knowledge and affectionate devotion to a complete ideal, vocal are is a broken circle.

There are the great group of operas, the song cycles of all nations, oratorio, and last, but not least, that much neglected art of tone declamation. As a matter of fact, my late reading of Byron's "Manfred," with orchestral accompaniment by Schumann, was the first time within thirty-five years that this masterpiece had been heard in New York. It was last given by Edwin Booth. As a testimonial of appreciation of my reading his daughter presented me with the copy of "Manfred" her father had used with his priceless annotations.

It has been remarked that I have presumably devoted special attention to the rendition of English songs. It is only that I have recognized that the English language is as complete and beautiful a

A RECENT PHOTO STUDY OF MR. BISPHAM.

medium of musical expression as German, French or Italian. No language possesses a more noble and rythmical beauty than the English of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Tom Moore and Robert Burns. Their verse set to music is among the masterpieces of lyric literature.

England to-day has three great and glorious song writers, all knighted, and alas! too seldom heard in this country, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Edward Elgar and C. Villiers Stanford. Unless translations are impeccable in spirit and literature, they are infinitely better rendered in the language of the composer. As a matter of fact, opera in English is not only the question of a great composer, but of a great libretto. One can look over the literature of music and one will never discover an operatic masterpiece without the inspiration of an equally distinguished libretto.

The translations of foreign operas given in English are too often a sort of patois without meaning or poetry. If translations into English are absolutely a necessity, they should be masterpieces of English composition. If one man cannot do it, I should favor selecting the best of a dozen or a dozen hundred in competition. A man may prove himself a genius in extracting the beauty and spirit of a certain act, and fall short of his highest standard in another set of verses. A composite translation, the concentrated essence of a multitude of efforts, where music and words are in harmony would perhaps give us the ideal foreign opera in English.

As matters stand now, I am pretty well convinced that if an opera, not too familiar to the public, and presumably French or German, were rendered in Japanese, not a dozen in the audience would be aware of it. It is well known that the chorus of many a grand opera is sung in one language, while the principals are singing in another. As yet this sort of a performance has given no aggressive signs of disturbing our music-loving patrons of the opera.

Some of the finest of modern English operas have yet to be heard in this country. Sullivan's magnificent romantic opera, "Ivanhoe," was only given a few times in London in the new opera house erected especially for its presentation. Alas! this hall of music has fallen into disuse for the high purpose for which it was destined. Since Arthur Sullivan's death it has been converted into a variety theatre. We have yet to hear Stanford's admirable opera, "Much Ado About Nothing." The name of MacKensie is almost unknown save to the elect.

English opera in America which means New York, is possible, but under present conditions, hardly probable. Vocal art is as yet in its first stages of progress. It is only when it is approached on the broadest basis, that it will be interpreted in its full comprehensiveness by our native artists whose ambitions are too often limited by either the concert platform or opera in a foreign language.

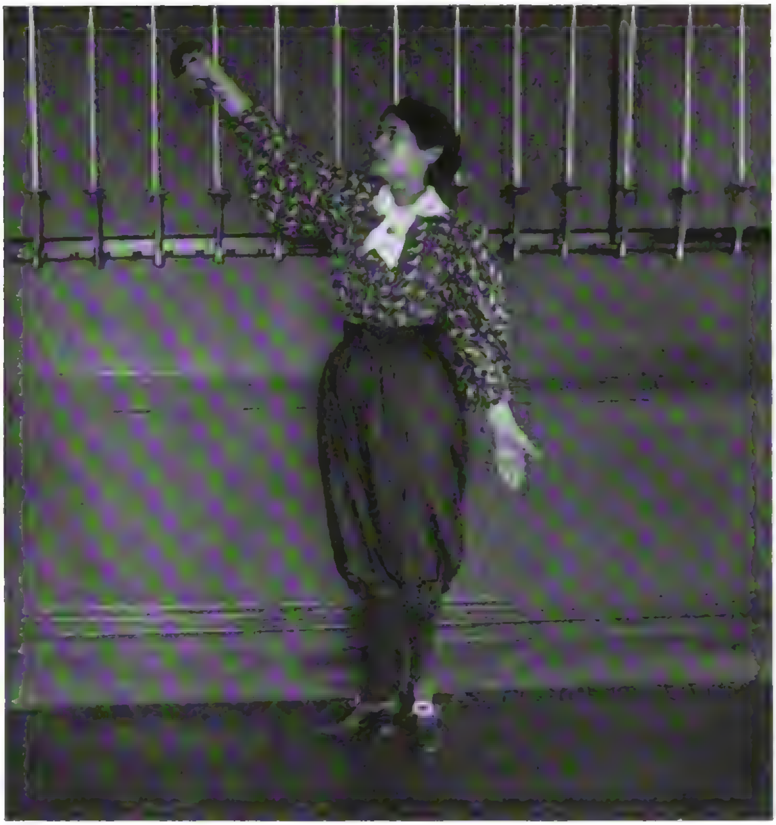
DANCING IN THE BARN

By Horace Seymour Keller

The cattails they rasp in the dingle;
The breezes of winter command
Cadences from hilltops to mingle
With songs from the moonlighted land.
Here's frolicking, rollicking folly,
Here's merriment, cheeriment light.
Away with you, old melancholy,
Ah, let us be jolly to-night!

Here's prancing and dancing and laughter—
The night owl he hoots on the hill—
The old barn it thrills to each rafter,
And quivers and throbs to the sill.
Here's litheness and blitheness and gladness,
Here's gaiety wholesome and bright.
Away with you, sorrow and sadness,
Ah, let us be merry to-night!

The air of old Boreas tingles
The fingers of maiden and lad,
Who're tossing grim care to the shingles,
Who're dancing and happy and glad.
Here's slimness and trimness and folly
And eyes that are gleaming and bright.
Away with you, old melancholy,
Ah, let us be jolly to-night!



THE FIRST POSITION OF "ON GUARD" (RIGHT HAND).

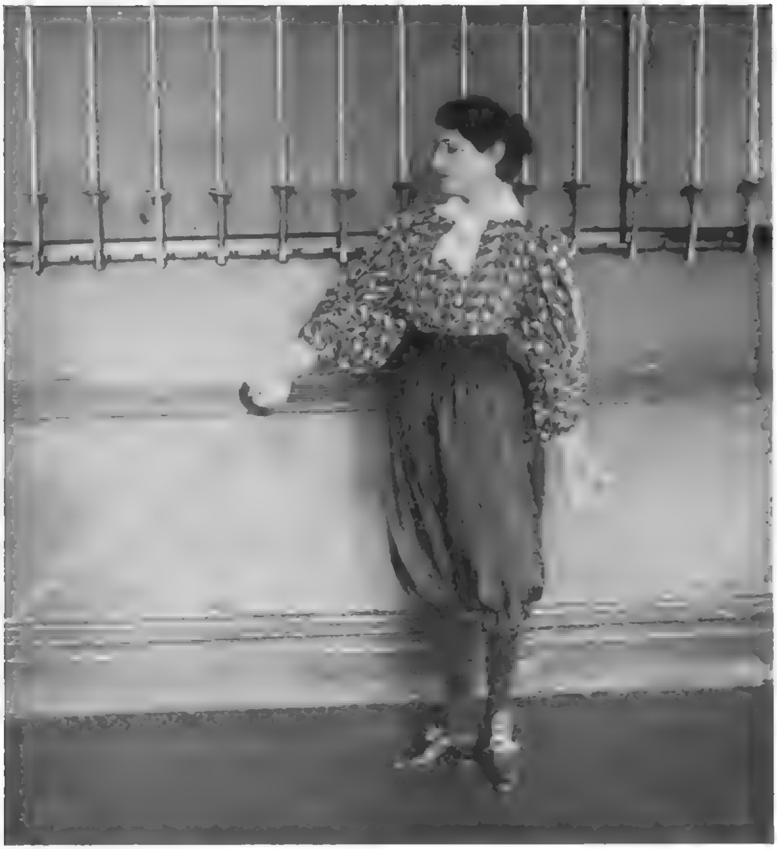
THE ART OF FENCING WITHOUT A TEACHER

By Prof. Regis Sénac, Maitre D'Armes

WITH the era of the romantic novel has come a revival of fencing. Never before, since the days when gallant knights crossed blades for the smiles of fair Dulcineas, has fencing achieved such popularity as it enjoys to-day. We may, with reason, rejoice in its present vogue, for no other form of pastime or sport has so many beneficial attributes. The use of the foils imparts grace to the fencer as nothing else will, and quickness of eye and uppleness of body. Fencing will also give a firm grip, a strong wrist, an erect carriage of the head, pliability of the limbs, delicacy and fineness of touch and authority to the movements. And still more in its favor, I may add, it is not a violent form of exercise, even for the frailest of women.

Before entering upon instruction in the art of fencing it may be well to say a word on the matter of costume. From the very nature of fencing, it is a self-evident fact that lightness of garment—I refer to weight—is indispensable. At the same time toughness of material is as equally to be desired. Both the bloomer costume and the short skirt (the length of a bicycle skirt) are worn for fencing. There is no choice between the two. One is as serviceable and comfortable as the other.

A shirtwaist is generally worn with

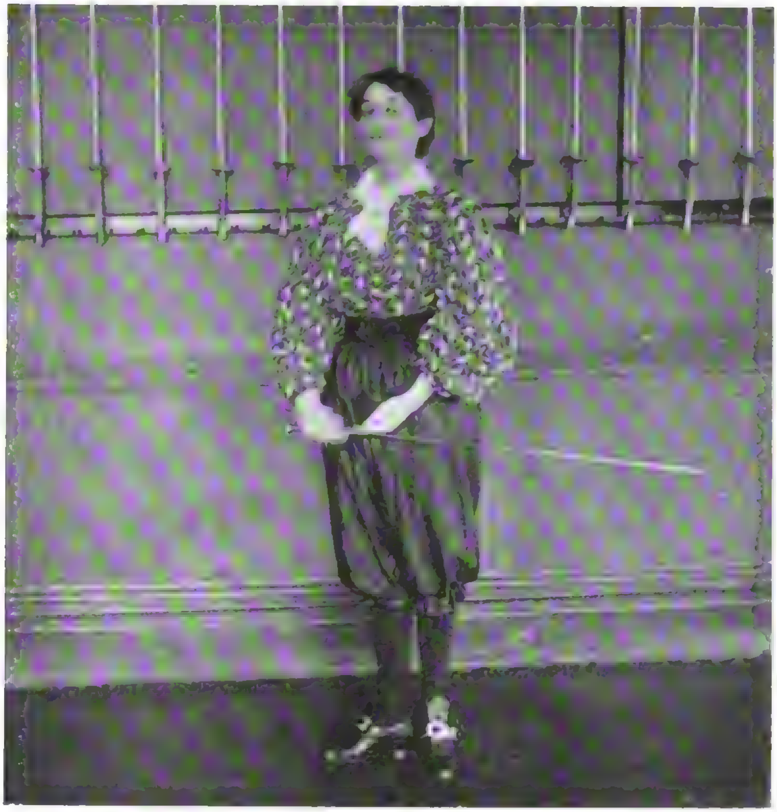


THE SECOND POSITION OF THE GUARD (RIGHT HAND).

either skirt or bloomers. Low canvas shoes should be worn, and if one can get them, I would recommend the regular fencing shoe, with the sole of the right foot projecting a little beyond the toe. The glove should be padded on the back, but it should also be light and flexible. The gauntlet form is the best. The regular fencing mask, made of wire network, may be worn, as also may the "plastron," or body-shield, although the latter is not absolutely necessary to the beginner. The foil has a quadrangular blade, and is about thirty-four inches long. The thickest part of the blade, which is next to the hilt, is known as the "forte," while the thinner part that tapers to the button-covered point is called the "foible."

The correct way to hold the foil is to place the thumb on the upper part of the grip and the fingers around it. It is very important to learn at the very beginning the correct method of grasping the foil. It is not carried as an ordinary stick or a tennis racquet. I find that most beginners hold their foils incorrectly unless attention is constantly called to the subject. One might suppose that the arm played a most important part in a bout with the foils, but it is not so. It really plays a subordinate part to the fingers and the wrist.

It is customary for one of the two fencers to gracefully tender the choice of foils to the other. The foils are laid over the forearm with the hilts out, so that one's adversary may select which foil she likes. The foil is then drawn. The body is held erect and the head is thrown back a trifle. The right foot is put forward with the heel resting in the hollow of the left foot. The fencer then assumes that is known as "position prime." The right foot is advanced and the foil is



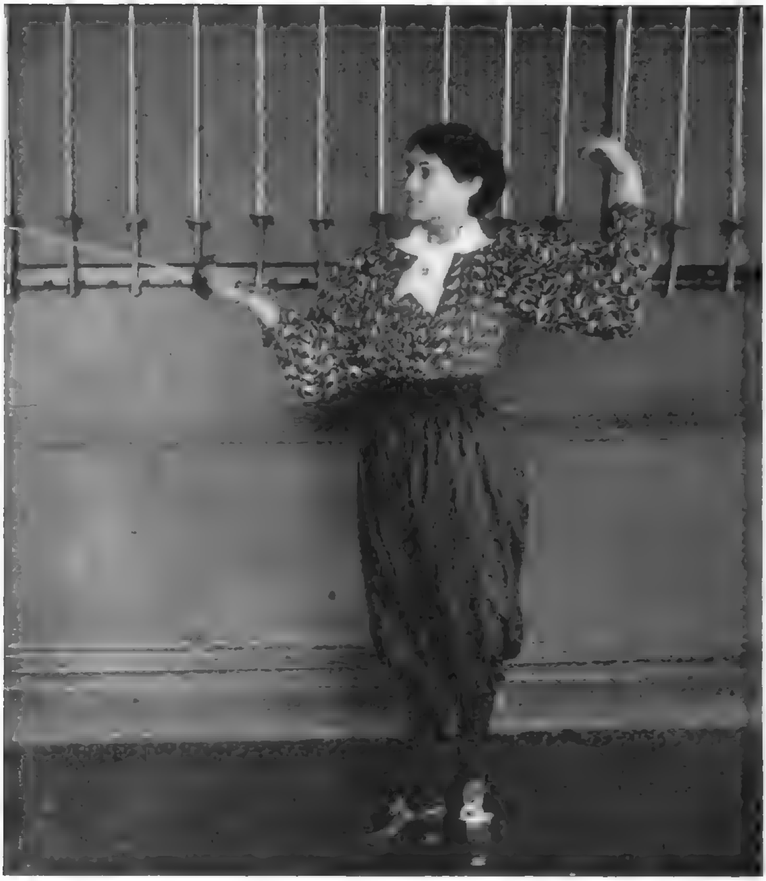
THE THIRD POSITION OF THE GUARD (RIGHT HAND).

drawn. "Position seconde" follows. Here one sees both the thrust and the parry with which it is met. Note carefully the positions of both fencers. I might describe this position at length without the pupil understanding it half as well as by a careful scrutiny of the illustration.

In another interesting fencing bout, what is known as the "attaque septime" is met by "parry prime," the first parry; when the contestants come to close quarters, it is called the "corps-à-corps." This is to fencing practically the same thing as a "clinch" is in a boxing bout. When the fencers come together like this they are separated, and then the bout proceeds. The "corps-a-corps" is avoided by all fencers when avoidance is possible, but at one time or another during an engagement it is pretty certain to happen. When one of the fencers slips and falls, her antagonist will, of course, permit her to rise, and then the bout may continue. In the meantime she is temporarily "hors-de-combat."

In coming to "guard" the position is as follows: The foil is taken in the right hand, and held as before described, the point of the foil being turned to the ground. The elbow is kept in line with the hip. The fencer stands perfectly erect, the left arm close to the side and the hand turned palm outward. The heels are now placed together, with the right foot pointing straight to the front and the left foot pointing to the left. The hand and eyes are kept to the front, but the body should be turned as far as possible to the left. The foil is next raised to the front, pointing upward, and held out to the full extent of the arm.

It is now time to drop the point of the foil (using only the wrist and fingers in doing so), and to bring the foil around toward the body in a circular sweep, end-



THE FOURTH POSITION OF THE GUARD (RIGHT HAND).

ing with the point on a level with and directed toward the head or mask of the imaginary or real opponent. The hand should be on a line with the left breast, and the elbow just clear of the right hip. In the execution of the curve, the left arm is raised until it is on a line with the shoulder, while the fingers fall forward in a natural droop bending the wrist to permit them to do so. Then, still keeping the body erect and firm, the position is lowered by bending the knees; the right foot is brought forward in a straight line twice its own length. This completes the move known as "on guard."

The "advance" is made by bringing the right foot forward one short, firm step, and quickly following it up with the left foot in like manner a similar distance. The "retreat" is practically the same thing reversed. The fencer steps back smartly with the left foot first and follows with the right.

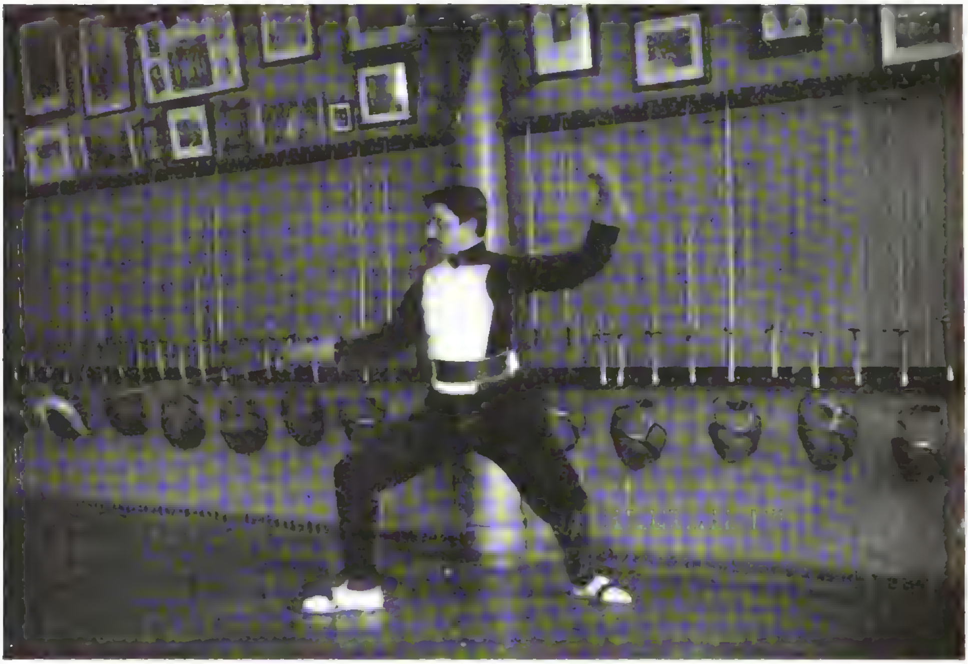
The "thrust" is the basis of every attack. It is very simple to perform, and yet, is perhaps, the most important of all the moves in fencing. To make a thrust, the fencer simply drops the point of the foil so that it is in line with the spot he wishes to threaten, straightening out the arm.

The "lunge" is made when, having given the thrust to the full extent of the arm, one swiftly shoots out the right foot about twice its own length, driving the body forward at the same time by straightening the left leg. As this is done the left arm is dropped to the side, with the palm of the hand out, while the head is kept erect all the while and the body well braced up.

These are the elementary positions, and

LUNGE IN POSITION OF QUARTE AND PARRY OF PRIME.

DISPATCHING AN OPPONENT.
A TWENTIETH CENTURY FENCING JOKE.



PROFESSOR SENAC "ON GUARD."

they should be practiced unceasingly for a long while before the fencing student attempts anything else.

When the pupil has thoroughly mastered these first principles she can take up the "parry." Each attack has a parry for an answer. There are eight parries, known as prime, seconde, tierce, quarte, quinte, sixte, septime and octave. Septime is commonly called "half-circle." The "quarte" parry is perhaps the most common form of parry. It is used to ward off an attack directed in the high line on the inside. This is how it is performed: The blade is carried smartly across the body, using the fingers and wrist as much and the arm as little as possible. Then, by a light, quick tap of the blade on the "foible" of the opponent's foil, his point is turned off the line of the body. The

THE ATTACK.

A FENCING HALL DECORATION.

elbow of the foil-hand should be kept on a line with the hip-bone, and as close as possible to the body without cramping. At the end of the parry the forearm should not be parallel to the body, but slightly slanting away from it, and carried just far enough across to protect the left breast properly.

With some practice of the movements and positions here outlined the student may lay the foundation to become a good fencer. It would be as impossible to thoroughly instruct in all there is to know of fencing in an article of this sort as it would be to teach one to become an artist in portraiture by describing how portraits are painted. But a very fair idea of the art of fencing can be had, and one can learn all of the preliminary steps. When all the instructions here laid down are mastered the pupil can go a great deal further very quickly. Then she is ready to go through a course of training with a fencing master.

THE VISION OF FULFILLED DESIRE

By Grace G. Bostwick

"YOU don't love me—I know it. You have never loved me. I say, you don't love me," he repeated, raising his voice and pausing in his excited walk.

Elizabeth sighed and was silent a moment, bending on him a look of reproach and reproof and tenderness; the maternal look with which so many women meet the anger of a man.

"Dear boy," she said, at last, very softly and sweetly; "dear boy, I'm going to tell you a story—not a modern love story, but an old-fashioned fairy story such as we used to hear in our red apple days."

The man seated himself impatiently, pushing his chair about so that he sat facing her. His natural courtesy restrained his impatience to decency, but he chafed inwardly.

He was tall and lean and graceful. Not a handsome man, but a man good to look upon. His face was nervous and strong, with a strength that seemed mocked by the weak mouth.

He was a man of great force when he put himself to it. Most of this had gone into his passion for Elizabeth. A passion which spent itself too much in such scenes, to be altogether wholesome.

"Once upon a time," began Elizabeth, softly, "there lived a princess. She was neither good nor beautiful, though she tried hard to be the one and longed fervently for the other. She was just a common, every-day princess, with no especial talent or accomplishment. For a long time she lived a common life with her people, until trouble came—as it always does to princesses, be they of ever so royal blood. She was left alone—to make a way for herself in the great world of misery and wrong, and it was very hard. Of course no one knew that she was a princess, and they called her 'goose girl' and scoffed at her until her way was hedged about with cold, unfriendly faces and pointing fingers.

"But she worked hard and faithfully, and after a long—long time, she became successful—in that she neither suffered with hunger nor cold, and the people who had taunted her with stinging words of scorn, turned and fawned about her. Yet, she suffered a pain far worse than any of these—a pain that nothing could ease—that only grew and grew as time passed, and the Princess was afraid to think and rushed restlessly about from place to place, striving to stifle the pain —to get rid of the spell that the old witch Desire had laid upon her.

"Then, one day, a king came riding into her courtyard. A king with a warm, warm heart and open hands and a kingly smile; and as he saw the lonely, little Princess eating her heart out for lack of love, though she was so far beneath him, his eyes grew brighter and very tender and he opened wide his arms to her and smiled. The little Princess gave a glad cry and nestled against his heart—and—strange! the clinging pain was still.

"The little Princess rode away with the noble King—out into the great, glad world of Love. All the misery and pain and heart-ache were forgotten and she was, oh, so happy!

"The King was a lordly lover as Kings must ever be, and he would be *all* to his lady. She was a wee lady and not used to Kings' ways and sometimes they awed her into silence—and sometimes they frightened her more than a little. The King was a King of very sensitive feelings and he was ever watching—watching for some evidence that the little Princess (now a Queen, but I can't, some way, call her a Queen, yet) was tiring of his love. Just to think of it! To tire of a King's love! Was ever King so foolish? But so he feared and he took to watching her as she talked, and he began to see hidden meanings in her words that were simple words and simply said as little Princesses' words are wont to be. The Princess grew discouraged and lonely and wistful and the old pain took root again, and commenced to grow, for the seed was still there, and the Princess got restless and uneasy and unhappy once more.

"The King was a man of untrained passions, and when the Princess angered him—which was often, sad to say—he went into tempers terrible to behold and said things to the Princess that stung and ate their way slowly into her lonely heart.

"The King did not know—he could not know—how the Princess grieved over his way and longed to help him—longed to lend him strength to fight such passions—but the Princess was a foolish little thing, and how could she teach a noble King anything? It was absurd to hope for such a thing, and at last the Princess realized it.

"Then, one day, the King was very angry. The Princess was not very strong just then, which the King might have seen, but did not, and he said cruel things to her—*how* cruel she alone could know. So the Princess said to herself, 'Now I will tell him. I have been so foolish not to have told him before—how could a King be expected to know about such things?" The Princess trembled strangely and hung with both hands onto the side of her chair. "Dear King," she said, and bravely, then stopped. "Dear King, I must tell you—I—I——"

"You no longer love me—you want to get away from me," thundered the King, royally. The Princess shrank back.

"No," she faltered, "I—it's not that—I—I—*can't* get away—I couldn't if I—I wanted to—I—I——" then she stopped, and the King, breathing hard, sat quiet a moment, lost in thought. Then he said, gently, for the King's tempers did not always last long:

"Tell me, Little One, is it that I am too old for you? Is there another?" for the King was foolish enough to think that there *could* be *another* after *him*.

"No, no," she insisted, "you said one day, long ago," and the Princess' eyes were soft with happy recollections, "that if you—if I—if we—that some day—there might be a little prince—and then—you could never doubt me again."

"Yes," breathed the King, softly.

"I—I—wanted to tell you," Elizabeth stopped suddenly and broke into wild weeping.

The man sat very still. At last he crept close to her and laid his head in her lap.

"Dearest, dearest," he sobbed, "I didn't know—I couldn't know—can you ever forgive me? I never doubted you—I doubted myself—my power to hold you. I knew I was not half good enough for you. Your King! oh!" he groaned, "say your slave, never your King. I am not worthy.'

Then, as she laid caressing hands on his head, he murmured:

"Is it so? Blessed—blessed of all womankind—my Treasure, my Queen, my Queen of all Queens, at last."

Elizabeth looked up with a happy smile shining through her tears. He saw again the brooding mother-look that spiritualized and beautified her pale face into a sacred beauty. She drew a long breath that was almost a sigh, for the old haunting pain was gone, and the spell was broken at last.

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